

## Draconis Nocturnia: A Harry Potter Fanfic

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter – unfortunately – or any of the characters associated with it. I do own this plot and the creature Fueraco (pronounced F-wi-raco – as is Draco).

Some spells come from Imperator Atrum's Spells and Creatures fanfic and inspirational credit goes to him.

All credit for inspiration behind this fanfic goes to Evandar as the idea is based on his fanfics: Serpens Armarem and Serpens Arcanem.

Any spells or potions that are OC will be explained at the end of the chapter.

A/N: NO SLASH AND NO HARRY/FEMALE ROMANCE; SET AT THE END OF COS AND THROUGH POA AND GOF.

### Prologue: Bad Blood

Harry staggered with pain as he walked alongside the slain body of the Basilisk, his arm dripping blood as the wounded wizard tried his hardest to fight the deadly influence of the Basilisk venom. The fang that Harry carried had dug deep into his skin and he knew that it was only a matter of time until he perished and the being before him; the younger body of Lord Voldemort known as Tom Riddle, would be reborn.

With his last few steps, Harry fell to his knees and crawled to the cold lifeless body of Ginny Weasley, his eyes focused on her and the fact he knew that, with his sacrifice, there was no hope for her to come back. As Harry stumbled forward, the sword that had emerged from the Sorting Hat slid away from him, its gleaming blade stained with the Basilisk's blood; if it wasn't for that blade, Harry wouldn't have been able to slay the king of serpents and now it would all be in vain.

It was then he remembered the diary...

Riddle's voice spoke in a cold, menacing tone, "impressive isn't it? How quickly the Basilisk's venom courses through the blood? Soon

you will fall Harry Potter and I will cease to be a memory. Lord Voldemort will return...very...much...alive!"

Looking from Tom to Ginny, Harry reached for the diary, an idea, a theory, running through his mind. It was his only chance to save them both and, he mused, if it worked, he would once again defeat Voldemort.

Noticing Harry reaching for the book, Riddle sniggered as he continued his banter, "funny; the damage a silly little book can do; especially in the hands of a silly...little girl!"

//Or a clever boy,// thought Harry as he opened the diary, one hand grasping the Basilisk's fang. Looking to Riddle with the same venomous intent, Harry raised the fang.

"What are you doing? Stop!" yelled Riddle, but he was too slow as Harry brought his hand down, the fang piercing the inner spine of the diary, black ooze suddenly spurting from its pages.

Above him, Harry heard Riddle scream and, daring to look, the young wizard saw the dark teen burst into a figure of light, Riddle's screams echoing through the Chamber of Secrets. Realising that his plan was working, Harry closed the diary, raised the fang once again, and plunged it into the front cover of the diary, Riddle sending another final cursing scream through the Chamber before young Lord Voldemort exploded into white light, the magic of the diary now destroyed.

At the same time, Ginny opened her eyes and looked around in confusion; seeing Harry lay there, his arm bleeding, sent waves of fear and panic through the youngest Weasley. Looking to Harry, Ginny spoke up, "Harry? You're hurt."

Harry looked back to her with a weak smile, "it doesn't matter; at least you're ok. Ginny listen, follow the passage back, you'll find Ron, get yourself out of here."

A loud echoing screech forced Harry to look up; Fawkes was swooping through the Chamber's passage, his red wings providing

colour to the dark chamber. Landing by Harry's side, the phoenix looked into his eyes as Harry smiled with thanks.

"You were brilliant Fawkes," he spoke in a weak voice, but then Harry watched in awe as the phoenix lowered his head to Harry's arm and began to shed tears over the wound. As Harry and Ginny watched, the wound hissed and sizzled before all Harry saw was flesh and a torn sleeve of his robes. "Of course," he said with a gasp, "phoenix tears have healing powers," looking to the majestic bird, he added, "thanks."

Escorting Ginny back to the entrance of the chamber, with a little help from Fawkes supernatural strength, Harry believed the worst of it was over.

How wrong he was...

When Harry stood before Dumbledore, he felt ashamed as the headmaster explained that there were grounds for his and Ron's expulsion, but then the misery was turned to shock when Dumbledore explained that they were to receive Special Awards for Services to the School as well as 200 house points.

When Ron left Harry, the dark-haired wizard couldn't help but feel a whirlwind of what if's make war inside him: if he'd told Dumbledore about the Basilisk and about hearing the voice, the headmaster may have been able to help; if he'd told Dumbledore about Riddle's diary, Ginny wouldn't have been captured; if Fawkes hadn't brought the Sorting Hat, Harry would have died and Voldemort would have won.

Explaining this to the headmaster, Harry was asked by Dumbledore to examine the sword and it was then Harry saw the letters inscribed on the blade; evidence, according to Dumbledore, that he was worthy of being a Gryffindor.

The words...Godric Gryffindor.

"Yes Harry," Dumbledore nodded, "only a true Gryffindor could have pulled that out of the hat."

Harry sighed with awe, but it was then he heard a tone in Dumbledore's voice; a tone of concern and secrecy. //In fact,// thought Harry, //Dumbledore's had this tone since I mentioned being bitten.//

His thoughts were distracted by Dumbledore's door being opened and the cold faced, white-haired figure of Lucius Malfoy entered, a familiar cowering body behind him.

Harry gasped in shock, "Dobby? So this is your master? The family you serve is the Malfoys!"

Dobby whined in response as he locked eyes with his dark master, who gave the House-Elf a deadly stare and whispered, "I'll deal with you later."

As Harry watched Lucius address Dumbledore, with occasional glances and icy sneers sent in his direction, the Boy-Who-Lived made a plan.

Afterwards, Harry ran from Dumbledore's office.

"Mr Malfoy!" he called, "Mr Malfoy!"

Lucius turned as Harry held out the damaged diary, suggesting that the elder Malfoy had slipped the book into Ginny Weasley's cauldron back in Flourish and Blotts.

Lucius leaned in close, his dark eyes locked with Harry, "why don't you prove it?" he whispered coldly, and laughed when Harry remained silent.

As the elder Malfoy walked away, Harry looked down to Dobby and whispered, "open it." the House Elf had been given the diary by his master, but when he opened the book, his eyes widened in shock as he looked upon a black sock; he'd been given clothes.

"Dobby!" called Malfoy, but stopped when he saw the elf holding the diary and the sock in his hands. Sharing a dark glance with Harry, the

Gryffindor's mouth twitched as he raised his right leg of his robes, exposing clean flesh.

Malfoy's voice thundered through the hall, "you lost me my servant!"

He pulled his wand out and advanced on Harry, Dobby stepping before Harry.

As Lucius advanced, Harry felt pride at what he'd done, but as he saw the elder wizard raise his wand, Harry's hand went to his own wand and a feeling of unknown power rushed through his veins. He watched with concern as Lucius raised his wand, his voice speaking the fated curse, but not before he saw hesitation in Malfoy's eyes, hesitation enough for Dobby to unleash some form of House-Elf magic that sent his former master flying back, crashing against the wall.

Lucius looked to the traitorous boy as he stood up, his dark robe crumpled against him. Had he seen what he thought he seen? Looking to Harry, Lucius saw only the confident, cocky wizard smiling at him, but there was no mistaking it; Lucius had seen something dark in the supposed light wizard.

Raising his finger, Lucius hissed, "this is not the end. Your parents were meddlesome fools too. One day Potter, you will meet the same...sticky...end."

Harry watched as Lucius left before Dobby turned to him.

"Harry Potter freed Dobby!" the elf said in a grateful tone, "How can Dobby ever repay him?"

With a smile, Harry suggested, "just promise me one thing."

"Anything sir," the elf replied.

Harry gave a smile and commanded, in a friendly voice, "never try to save my life again."

Closing note: and that's the prologue of Draconis Nocturnia. Harry has survived Voldemort again and come out of it unharmed...or has he? What did Lucius see in Harry? What was the darkness he saw in the infamous Boy-Who-Lived and why did it only last for a minute? Find out in the next chapter.

Know that this is a MagicalCreatureHarry and DarkHarry story, even though Harry won't be Dark or Evil until later in the fanfic and also know that POA and GOF references are partially from the movies and not the books.

Next Chapter: The journey to Privet Drive, Harry makes a deal and there's a strange result of the Basilisk's bite.

## Chapter 1: Seven Scales

Harry's journey back to Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  was pretty much uneventful, save for a strange and unknown feeling that refused to leave Harry's mind and body. It was like he was sat in a steam room and the heat of the fumes was crawling over his skin, causing his face to redden with warmth and his hands to start fidgeting uncontrollably; Harry wasn't really looking forward to his return to the Dursley's, especially after a rather scrawled owl he had received from Uncle Vernon at the end of year feast – Harry had to laugh when he read the apparently stressed message.

Boy,

When your lot leave that freak school, get a move on. I want you to start helping your aunt clean up the house for Aunt Marge's visit. I expect you to be on your very best behaviour and know that if you step out of line, you will know about it.

Don't waste time,

Vernon Dursley.

Harry had to clench his fists as he boarded the train; it wasn't that he hated Aunt Marge – Vernon's sister – no, it was that he loathed and detested her, and she had the same effect on him. If Aunt Marge wasn't bad enough, her vicious bull of a dog Ripper was worse; Harry shuddered as he remembered stepping on Ripper's paw and Aunt Marge refusing to call him off pursuing Harry until evening. It was as he thought about this big problem and what he'd have to do to keep his cool that Harry couldn't help but sense an air of opportunity: Aunt Marge hated him; Uncle Vernon wanted him to act like he wasn't there...so...what if he really wasn't?

Looking to his trunk, Harry thought about putting on his father's Invisibility Cloak and leaving London; maybe for the Burrow or even to go to the Leaky Cauldron; with his respect and admiration, he was sure that even Tom the Barkeeper wouldn't sell him out to Dumbledore and the Ministry.

Or, on the other hand, maybe he could make some kind of deal with his magic-hating uncle; maybe, just maybe he could arrange it so, by the time Aunt Marge came, he – Harry – was gone and safe from her accusing glares and emotional abuse; another shudder of anger passing through him as he remembered Aunt Marge's favourite past-time: insulting his mother and father. If Harry could avoid Aunt Marge by making some sort of deal; it was a win-win situation: he would be able to enjoy himself and Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and Dudley would be able to get rid of him.

As the train neared London, Harry changed from his school robes into his Muggle clothes and it was as he pulled one of Dudley's old T-Shirts over his head that he noticed it. As he pulled the T-Shirt over his head, Harry caught sight of his right arm, the arm that had been bitten by the Basilisk. There, where the wound had been healed by Fawkes, was a marking about the size of a fifty pence piece. Looking closer, Harry rubbed a finger over the mark, feeling strange coarse skin under his skin.

//A rash,// he thought with dread, //Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia will have a field day,// he knew his estranged family would pay a king's ransom for another reason to despise Hogwarts and, if they saw the strange red rash, they would not only save an arm and a leg, but they would have the majesty of reasons; an unknown illness.

Harry looked around, grateful that Ron and Hermione were talking to their friends in the other carriages, before he struggled to pull the sleeve over the mark, but all the strange T-Shirt did was reach the upper edge of the strange rash. Looking around in fear, Harry reached for his wand when he remembered that he was outside the school boundaries; if he used magic then he would be detected by the Ministry and, after the levitating cake fiasco, Harry knew he was skating on thin ice. As he looked at the mark, Harry then felt the heat in him rise and his eyes widened as he saw the sleeve of the shirt extend over the wound, completely hiding the unusual marking. With a gulp, Harry looked out the window, knowing it would be a few seconds before a regal owl would be entering his compartment, a letter from the Ministry of Magic telling him that he was expelled.



As if on cue, Harry noticed a white owl flying through the skies towards him. Lowering his wand, Harry opened the window and watched as the owl landed on the sill and held out a strange brown envelope, but bearing a symbol Harry didn't recognise; one thing was for sure, it wasn't from the Ministry of Magic.

Taking the envelope, Harry opened the envelope and saw writing he had no idea how to read; the language was written in a strange symbolic language that looked like the runes Harry had seen in most of his homework books, but these runes seemed almost older and many times ancient. The confusion then peaked as the owl just took off and Harry saw a strange amulet left behind: it was a neck chain with a curved charm on the end. The charm looked almost serpentine except for the obsidian wings and ruby-studded claws as well as the emerald orb that the strange charm creature was surrounding. Deciding that the chain was meant for him, Harry fastened it round his neck and leaned back, watching as the train began to pull into King's Cross.

G.S.R.H

After saying goodbye to Ron and Hermione, Harry raced over to where Uncle Vernon was waiting, his face flushed red as he looked past Harry to the Weasleys, obviously remembering the flying car from the previous summer.

"You took your sweet time!" Uncle Vernon complained as Harry followed him to the car, "what happened, a break down?"

"Sorry Uncle Vernon," Harry gasped, his breath panting as he heaved his trunk into the car.

"Not as sorry as you will be I you upset Marge again," threatened Uncle Vernon, and that gave Harry the opportunity he was looking for.

"Actually I've been thinking about that and I was wondering if you'd be interested in a little deal," he froze as Uncle Vernon's piggy eyes fixed upon him; Harry knew he was pushing it, but he didn't back down as he explained, "you know how much Aunt Marge hates me, so I was wondering if you'd be interested in allowing me to go away for the

summer. There's a place run by our lot in London that I could stay at and you wouldn't see hide or hair of me until next summer."

Uncle Vernon seemed actually surprised, but he asked, "what's the catch?"

//Typical Vernon,// thought Harry, //everything to do with magic has to have a catch.//

When he saw that there was no catch, Vernon sighed and explained, "let me make this simple boy; if, and I mean if, you complete the jobs I give you without fail or mistake, then I might let you go to this place run by your lot. But, again boy, I say if!" Spit flew from his mouth as he put emphasis on the last word, "fail in any way and you're trapped with us and Marge. NO EXCEPTIONS!" He yelled the last words so loud that Harry noticed several people looking awkwardly at them.

Harry nodded and, in an almost defeated voice, replied, "it's a deal."

However, as he climbed into the back seat of Uncle Vernon's car, Harry knew that his devious uncle would do anything and everything to make Harry fail.

As if on a last thought, Vernon Dursley locked eyes with his nephew's reflection and added, "you've got one week."

G.S.R.H

When Uncle Vernon explained the situation to Aunt Petunia and Dudley, they both held a near-successful look at Harry and the young wizard knew what his Muggle relatives were thinking: they were thinking with pride that they were finally getting rid of him, but that was only if Harry could complete all the jobs they gave him...and in one week.

Uncle Vernon explained to Harry that his week of work wouldn't begin until the next day, so he had that evening to rest up, the fat man adding that Harry wouldn't get as much rest when he started work.

Seeing this as meaning he should disappear, Harry carried all his things up to his room and stacked them near his wardrobe, his body strained and tired, but his mind awake with excitement; in seven days, //or eight counting today,// he thought, he would be free of his relatives and able to reside amongst those who he considered his true family: wizard kind.

As he slumped out on his bed, Harry pulled up his extended sleeve and looked at the red mark, his mind also adding confusion to his roller-coaster of emotions: he had performed wand-less magic and yet the Ministry of Magic hadn't cautioned him. All that had been sent in response was that strange parchment and Harry couldn't even read that! Looking at the mark, Harry was scared to notice the red rash had somehow grown and was now equal size with Harry's thumb, the red mark seemingly spreading up to his shoulder and down to his elbow.

Harry couldn't understand it: where had this strange wound come from? Had the Basilisk's venom done something to him, something that Fawkes couldn't heal?

As Harry thought on this dilemma, he noticed the parchment he'd been given began to shimmer and the top line of the ancient script became clear to him.

Harry looked in awe as he read the seven words that had appeared:

My Lord Drékul, your time has come.

G.S.R.H

Day One

Harry was woken from his sleep by Uncle Vernon hammering on his door and yelling, "UP BOY! YOU WON'T GET THAT DEAL IF YOU LOUNGE AROUND, YOU LAZY BRAT!"

Harry fumbled for his glasses, but was surprised when he looked through them and saw his vision was fogged up; removing his glasses, Harry saw his school supplies piled in a corner and his

wardrobe as clear as day, he also saw the handle of his door trembling under the monstrous force of Uncle Vernon's hammering blows, Harry lay his glasses down and called, "all right Uncle, I'm coming. Let me get dressed."

"WELL HURRY UP!" yelled Uncle Vernon, "OR I WON'T JUST GO BACK ON OUR DEAL; I'LL MAKE GOOD ON MY PROMISE TO MAKE SURE YOU KNOW MY FURY!"

Harry hurried to dress himself, once again wearing the elongated T-Shirt, the sleeve once again hiding the spreading rash.

Sure enough, Uncle Vernon made good on his word to give Harry a hard time; first, in the unbearable heat, Harry was forced to wash, wax and Hoover out the car as well as shine the wheels and clean out the exhaust pipe. Uncle Vernon made good on his unspoken promise to make Harry suffer: at one point he "accidentally" tripped Harry up after Harry had cleaned out the exhaust, causing all the muck, scum and crap he's cleaned out to go flying all over the windows. Uncle Vernon blamed Harry for the mess and made him re-clean it, saying he was watching Harry closely.

As Harry re-cleaned the car, he felt a burning in his eyes and a fiery anger began to take root inside him, but he couldn't risk losing it; his freedom was at stake.

After Harry was done cleaning the car, and Uncle Vernon had approved it acceptable, he was commanded to mow the fast growing lawn and de-weed Aunt Petunia's beloved flowerbeds.

Harry was already hot and sweaty from cleaning the car, but he didn't argue; he knew that the Dursleys were trying to get under his skin, trying to ensure that he gave them a reason to punish him and forbid him from leaving before Aunt Marge came to stay.

It took Harry three hours to complete the lawn, mainly because Dudley and Aunt Petunia kept trying to be as deceitful as Uncle Vernon, particularly when Dudley booted a football at Harry's head, causing him to let go of the lawnmower and almost destroying Aunt

Petunia's flowers. Both the flowers, and Harry, had been saved by some unknown magic that had caused the lawnmower to stop mere inches from the flowers and return to Harry's desperate hands.

Dudley tried to get Harry in trouble with Uncle Vernon, but since Harry hadn't done anything wrong, apart from letting go of the lawnmower, Vernon simply made a dirty, sweaty and grass covered Harry go to bed without dinner, but not before commanding Harry to take a shower.

When Harry stepped under the shower, he nearly screamed as he realised, a little too late, that the Dursleys had sabotaged the shower and now Harry was forced to bathe under a shower that was hotter than an Incendio flame.

As Harry gritted his teeth and washed the grime, grass and sweat off his body, he felt the dark anger rise within him again and his eyes seemed to burn with an unknown energy. Looking up to the super-heated onslaught, Harry grabbed the shower head and held firm, his palm shaking with rage. As he switched off the shower, he saw that the water dripping from the head wasn't splashing at his feet. Wrapping a towel around himself, Harry looked back and what he saw made his eyes widen with wonder: the water that dripped from the shower head had frozen into icicles which hung in the shower, the shower head coated in a frosty sheen.

Looking at his hands, Harry then noticed the mark had spread again, this time it reached his shoulder and his elbow, the red flesh almost shining with the after-effect of the shower.

//What's happening to me?// thought Harry as he surrendered to a sleepless, hungry slumber.

## Day Two

When Harry woke, he immediately wished he hadn't: for one, his arm was no longer flesh; now, the area between his right shoulder and right wrist was enveloped in the red rash, and, for the first time, Harry noticed how much the strange infection burned his skin with an irritating itch. His left hand twitched with fury as he tried to restrain

himself from scratching the itch, particularly when he found that Aunt Petunia had left him a list saying he would have to wash and wax the windows and then re-paint the front door.

Harry groaned as he realised it meant another day under the burning sunlight; another day of being distracted and his work sabotaged by his three punishment-hungry relatives.

Somehow, Harry managed to get through the day, even when Uncle Vernon made a skidding turn with the car, causing flecks of gravel to scratch the windows and even when Dudley decided to throw his ice cold drink all over Harry just as he'd finished another of the windows. The result of that was Harry coming very close to hitting Dudley, but all he did was redo the window, his mind providing him with a pleasurable daydream of when he turned 17 and he could use Dudley as a training dummy.

That night, Harry went to bed with his usual meagre dinner settling in his stomach and, as he shut the door, he found he couldn't hold it in any more. Almost tearing the shirt off himself, Harry feverishly scratched and clawed at his right arm, until he was so tired that he practically fainted onto the floor, sleep's beloved embrace welcoming him.

G.S.R.H

Day Five

//This is getting ridiculous,// thought Harry as he used bleach and bathroom cleaner to wash out the baths and wipe down the sink and shower. Over the past three days, he had found his duties becoming more and more strenuous: from cleaning out the gutters and painting the window frames to trimming the hedges and actually washing the low garden wall.

Then there had been the one job that had almost made Harry explode with fury: when Uncle Vernon had practically forced Harry to iron his work clothes and then, after Harry had finished, go under the sink and clean out the sink hole in the kitchen, Aunt Petunia claiming that, "she thought she heard a blockage."

As Harry had been cleaning, he'd been suddenly barraged with the same force of hot water he'd endured from the shower, but this time he was unprepared and it practically burned his skin, leaving his eyes watering and his breath deep, heavy and very, very angry.

The strange itched didn't help much either; while Harry had been using the hose on the low garden wall, another bout of itches had plagued his left arm and he had soaked Uncle Vernon, who told Harry straight, "ONE MORE MISTAKE BOY AND YOU WILL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT!"

The strange rash had spread to Harry's left arm and even began to somehow cross his collar and down the underside of his arms, right down his side.

Harry still didn't know what was causing the rash, but, as he finished cleaning the shower, he raised his arms and looked under his shirt, exposing the red marks, and an idea came to him.

His right arm still shone like water and, as Harry looked at the skin, he finally saw it for what it was.

"Scales!" he gasped, "I...I'm growing scales! Why? Was it the Basilisk?" He shook his head in response to his own question: Basilisks killed with their bite or their stare: they weren't werewolves or vampires, but if not the Basilisk, then where? Where and why?

## Day Seven

Finally the end of the week came and Harry stood before Uncle Vernon, like a soldier in the army, as his Uncle inspected every form of work that Harry had done.

Walking all around the house, Harry heard disgruntled notions such as "yeah" and "passable" as well as a very forced, "not bad" when Uncle Vernon inspected the guest bedroom.

//I should think so,// thought Harry as he'd spent nearly 7 hours the day before digging out the bedroom: washing the inside of the

window, cleaning out the wardrobe, washing and changing the sheets and curtains, using polish and a cloth on the door and drawers and, above all, picking up every bit of mess.

Uncle Vernon stopped before Harry's room and sneered at his nephew, "moment of truth boy!"

He opened the door and Harry heard him swear as he looked upon a room that would make any mother proud: Harry's bed was neatly made, his clothes all folded and hung in the wardrobe, even his school books were stacked in an old suitcase Harry had requested and slid under the bed in a neat and tidy fashion.

Turning to Harry, Uncle Vernon's voice was forced through his teeth, "all right boy: you pass, a deal's a deal. I'll drop you off at this place of your lot's and we don't hear from you until next year, understood?"

"Yes Uncle Vernon," replied Harry politely, but when his still cursing Uncle left, Harry breathed a sigh of relief. Checking the coast was clear, he waved his hand across the room and a strange veil seemed to fall revealing a room that was trashed and dismembered. Harry's clothes were all over the floor and Hedwig was perched on the top of the wardrobe, her feathers littering the floor. Harry's books were laid out across his bed and the old suitcase was lying open, a couple of his school robes folded inside.

Harry had somehow hidden his room in the tidied illusion with wandless magic. When he'd woken that morning, he'd looked around and decided that, after all the torture and pain of the past week, even if Uncle Vernon said no, Harry was gone. He didn't know where the magic had come from, but it had come nonetheless and Harry smiled slyly as he realised his pig-faced uncle had been none the wiser.

Holding out his arm, Harry allowed Hedwig to fly down and perch on the red scales that covered his arms and chest. He was also grateful Uncle Vernon hadn't caught him without a top as the scales had spread down all his front and back and even criss-crossed over his legs, reaching his knees. Stroking Hedwig, Harry walked over to his bed and picked up his pillow, the strange parchment lying underneath.



//Where did you come from?// thought Harry, but even as he watched, the strange letter shimmered again and, for the first time that week, Harry was able to read the words in full, but the letter's content still confused him:

My Lord Drékul, your time has come

If you can read this it means you have started down the path to power that your ancestral blood has been cursed with. I ask that you do not react to these changes as they are a simple accident and should never have been bestowed upon you. With the completion of this message's transformation, it means your skin has transformed from human to that of your mythical ancestry: the skin of the Fueraco.

I understand if you have questions oh lord, and I ask that you come to me as soon as you are able to read these words. I give you my humble vow that I will answer all your questions and help you through the maturity stages of your transformation.

I await you in Diagon Alley.

Hope to see you soon

Kathrakh

Harry read the message and raised an eyebrow in confusion: Kathrakh? Fueraco? And who was Lord Drékul?

"The answers await me in Diagon Alley," he decided, folding the parchment into his robes.

Closing note: Who is Kathrakh and how does he know of Harry's scaly transformation? Find out in the next chapter.

I would also like to point out that some authors may find some similarities to their own fics; if this is the case, I apologise – namely to Evandar and LT2000 as well as SilverFlameoftheWindScar. I wish to express my gratitude for without your inspirations, I would have been unable to write this fanfic.

Next Chapter: Kathrakh, Harry's Inheritance and a dark past for Harry's bloodlines.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 2: Kathrakh

Uncle Vernon dropped Harry off at Charing Cross Road and looked around with a smug smile, "well boy, I guess your lot must have closed down their little hostel."

"Not if it was invisible to Muggles, it wouldn't," Harry retorted, his trunk dragging behind him. He rounded on Uncle Vernon and added, "I'd say see you soon, but, as far as I'm concerned, I hope we never meet again."

He watched with a smile as Uncle Vernon's car pulled away with fast pace; his ruse was perfect: Harry had planned it so that Uncle Vernon wouldn't stay for long and it had worked. He'd sent Hedwig ahead with a note for Tom saying he needed a room for a short time and that he would pay in full upon departure. Walking up to the seemingly abandoned pub, Harry pushed open the door and was immediately barraged by an elderly figure who began fussing over him.

"Mr Potter," the figure spoke and Harry smiled as he recognised Tom's voice, "an honour to see you again. I have your room set up for you and please, don't worry about payment. I will accept your tab whenever you like, sir. I have given you room 11 and will ensure no-one disturbs you; is there anything I can do for you?"

"How about letting me breathe?" asked Harry with a laugh, before he added, "I have to go down into Diagon Alley; do you think you could take my trunk up to my room?"

He may as well have asked Tom for a gold medal as the elderly man bowed to him and hauled his trunk up into the upper levels of the Leaky Cauldron. When he saw the barkeeper disappear, Harry strode out back and tapped the stone that opened the doorway to Diagon Alley, but as he did, he realised he wouldn't know how to recognise Kathrakh, he hadn't been given a picture of his mysterious messenger or a time and place; all he'd said was:

I await you in Diagon Alley.

Striding down the narrow, packed street, Harry kept his eyes open for anyone unusual as he walked past Ollivander's and the Magical Menagerie and decided that if anyone were to meet in Diagon Alley, they would meet near Gringotts.

As Harry approached the white building, he was suddenly distracted by a voice that seemed to whisper on some non-existent breeze. The voice was calm but eerie and Harry had to prick up his ears as he heard it, "my lord; is that you?"

Harry turned and saw a crouched figure sat next to Gringotts Bank, his eyes watching Diagon Alley, but his body seemingly presenting itself as being part of Knockturn Alley. Harry examined the strange, huddled figure: he was wearing a navy blue cloak and his face was hidden by the hood, but Harry could swear that he saw two leering red eyes poking out from the darkness. Looking at the figure, Harry also saw that he held a strange cane: it was black wood with a strange metallic head in the shape of a dragon's mouth, the tongue of the dragon curving down and twirling round the cane; as he looked, Harry was immediately reminded of Lucius Malfoy and hoped he hadn't just walked into a trap. //Then again,// he thought, //what reason would Malfoy Sr have to be huddled so secretive?//

Harry approached the figure and, kneeling down, he asked, "are you Kathrakh?"

The figure looked up to him and Harry almost cried out; the hooded figure had a face which looked like a serpent and his nose was short but crooked; his mouth was a single slit and when he smiled at Harry, the young wizard saw rows of sharp fangs and a black snake's tongue.

Standing, the figure brushed his cloak and bowed to Harry, "my lord, you have finally come."

Harry looked at Kathrakh as the stranger stood by his side; he stood almost as tall as Professor Snape, but unlike Harry's loathed enemy, Kathrakh had the right kind of presence, like he was someone Harry could trust and enjoyed being near. Harry also noticed that Kathrakh was dressed in noble robes underneath his navy cloak; Harry

guessed him to be someone with authority and power, yet he had called Harry “my lord,” why?

As if sensing the wizard's curiosity, Kathrakh turned and looked down at Harry, his slit-like mouth smiling, “I know you have questions my lord and I will answer them, but first there's somewhere we need to be.”

“Where?” asked Harry, easily keeping pace with Kathrakh as the elder wizard, if he was one, started to approach Gringotts Bank.

“Your heritage, my lord,” answered Kathrakh, before he opened the door to the bank and allowed Harry to enter before him.

As Harry walked into Gringotts, he felt something press into his scaly back and heard Kathrakh whisper a spell under his breath. Now, Harry was sure his mysterious messenger was a wizard. Walking to the front desk, Kathrakh cleared his voice and the bank manager looked at him with the same scrutiny Harry had seen on his first time in the bank.

“Good morning, can I help you?” asked the goblin, which caused Harry to look up to Kathrakh with curiosity; he already had a bank vault, so what reason would the strange snake-like man have to be here.

Kathrakh took a deep breath and leaned in close, whispering, “Drékul Vault please.”

The bank manager looked in shock at Kathrakh and then to Harry and asked, “is this him?”

Kathrakh nodded before he spoke to Harry, “my lord, lower your collar.”

Harry looked confused but obliged, revealing the strange amulet and a small flash of his red serpentine scales, which caused the manager to gasp in shock. Standing up, the manager stepped down from his plinth and stood next to Harry, his head equal with the base of Harry's ribcage. Looking up at Harry, the manager held out his hand and

smiled, "welcome back young master; I am honoured to meet you. My name is Riklaus and I am at your disposal."

Harry shook the offered hand and Riklaus nodded to an area behind his desk, "if you will follow me young lord, we will see you settled in."

Harry turned to Kathrakh and asked, "where?"

Kathrakh leaned in and replied in a hushed whisper, "the Vault of Drékul's Bloodline; your vault, my lord."

"But I don't understand," Harry explained, "who is Drékul and what does he have to do with me?"

"All your questions will be answered soon, my lord," Kathrakh assured him before they followed the goblin through to an unknown area of Gringotts.

Where Harry had expected carts and tracks, he was surprised to find a door bearing a strange insignia in its base, an insignia that resembled the amulet he was wearing. Taking a hint, Harry removed the amulet and pressed it into the insignia; there was the sound of a lock being opened and a hiss from within. Harry gulped as he recognised the hiss; it was the hiss of a serpent. Looking around, Harry stared at the door and spoke again, this time in Parseltongue. I bear the symbol of Drékul, I am a friend; admit me to your chambers.

Yes, master. Replied a voice from within, a voice Harry knew as a snake. The door to the chamber opened and Harry had to shield his eyes as he came face to face with a giant, at least 25ft Basilisk, its leering yellow eyes staring at them threateningly. It was only when Harry realised Kathrakh and Riklaus hadn't panicked that he slowly removed his arms from his eyes and stared at the creature. The Basilisk was looking at them dead in the eye, so why weren't they dead?

His answer came seconds later when the Basilisk's voice spoke to him once again, you are my new master. Only he could resist my stone death.

How is this possible? Asked Harry as he stared at the Basilisk's body, which was a coiled gathering of deep jade scales, the serpent's underbelly a lightened shade of white, similar to magnolia or cream. Looking at the snake king, Harry felt his fears calm as he approached the snake and began stroking its scales, feeling the Basilisk almost hum with content at Harry's soothing touch. Looking up to the intelligent creature, Harry asked, what is your name Basilisk?

My name is Varek and I am yours to command master.

Harry looked to Varek as he was lead past the giant snake by Riklaus and Kathrakh, before he replied, maybe later.

As you wish.

Walking past the coiled serpent, Harry asked Kathrakh, "how long has Varek been there?"

"Over 150 years young lord," replied Kathrakh, "and for over half that time he has waited for your return, for the next of your ancestry's noble bloodline to grace these hallowed halls."

Hallowed halls was right as Harry noticed not stone and brick, but what could only be described as obsidian, cobalt and some form of steel was built into the walls, everything being held together by a molten substance of, what looked to Harry, like snake scales. Riklaus led Harry to a door that resembled the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets; a large round slab decorated with serpentine images.

"I know what to do here," Harry explained before he cleared his throat and commanded, open!

One of the snakes on the stone began to wind itself round the stone symbol before the large rock slid aside, admitting Harry to a sight that made his eyes widen in awe. Before him lay a Pharaoh's tomb of Galleons, Sickles and Knuts all arranged like some sort of treasury; piles and piles of the wizard currency strewn throughout the room. Harry also noticed several pathways leading to other chambers and as he followed Kathrakh into the treasury, he began to get a feel of

how respected and noble his ancestry's bloodline was, whatever it was.

The first chamber Kathrakh showed him was a large library filled to the crystalline roof with tomes and rolls of parchment, a large diamond chandelier providing light by some form of enchanted flame. Harry turned to Kathrakh who, as if he expected a question, spoke up, "this is your study room my lord; in here are tomes and books the Ministry wouldn't want you to see as well as some advanced volumes of anything that even Hogwarts could come up with."

Harry stared at the majestic sight before him and he was at a loss for words, but he eventually asked, "what kind of volumes are there?"

"Everything young lord," replied Kathrakh, "from basic spells and potion recipes to the most advanced magic. From legends and creature encyclopaedias to tomes on the Dark Arts and even some about your heritage young master."

Harry nodded slowly, still taking in the sight of the grand library; he knew one Muggle-born witch who would walk through hell, fire and brimstone to be in this hall.

//Shame it's all mine,// Harry thought with a smile.

Kathrakh led Harry away from the library and through to another room where Harry found an array of strange shapes before him, another enchanted chandelier hanging above them. Turning to Kathrakh, Harry asked, "could you give the room a bit more light?"

The elder wizard seemed shocked at Harry's question, but when he realised why the young Gryffindor had asked, Kathrakh explained, "the array of crystals in here, my lord, act as a repellent for magical detection: you may use your wand as much as your heart desires down here."

Harry grinned as he pulled out his wand, before aiming it high and speaking, "Lumos Maxima!"



The entire chamber suddenly filled with a bright light and Harry gasped as he realised the room was filled with a large array of eggs: all of them equally as large and, through some unknown instinct, Harry could sense power emanating from the creatures within: whatever was slumbering within these eggs held power, power that Harry suddenly craved with a lusting he'd never felt before.

"This my lord, is your familiar chamber," explained Kathrakh, "every animal a wizard could ever want as a familiar resides in these eggs, waiting to be hatched by your mere touch. They will serve you forever and are as powerful as they come as they are bred on a mix of magic and blood; your blood to be exact my lord." He turned and saw Harry turning green, before he explained, "by that I meant the Fueraco, my lord."

Harry accepted that and left for the next chamber, wondering what could top what he'd seen already.

His answer was given when he found a room filled with different kinds of crystals, each one of them emanating as much power as the creatures in the previous chamber. Turning to Kathrakh, Harry gasped as he explained, "I can feel power in this room."

"Understandable my lord," replied Kathrakh, "each of these crystals is a material to be used as you wish as well as a reserve for your power. Every one of the crystals in this room, from the smallest diamond to the largest emerald contains a surge of Fueraco energy that is yours to drain to bring your own power back to you."

"What does that mean?"

"All in due time, young master."

"You'd better tell me soon Kathrakh," Harry warned, "because I am seriously getting sick of this cloak and dagger attitude!"

Kathrakh bowed to Harry before they left the crystal chamber and made for the final room, but after everything they'd seen, the final chamber was a bit of a disappointment: it was a room with two large leather backed chairs and a stone fireplace that, like the chamber's

entrance, depicted snakes and, as Harry looked closer, he noticed there was a dragon carved into the stone face, its fangs matching one of the serpents on the opposite side of the fireplace. Turning, Harry saw a double sized bed with yet another enchanted light next to it.

“From here my lord,” explained Kathrakh, “you can Floo to anywhere without detection as well as rest here when you desire privacy my lord. This is where I shall tell you the story you wish to hear my lord.”

Harry seated himself on one of the chairs, Kathrakh opposite him. It was then Harry noticed what had been bothering him, “Kathrakh, why didn't Riklaus enter with us?”

“Because he did not have the permission of the new Lord Drékul, you young master,” explained Kathrakh, “I however, have our permission by bloodline, because I am the eternal guardian and loyal soldier of Lord Drékul's descendants.”

“I understand,” Harry nodded, “now, I believe you were about to tell me about who I am?”

“If you're sure you're ready,” advised Kathrakh, but when Harry nodded, he sighed and suggested, “let's start at the beginning.”

Closing notes: Left it like that to provide a reasonable start for the next chapter. Harry's history and the reason behind his change soon to be revealed.

Next Chapter: The legend of Harry's bloodline and the Fueraco is explained.

Please Read and Review

### Chapter 3: The Legend of Drékul

Kathrakh linked his fingers as Harry made himself comfortable in the serpentine room. Looking to the fire, Kathrakh snapped his fingers and Harry watched as flames leapt into the empty grate.

Sighing with contentment, Khadrakh began his tale:

“The legend of your namesake begins over 1500 years ago in the lands of Romania's Black Forest. Drékul was a mighty warlord who sought only one thing: power to become the best. He lived in a time of war you understand and his goal seemed almost beyond his reach; that is until he encountered the one who we know these days as Count Dracula, or rather, his ancestor, an ancient lord of the Dark Arts known as Count Vileous. (A/N: pronounced Vil-ay-ous)

“Count Vileous was a dark wizard who, if he was alive today, could probably give Lord Voldemort a run for his money. However, when this dark wizard encountered the Romanian warlord, he sensed that Drékul had a thirst for power, a thirst that Vileous had searched for all his life...and afterwards.”

“What do you mean afterwards?” asked Harry, but fell silent, realising that Kathrakh would most likely explain.

As if sensing his master's fear, the serpentine guardian smiled and nodded, “I understand your curiosity my lord; please, feel free to ask anything you wish whenever you wish. However, to answer your question, let me ask one of my own: if Vileous was Dracula's ancestor, what could afterwards mean?”

Harry's eyes widened in realisation, “you mean...he was a...?”

“Yes,” replied Kathrakh, “Count Vileous was, if the legends of his heritage are true, the first Vampire, making him the first Vampire Lord, just as Dracula was. However, when Drékul met Vileous, the Count was searching for an heir to inherit his dark mastery, so, sensing Drékul's thirst for power, Count Vileous made Drékul a deal: if Drékul became his disciple of darkness and learned the secrets of magic, then the Count would reward the warlord with immortality. Being as

lustful for power as he was, Drékul accepted and that, you could say, is where the legend of your inheritance truly began.

“Drékul's power was so immense that he made every foe fall before him, begging the Romanian Warlord for mercy; however, when Vileous caught Drékul in the act of mercy, he was horrified to find that the same man who had come to him all those years before was now merciless and power-corrupt. What made it worse was that Vileous' vampiric blood ran in Drékul's veins, making him a half-vampire; a Regent to the powers of Darkness. Seeing his mistake, Vileous approached the only powerful source of magic in the land: the Council of the Fueraco, and he begged them to help set his fault right. The Council, whose blood flows in your veins, my lord, granted his request under the condition that Vileous would there and then sacrifice his immortality and sire a new heir, an heir who would have the dark instincts of the Vampire Lord. However, when Vileous accepted, almost as easily as Drékul had, the Council made a second stipulation.”

Harry leaned forward with eagerness, his head resting in his scaled hands; listening to Kathrakh's tale was like listening to an old friend or a grandparent telling him a bedtime story; in fact, Harry also had to rub his eyes as he found himself almost drifting away with the guardian's soothing voice.

“The stipulation,” continued Kathrakh, “was that Drékul had to be bound to the ancient power of a mystical creature; a creature summoned by the Council and infused with one of the elemental hearts of Earth, Wind, Fire or Water. Once again, Vileous accepted and the Council then summoned a spirit from the core powers of their magic; a vessel who would aid and watch over the soon-to-be bound Drékul.”

“You,” whispered Harry.

“Me,” nodded Kathrakh, “what you have to understand my lord is that summoning a spirit to a vessel takes a great deal of energy, so the Council not only ensured I would guard Drékul, but they also granted me immortality so that, if the dark warlord could not be defeated, I

would become the guardian of everyone who followed in his footsteps; in other words, his descendants.

“Accepting both my responsibility and my future destiny, I set out with Count Vileous and, after a strenuous search that took the better part of a century, we finally located Drékul; however, because of his tribute to the Council, Vileous died in the battle that ensued; a battle between Drékul's dark forces and the combined power of the Council's ancient magic and Count Vileous' near immortal army. When Vileous fell, he imparted to me the name of his new heir; the one, as I said, that we know as Count Dracula, and he begged me to make sure that those who followed in Drékul's bloodline would be safe and well trained, so that the fate of Drékul would not be repeated.”

“Was his fate to become a Fueraco?” asked Harry, wiping his mouth with a sleeve.

“Yes,” answered Kathrakh, “and I suppose your next question is what is a Fueraco?” When Harry nodded, Kathrakh held out his hand and rolled up Harry's sleeves, exposing the red scales that ran up and down Harry's arms.

“A Fueraco is an ancient creature who, as his name suggests, has an affinity with fire and the magic of mythical creatures, such as dragons and phoenixes, creatures that are bred in fire. The Council of the Fueraco were all humans who were, as you are my lord, descendants of the Ancient Fueraco. So, as you guessed, the Council performed the darkest of rituals and bound Drékul's magic to the power of the Fueraco, making it so that, without losing a portion of his humanity, the Warlord could not use his power, but, the curse of Drékul's power eventually became the curse for all who shared his blood. You see young master, when the forces he had conquered realised he could no longer use his powers without consequence, they banded together and rose against him, leaving Drékul with one option. He performed another dark and ancient ritual, which meant every member of his bloodline would be cursed to his fate, because he had somehow discovered that a Fueraco could only be inherited by a magical being.

“Realising what he'd done, I once again approached the Council and begged their help, saying that I could not allow innocent souls to pay the price for Drékul's vengeance. The Council agreed with my pleas and cast a spell, sacrificing their own humanity in the process, that would ensure the new vessel of Drékul's dark inheritance would be blessed with the full Fueraco powers and they also made it so that this gift, and the curse that followed, could only be awoken by coming into contact with a magical creature.”

Harry looked at his arm and, in a deep, almost quiet voice, he asked, “like a Basilisk's bite?”

“Yes my lord,” replied Kathrakh, “when the Basilisk you fought pierced your skin and injected you with its deadly venom, your Fueraco heritage woke up inside you and started with this transformation into a Fueraco's body. The body that matched the creature closely related to the being who you came into contact. In this case, your bite by the Basilisk has began to change you into a dragon, or by the looks of things, a dracolisk, a creature who is half-dragon, half-basilisk. You will become, quite possibly, the most powerful Fueraco in history and, hopefully, you will learn how to control the powers of your descendants.”

Harry looked at his serpentine skin before he allowed Kathrakh's words to run through him: he was turning into a dracolisk, a creature that was half-serpent, half-dragon, and to top it all off, this transformation would come with some ancient powers of a being Harry knew nothing about. Looking up to Kathrakh, Harry asked, “what happened to him? Drékul, my...my ancestor?”

“Like any being of power,” explained Kathrakh, “he was killed by his own power: understand young lord that he had tried to break the barrier of the Fueraco's power and, in the end, all he'd done was doomed his own life by outstretching his power and becoming consumed by his own greed. The Council also died and the power of the Fueraco was left with two people: the inheritance of Count Dracula and myself. It was then I scoured the world and found anything and everything that would help the descendants of Drékul. Now, after almost 400 years, I have found you my lord, the final descendant of Drékul and, hopefully, the last victim of his dark

legacy," he stood on his feet and turned to Harry, before he knelt to the young wizard, "and I swear to you now, Harry James Potter, last descendant of The Dark Lord Drékul, that I will obey you from this day forward and do whatever you command of me. No task will be left unfinished, no duty will be ignored. So now I ask, as I have done for seven generations, how may I serve you, Lord Drékul?"

Harry looked to the knelt guardian as he allowed his tale to run through his mind; he was the last heir of a dark legacy and an ancient power and, on top of that, he was now seen as a lord by those who followed Drékul's legacy. Holding out his scaled hand, Harry spoke in a kind, but almost commanding voice, "I want you to help me as you promised my ancestors; I want you to know Kathrakh that I believe every word you are telling me and I want your help to make sure this inheritance ends with me. Now I ask you Kathrakh; no matter what I do with this power, will you follow me to the end?"

"I shall my lord," Kathrakh responded, his eyes looking up to his master as he explained, "you're probably wondering why this change is happening? Well, its because you are approaching your 13th birthday; the age that Count Vileous believably came to power; soon your transformations will continue over the next year and you will experience pain and discomfort that will be worse than any of your ancestry's transformations. You, my lord Harry, are the first of your bloodline to become a dracolisk and pain for you is inevitable. However, I will be at your beck and call and will do all in my power to see that you are kept comfortable and safe from the ravaging pain of your inheritance's transformation."

As Harry smiled, he suddenly became aware of a feeling inside him; a feeling he hadn't noticed before: it was like he was stronger and suddenly more broadened in muscle than when he'd first walked in the chamber. Seeing Harry's confused look, Kathrakh motioned to a serpentine-decorated mirror and smiled with appreciation.

When Harry looked in the mirror, his eyes widened in shock: his body was now covered, head to foot, in glistening red scales; his hair was heavily spiked and now also held an array of dark blue streaks in some parts of the hairline. Harry also noticed his eyes had changed into a pair of slitted, crimson eyes with a strange emerald glare in the

pupil. As Harry blinked, he was aware of a second coating over his eyelid and, keeping hold of his eyelid, he blinked again and watched as a thin, almost transparent film closed over his eyes.

Turning to Kathrakh, Harry asked, "what's happened to me?"

"As I said young lord," replied the guardian, "you have undergone the next stage of your transformation; your eyes and your face are different; your muscles have gained thickness and strength and your skeleton has become hard as rock. To answer your next question; the strange film covering your eyes is a shield protecting those you look upon from the dracolisk's stone glare. Make sure you keep that lid closed around anyone you trust, otherwise they will become a stone statue, and I am unsure if there is a cure for such an ailment."

Harry nodded, closing his second eyelid, before he spoke again, "I have some things I have to do between now and September 1st. I would appreciate any help you can give as well as any assistance while I get used to my new body."

"As you command, my lord," Kathrakh bowed.

Harry then asked, "that reminds me; how come I didn't feel any pain in my new change?"

"Remember when I prodded you with my wand?" asked Kathrakh, "I placed a Pain Freezing Charm on your body, so that you wouldn't notice the pain. I apologise for using magic on you without your permission; in future, I will ask for your permission my lord."

"See that you do," Harry remarked, before he left the comfort of the chamber for the grandeur of his inherited vault.

Closing notes: Pretty short chapter as I merely wanted to explain the background to Harry's newfound powers. From now on, all chapters will be of considerable length.



Next Chapter: Dracolisk research, newfound allies and the trio reunite. Also, the debut of a certain Prisoner of Azkaban and Harry's first warning.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 4: Familiars and Friends

The following morning, Harry awoke feeling refreshed and truly alive: his mind was still focused on the explanations of his inheritance, but Harry had decided not to let his fears and doubts keep him from knowing his true strength. Silently, as Harry stood in his room in the Leaky Cauldron, the hybrid wizard made himself a silent promise; a promise that meant he would use every available resource to discover the true power within him and he would allow nothing, good or evil, to stand in his way.

//The first thing I need to do,// thought Harry as he dressed himself in Muggle clothes, //is discover more about a dracolisk and about its unknown origins. Kathrakh told me that the grand library within the Drékul Bloodline vault would contain information on anything I needed to know; well I need to know who I am destined to become.//

Checking that his second eyelid was closed, Harry made his way down to the bar and informed Tom that he would be spending most of the day away and that he won't be returning until later that night. He'd been taught a spell by Kathrakh that would show anyone around him the Harry Potter they knew and not the changed wizard that he now was. Partially, he was thankful for the spell as all anyone saw was the infamous Harry James Potter with a series of deep blue streaks in his normally messy black hair. If anyone noticed something that did seem different, it was that the Boy-Who-Lived now stood at least four inches taller than before and possibly a bit more muscular. Anything beyond that: the crimson eyes, the red scales, the near venomous glares, nobody noticed them, and Harry was grateful for that: he knew that if anyone saw him in his true body, then they would possibly see him as an outcast and treat him with regards of a freak and a monster.

Travelling through Diagon Alley, Harry made a mental note to dig into his new-found fortune and purchase some decent robes and attire instead of Dudley's overhanging hand-me-downs. Finding himself back in Gringotts Bank, Harry caught the eye of Riklaus and was immediately shown to his vault, the once barricaded door now opening with a mere whisper of Parseltongue.

Passing Varek's still slumbering form, Harry made for the entrance to his vault and, passing by the large piles of wizard cash, he made his way to the eternal library.

Just as Harry was about to begin his search, he remembered something else that Kathrakh had told him: he had said about the creatures in the second room of the large vault were all wizard familiars. Leaving the study, Harry made his way to the egg filled chamber and looked out across the gathered nests of mystical creatures. He had been told that these creatures were all evolved thanks to a surge of magical energy combined with Harry's Fueraco blood; with this in mind, the serpentine wizard wondered just what kind of creature would make a loyal familiar.

As Harry was allowing his decisions to run through his mind, he felt a strange presence in the room: it was like a second voice calling out to him, a voice that was made up of a strange series of whimpers and growls. Looking down to the floor of the chamber, Harry leapt over the rail from where he was stood and began to wander amongst the strange eggs, searching for the source of the unique voice, his crimson eyes wandering amongst the many assembled ranks as he allowed his magical essence to reach out and search for his newest ally.

Finally Harry stopped before two strange eggs: one was grey with almost golden stripes zigzagging across its shell whilst the other was violet with navy blue and silver spots. //Kathrakh had told me that the slightest touch would awaken the creature within, so here goes,// he thought as he concentrated on the spell hiding his true identity. As he watched his scales reappear, Harry pressed his dracolisk hands against the two shells and watched as the shells began to glow with black and gold lights; then, as Harry watched, his skin once again hiding under the illusion, the shells opened and Harry looked inside, a smile of awe and wonder crossing his face.

In the gold-striped egg was a small white Arctic wolf with three bolts of lightning cresting its body: one on the wolf's head, and the other two on either side of the little cub's body. As Harry watched, the young cub opened its eyes and gave a dog-like yawn, flashing two rows of small pointed teeth inside its mouth. The young cub then

looked to Harry and slowly stood, before it leapt with supernatural agility, into Harry's arms, snuggling against his chest. Harry smiled as he saw two blue eyes looking up at him, before the young Arctic wolf began licking at his face in a very friendly gesture.

As he began tickling the little cub behind the ears, Harry inspected the second egg, and gasped again as he saw a Grey Wolf cub with a black mark on its underbelly and a streak of white lining its back, from the back of the wolf's head right down to its tail, which was wagging feverishly at the sight of the young hybrid. Harry opened his arms again and the Grey Wolf almost flew into his arms, licking Harry's finger before it starting yapping playfully at its twin. The Grey Wolf had emerald green eyes that reminded Harry of his own – before the transformation – and, as he set the two wolves down, he allowed their playful, mystical emotions to become one with his own mind.

Remembering what these two playful pups liked to eat, Harry walked out of the familiar chamber and into the crystal cavern, his hand scooping up a hand of onyx and diamond shards. Turning to the wolves, Harry knelt down and patted the ground before him, noticing how the two familiars seemed nervous in the presence of all the magical energy that the crystalline cavern was giving off.

The Arctic wolf took a few shaky steps before he bounded forwards and sat on his haunches, looking up at Harry with a playful expression. At the sight of such bravery, Harry mumbled to himself, “Hm, courage and a playful heart; willing to jump into unknown territory and loyal to those above him. I know the perfect name for you: Godric, after the founder of my house, Gryffindor.” Harry then laughed when the Arctic wolf rolled onto his back, inviting his magical master to tickle his belly, his playful yapping turning to whines of pleasure as Harry rubbed the pup's tummy playfully and with kindness. It was then, and a little too late, that he realised that someone was behind him; turning, Harry found his face under assault from a small wet tongue as the Grey Wolf had sneaked up on him and was now forcing him to submit with a barrage of tongue baths.

Through his laughter, Harry decided, “sneaky, underhanded yet courageous and full of power; yes, just like him, I think Salazar will suit you little guy.”

Godric and Salazar looked to their master as Harry laid out the onyx and diamond crystal shards in two piles, before he beckoned to the two wolves and said, “come on, eat up so you can be big and strong.”

He then watched with awe as the two wolves approached and, after sniffing the two piles of enchanted crystals – Godric with the diamond and Salazar with the onyx – started to glow with violet (Salazar) and golden (Godric) lights before the crystalline piles did the same.

As Harry watched, the light from the two piles seemed to become attached to the wolves before the strange aura-like light around the pups also increased with force. It took Harry a minute to realise what was happening: the wolves were draining the crystals of their mystical contents; feeding on the energy as if they were sucking milkshakes through a straw.

Then the mysteries of Harry's new friends continued as both wolves became engulfed in their glowing aura and, as the Fueraco-blooded wizard watched, both wolves suddenly went from weak and playful cubs to large, fully-grown adults; adults who suddenly opened their eyes and stared at Harry, a growl escaping Salazar and a deep-throated warning grumble coming from Godric.

//Guess I overfed them,// Harry thought, his hand reaching for his wand. As he began to pull it out of his trouser pocket, Godric leapt at him and pinned him to the floor, his sharp teeth leering above Harry, a sliver of drool sliding out of his mouth and splashing on Harry's forehead, inches below his scar.

Harry tried struggling free, but this adult Arctic was too strong even for him, so he changed tack, “easy Godric, it's me, Harry, your friend, your master, your...” he was cut off as Godric lowered his head, parted his jaws as if intending to feed on the piece of meat before him. Harry closed his eyes; he didn't mean to be afraid, but this was a fully grown carnivore looking at him like he was dessert, and, just as he thought the end would come, he felt something tickle his cheek.

Opening his eyes, he saw Godric almost smiling at him and, as Harry watched, the white wolf lowered his head and began licking him

playfully. Then Harry smiled as the adult wolf finally let him stand and rub his legs where Godric had pinned him.

Harry reached out for Godric's fur and began stroking him, "you're more mischievous than Fred and George," he laughed, looking down as he saw Salazar licking at his arm, the wet tongue easily sliding over Harry's red scales.

Holding his hand out, Harry closed his eyes and tried to summon his wand, but to no avail. Looking around he saw something that made his smile sag.

There, nestled next to a pile of topaz crystals, were two pieces of holly, strings of phoenix feather poking out of the core as Harry picked it up: the impact with Godric had snapped his wand cleanly down the centre. Looking to the wolves, Harry saw Godric's ears flatten against his head and his nose lower to the ground in shame; clearly Harry's familiar knew he had done wrong and he was telling Harry he was sorry for what he'd done.

As Harry looked to his wand, he heard Kathrakh suddenly speak, "fix it."

Looking up, Harry saw the immortal guardian step into the cavern, his head bowing to Harry and his palms open as he passed the wolves.

"How?" he asked, "it's snapped clean through, not even a Reparo spell will fix this wand."

"No," agreed Kathrakh, "but Fueraco magic combined with any number of these crystals could easily fix any broken item or mend any wound. Just close your eyes and allow your instincts to guide you my lord; you know the words, even if Harry Potter the wizard doesn't, Harry Potter, Fueraco Lord does."

Harry shrugged: anything was worth a try; closing his eyes he reached for the power of the mythical creature within him, allowing his Fueraco instincts and aura to finally rear its head. Harry, in his mind's eye, then saw his inner spirit and, as he watched, the spirit whispered three words to him in the same language as the parchment. The

language that only Harry could understand; with a nod, Harry opened his eyes, looked at his shattered wand, took a deep breath and whispered, "Fueraco Reparo Crystos!"

There was a warm feeling in Harry's hands and, as he watched, the wand suddenly began to glow and hover above his palms; instinct then took over as Harry pointed to a pyramid of blood rubies, which rose from the peak of the pile and began to hover towards the shattered wand. Then, as the Fueraco Lord watched with an open mouth, the blood rubies began to mould with the wand and, as if the crystals were the same as the molten material in the roof of the vault, Harry saw his wand, his wand that he knew to match Voldemort's, begin to repair itself, the molten ruby becoming absorbed by the power of the holly and phoenix feather. Finally, the wand lowered itself to Harry's hand, fully repaired and once again in one piece.

Turning to Kathrakh, Harry asked, "what...happened?"

Kathrakh smiled as he explained, "with the power of the Fueraco, anything is possible; so long as you know the words to intone your spell. The Reparo Crystos Charm is one which uses the first crystal you focus upon and then draws upon your own energy and bonds the crystal to the item that is in need of repair."

With a nod of admiration, Harry turned and patted his legs, calling Godric to him, the Arctic wolf's head still hung in shame as he stopped before his master. Lowering himself, Harry patted the wolf's neck and said, "it's all right; it was an accident that my powers fixed: I'm not angry Godric, come on boy, cheer up!"

As the wolf began yapping again and licking his face, Harry thought on how his power had grown just as Kathrakh had promised, //I wonder what else I can do,// he thought as he hugged both his new familiars.

G.S.R.H

Harry sat on one of the leather chairs in his study, looking at the array of books before him; once again he thought of Hermione and how

much she would pay to be in here, but once again Harry's sly side got through as he thought, //As I said, shame it's all mine.//

Kathrakh had taught him about the study, telling him about a spell that would – 9 times out of 10 – summon the exact book that would help him, and because of the crystalline roof, Harry smiled as he remembered that he could use as much magic as he needed to for any and all purposes.

Pulling his newly restored wand from his pocket, Harry pointed the wand straight up and commanded, “Accio Confirmia!”

As Harry watched, a large yellow covered book suddenly slid out from a shelf about six feet above him, its cover glistening in the enchanted light of the study room. Holding his wand aloft, Harry pointed to his lap and watched in surprise as the book flew down towards him and opened at the first page.

“Legends of the Mystic World by A.M Darkus,” Harry read before opening the book's pages and scanning through, his mind boggling as he realised he could now read faster than normal and, within minutes, he had found the chapter he needed.

“Chapter 66: The Dracolisk,” he read, his eyes hungrily looking upon the pictures and descriptions of his inner beast. Looking down, Harry read on:

The legendary, and extremely rare Dracolisk is believed to be the offspring of a dragon and a basilisk with some of the same basic skills and powers. Naturally a Dracolisk's key weapon is the stone-casting stare that the creature inherits from the Basilisk side of its DNA; however studies have shown that the Dracolisk also has a secondary power known as its Elemental Breath. Depending on the breed of the draconian side of the creature's DNA, a Dracolisk's Elemental Breath can be one of many; for example, a black dragon parent will result in the Dracolisk being able to breathe acid, whereas a red dragon will result in the traditional flame breath and, similarly, a gold dragon or blue dragon will result in thunder breath or ice breath.



Due to the rarity of this majestic creature, no-one can honestly say they have seen a Dracolisk alive as they were deemed an endangered species after what is known as the Great Hunt back in the early 1600's. It is said that over 1000 Dracolisks were brutally murdered for their scales, wings and even their eyes within the short span of three decades.

Another quality the Dracolisk possesses is its territorial attitude towards others; the creature is a solitary breed, preferring isolation to being with a group. A skill that the Dracolisk possesses is known as its Darkvision, making the Dracolisk able to see in the darkest of environments. It is because of this dark secret that the creature's choice of habitat is underground or in the marshlands, where its prey can be foolish enough to wander right into the, as Muggles would say, belly of the beast.

Dracolisk scales are believed to be poisonous and some say are used for the deadly Sub-Zero Slumber Potion, which leaves its victim in an icy paralysis and slowly shuts down the body. There is no known cure for the poison or the Dracolisk's bite, which, like its Basilisk counterpart, is as deadly as the Avada Kedavra Curse.

Despite its heritage however, the Dracolisk can only fly for a short time and even then it must rest if it exceeds a 60ft flight pattern. Despite its low agility bloodline, the Dracolisk is also feared for its strength and apparent affinity with the powers of chaos and darkness as well as the great treasures this majestic creature is known to guard.

A fully grown Dracolisk can grow up to around 20ft and, if its around certain magical properties, the great beast has been known to be able to resist even the Unforgivables and the worst of curses.

Closing the book, Harry allowed what he'd just read to simmer into his mind: his inner creature was strong; held a gaze and fangs similar to the Basilisk's and could shoot an Elemental Breath from its mouth, depending on its draconian heritage. Harry however, knew he had no heritage of a dragon, so what did that mean for his power. Then there was that other fact; the Dracolisk could fly, but only for a range of 60ft, which wasn't much, but still covered some distance at least. //Maybe I

can fly, // Harry thought, //if my Fueraco powers and instincts help, maybe my Dracolisk spirit could evolve greater than what people think. //

Rubbing his eyes, Harry decided to leave this problem for later and instead, focus on getting some sleep. Calling Kathrakh, Harry instructed him to send an owl to Tom at the Leaky Cauldron, saying he won't be back until morning. Then, suppressing a heavy yawn, Harry made his way to his unique chamber and slumped out on the bed, sleep welcoming him and the warm, fur-lined bodies of Godric and Salazar keeping him warm.

G.S.R.H

Four weeks passed by pretty quickly for the young dracolisk and Harry found that as September 1st neared, he felt more and more inclined and hopeful about seeing Ron, Hermione and even Hagrid again. Harry's 13th birthday was pretty uneventful, save for Harry being forced to spend three hours in his vault as aches, pains and tearing emotions tortured his body. After it was done, Harry noticed several small ridges lining his spine and two unmistakable shapes on his shoulders, almost making it look like Harry's shoulder blades were sticking out from the rest of his body. When he showed these developments to Riklaus and Kathrakh, Harry's blood guardian explained that the time was coming when his wings were going to grow and his development was approaching at least a quarter of the completed time. Then there were the developments coming from inside Harry's body: like when he woke the day after his birthday and found his mouth breathing smoky tendrils into the air; remembering what he'd read on the dracolisk's Elemental Breath, Harry found himself actually, and disbelievingly, wishing the breath away: the last thing he needed was a plume of fire erupting from his mouth without warning and incinerating some unsuspecting student.

//No matter how tempting it may be, // thought Harry as an image of a blackened, charbroiled Malfoy flashed before his eyes.

Another internal change came in the fourth week: Harry awoke and began to rub his back, but after a while, as he found himself thinking about Ron and Hermione's lack of communication, he noticed his

back becoming rough and almost sharp. Pulling his hands to the front, Harry gasped in horror as he saw ten long, thick claws protruding from his fingers; where his fingertips and nails had been were now ten fierce red scaled claws. Looking around, Harry tried to find a way to keep his claws hidden, but was surprised when, as he watched, the ten claws seemed to shrink and once again become his red scaled fingers, his hands showing no evidence of the near demonic claws that had come from within.

//What else could go wrong?// he thought as he relaxed in his study, his scaled hands tickling Godric and Salazar.

Had Harry known what the rest of the year would bring, he wouldn't have been so quick to question fate.

G.S.R.H

One advantage to all Harry's free time was the fact that, with help from Kathrakh, he was able to complete all his homework, even a long and dreary essay on the properties of Nightshade for a teacher equally as poisonous: Professor Snape.

He also replaced all his clothes and purchased some, red, blue and emerald robes as well as all his new school books and equipment; the list having come to him two days after his birthday. Then, because he didn't have to put up with the meagre suppers that the Dursley's gave to him, Harry soon filled out and put some muscle on his body, which actually made him admit that, even though it was an illusion, his human visage looked pretty handsome.

It was as he was admiring his reflection on August 26th that Harry heard an unusual commotion from outside his room in the Leaky Cauldron.

(A/N: Most of this comes from the movie, with exact quotations)

Looking outside his door, Harry saw two figures chasing each other; one was a rat that looked thin and almost deathly, but when Harry saw the almost lightened fur, a smile played at his lips. The one chasing the rat was a baggy orange cat, but Harry didn't have time to

properly look at the animal as a pair of voices soon echoed from downstairs.

Keeping a smile, Harry made his way down, as he heard a familiar male voice.

"I'm warning you Hermione; keep that bloody cat away from Scabbers or I'll turn him into a tea cosy!"

"He's a cat Ronald," a second voice, equally as familiar, replied, her tone filled with exasperation, "its in his nature to chase rats."

"A cat? Is that what they told you? Looks more like a pig with hair if you ask me?"

"That's rich, coming from the owner of that smelly thing," replied the second voice as Harry stood on the bottom step, the back of one of his best friend's heads staring back at him, another of his friends looking him dead in the eye. "Calm down Crookshanks," Hermione Granger whispered to the cat, "we won't let him hurt you, nasty man he is..."

"Harry!" Ron Weasley interrupted, causing Hermione to wheel round with shock and smile.

"Harry," she repeated.

Later, the three of them were looking over a newspaper article about Ron's family winning some prize: Harry and Ron got into a conversation about Egypt, Hermione adding almost skeptically that Egyptians used to worship cats.

"Yeah," laughed Ron, unaware of two figures behind him, "along with the dung beetles."

Suddenly a hand snatched the paper and another of the Weasley's, Ron's older brother Fred – or George – asked, "not showing that off again are you Ron?"

As Ron tried to persuade them he hadn't told a soul, Harry was welcomed by Mrs. Weasley and, as the last time they met, she looked him over and acted like she was his mother, but Harry didn't mind; it was nice to know that someone besides Kathrakh respected him for who he was.

Harry was then introduced, properly, to Ron's father who asked, "Harry, I was wondering if we could have a word?"

"Yeah sure," replied Harry, before following Mr. Weasley under the banister of the stairwell.

The elder Weasley's mood changed almost immediately, "Harry, there are those at the Ministry who don't want me to tell you this, but I think you should know, you are in danger; grave danger."

//What else is new?// thought Harry, but then remembered what he'd overheard from Tom the week before as he asked, "Has this got anything to do with Sirius Black sir?"

Mr. Weasley seemed almost scared at Harry's question, but continued in a calm voice, "what do you know about Black?"

Harry shrugged, the snake in him detecting Mr. Weasley's fear as he replied, "only that he escaped from Azkaban."

"Do you know why?"

Harry shook his head which caused Mr. Weasley to go paler than ever; he was so frightened that Harry's evolved hearing could pick up his heart beating like a centaur stampede inside his chest.

"Thirteen years ago, when you stopped..." Mr Weasley froze, but Harry knew who he meant.

"...Voldemort," he finished for the elder Weasley, causing the old man to flinch.

"Don't say his name: when you stopped...You-Know-Who...Black swore revenge, because in his eyes, you're the only one who can

stop...You-Know-Who...returning to power. That's why he's escaped, to find you..." he trailed off again, but Harry knew what was coming.

"...and kill me," he nodded, courage and purpose building in his heart.

Mr. Weasley seemed to notice this as he now seemed to plead with Harry, "Harry promise me that no matter what you do; you won't go looking for Black."

"Mr Weasley," said Harry, keeping his old persona in the clear, "why would I go looking for someone who wants to kill me?"

Closing notes: And finally Harry is going to Hogwarts, but how do you juggle an unstoppable transformation with third year Hogwarts studies? Wait and see

Next Chapter: Dementor Attack, another evolutionary step and Professor Lupin.

A/N: SPELLS:

Fueraco Reparo Crystos: The Ultimate Repairing Charm: can repair any damage to inanimate objects with the help of mystic crystals

Accio Confirmia: Summons an object that closely matches the image in your mind

POTIONS

Sub-Zero Slumber Potion: A poison that puts the drinker/victim into an almost hypothermic coma and slowly kills them from the inside by turning their organs and skeleton into an icy organism. NO KNOWN CURE

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 5: Dawn of the Dark

Before he left with the others, Harry returned to his inherited vault to inform Kathrakh of the threat against him and also to ask a favour. When Harry entered the Drékul chamber, his request wasn't denied as Kathrakh told him, "anything you ask my lord, I will obey, how may I serve you?"

Pointing to his two wolves, Harry explained, "I don't think Dumbledore will be happy if I brought two wolves onto the campus; especially two enchanted wolves, so I need you to look after them for a while. If I need them to be with me, I will use the Floo network and call, understood?"

Kathrakh bowed but his motion was interrupted by a low, upsetting whine from Godric and Salazar. Kneeling down, Harry stroked his familiars' heads and looked them both in the eyes, before whispering, "I know, I'm going to miss you too, both of you. But Dumbledore..." his words were but short as Godric began to growl and Salazar stood firm, his hackles raised threateningly. Harry's eyes widened with curiosity; his familiars' reactions were almost the same as if any wizard, aside from him and Dumbledore, spoke Voldemort's name instead of saying You-Know-Who. It was also then Harry remembered how his headmaster had sounded different when Harry had explained about his encounters in the Chamber of Secrets, how the old man had held a tone of secrecy and concern. Slowly ruffling the twin wolves fur, Harry asked, "you think he knows something about me?"

Through their mental link, Harry found that was what the wolves were thinking; it was clear to the new lord of Drékul that his two familiars didn't trust Dumbledore or his secrets that he seemed to keep from Harry. Another dark thought suddenly burned in Harry's mind, //What if Dumbledore knows about me?//

Had the old man merely been using Harry? In some twisted, almost feared, attempt to stop him knowing the power he knew now? If that was the case, Harry was suddenly determined to get an answer out of his headmaster, no matter what it took; looking down at Salazar and Godric, Harry smiled and nodded his head, "all right, you can

come with me, but don't bite anyone...well...without my approval," as he said the last words, a dark smile pulled at Harry's lips as he once again thought of Malfoy – amongst others – begging for his mercy.

//Wherever this new feeling is coming from,// thought Harry as he led the two wolves out of the vault, Kathrakh watching him depart, //I like it.//

As Harry approached the entrance of Gringotts, he felt an awkward sensation fill his mind, a feeling that seemed to present him with a warning; a warning that he was being watched. Looking round the entrance to the bank, Harry only saw the occasional witch and wizard look at him in fear as he walked with his two familiars. He also saw Riklaus slyly closing the doorway to Harry's chamber of inheritance, but as he once again stared out upon Diagon Alley, he had to rub his eyes to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

Standing there, watching his every step, was a large shaggy black dog with dark eyes and a dampened coat of fur, the dark eyes of the canine fixed on Harry. The hybrid wizard was snapped out of his reverie by Godric's deep throated growls; looking to his Arctic familiar, Harry gasped in awe as he saw Godric's fur suddenly stand on end, every strand of the white coat suddenly coming alive with sparks and bolts of deep blue electricity, his eyes seemingly glowing as black as the bolts on his body and head. Then Harry heard a similar growl emanating from Salazar; looking to the Grey Wolf, Harry saw his other familiars body glow with black energy and almost completely envelop Salazar's usually calm, friendly stance. Laying his hands on his two pets, Harry whispered, "it's all right you two, I'm not in any danger. There are too many witches and wizards for that thing to hurt me."

At their master's words, the two wolves calmed down and Godric licked Harry's hand reassuringly as the hybrid wizard made his way back to the Leaky Cauldron, the witches and wizards now giving him a wider berth.

G.S.R.H

"You're kidding?" asked Ron, "they really did that?"



The trio were sat on the Hogwarts Express, their compartment occupied by only figure who Hermione introduced as Professor R.J Lupin – adding that it was on his case when Ron asked how she knew. The mysterious occupant was fast asleep so Harry was free to talk about what had happened in the entrance to Gringotts, amongst other things.

“Yes,” replied Harry, “it was so weird, I mean I knew they were enchanted, but I never suspected that they were that powerful. I mean Godric's body was like a living thunderstorm and Salazar seemed almost possessed, but both of them were only trying to protect me from whatever was threatening me.”

Hermione went from surprised friend to Little-Miss-Rule Keeper as she explained, “you do realise that McGonagall won't let you keep them in the Tower. Students are only allowed an owl, a cat or a toad; there's nowhere in that sentence that talks about wolves!” she nodded to Godric and Salazar, who were sound asleep at their master's feet.

Harry looked to his loyal defenders as Ron snorted, “nice one Hermione; thanks for dampening the mood. Besides,” he nudged Harry with a nod, “we have a rather special place where they will be allowed, don't we?”

“If you're talking about the Chamber of Secrets,” Hermione warned, “I won't allow it. You two have broken enough rules and you won't drag me into it; I will inform Dumbledore and, if need be, your brother Ron.”

Harry suddenly lost it; pulling out his wand, he stared at Hermione, the illusionary veil on his eyes almost failing, revealing his crimson serpentine glare, Harry barked at her, “why don't you just shut-up Hermione? Or do I need to remind you of a certain first-year incident that you got involved in, concerning a certain three-headed dog and a forbidden floor? We've all broken rules Granger, so shut up! Felinius Vocam!”

A beam of blue light shot out of the end of his wand and struck Hermione in the throat; when she tried to speak, all that came out was a rather amusing yowl that sounded like a lonely cat, followed by a screech, as if someone had dropped water all over Crookshanks. Getting up from her seat, Hermione ran from the compartment, her face streaming tears as she left an open-mouthed Ron staring at Harry.

"Bloody hell!" said Ron, trying hard not to laugh, "I mean, the amount of times I've wanted to shut her up and you cast a spell like that. Bloody brilliant mate!"

Harry laughed to himself as Ron tickled Godric's ear, the Arctic wolf awakened by the sound of his master's anger, "it was pretty good wasn't it? But she can be such a busybody and besides, the jinx wears off after five minutes, so I could have done worse."

Ron went back to his open-mouthed expression, "you can do that much?" he asked.

Harry looked out to a drizzly scene as the Hogwarts Express continued, "you have no idea what I can do," he answered with a smile.

G.S.R.H

When Hermione returned to the compartment, she remained silent as Harry didn't even look at her; instead he was discussing with Ron what his dad had told Harry.

"You're kidding?" asked Ron for the second time that day, "Sirius Black escaped from prison to come after you?"

"According to your dad," Harry explained, "but it makes no difference; I mean I have people after me all the time."

"But they'll catch Black won't they?" asked Hermione, causing Harry and Ron to acknowledge her appearance, "I mean everyone's looking for him."

“Not that it's any of your business,” remarked Ron, obviously still upset with her for her earlier lack of friendship, “but yeah, well, even though no-one's ever escaped from Azkaban and...he's a raving lunatic.”

“Thanks Ron,” remarked Harry with a short smile, before he turned to Hermione and added, “I owe you a apology Hermione; I shouldn't have snapped, but if I wasn't allowed these two,” he nodded to Godric and Salazar who were now sleeping under the seats, “then Mr and Mrs Weasley would have said something.”

Indeed the Weasley family, and Hermione, were plenty surprised when Harry had returned to the Leaky Cauldron with the twin wolves in tow, but, to everyone's great surprise, Harry had merely said they were part of a new inheritance he'd received and that he won't go anywhere without them.

(A/N: So it's almost the truth)

Molly and Arthur had been wary until Harry explained that he would be responsible for them at all times and that he would send them away at the first sign of trouble; his mental link explaining to his pets that he was only joking.

Hermione looked away as Harry spoke his apology, but as she was about to reply, the train suddenly began to slow until it stopped with a short squeal of the brakes.

“Why are we stopping?” asked Hermione, “we can't be there yet?”

As she spoke, Harry noticed his two familiars now wide awake and, from the sounds of their deep growls and raised hackles, alert at some kind of danger. Reaching forward, Harry tried hushing them again, but was stopped when he noticed the illusion around his body beginning to weaken and waver with some form of unknown magic.

He was suddenly knocked back by another jarring motion from the train and Ron's voice asking, “Bloody Hell, what's happening?”

“Don't know,” replied Harry, “maybe we've broken down.”

Harry looked to the still sleeping form of Professor Lupin and it was then he noticed the man's bottle of drink by his side. The glass case of the bottle was suddenly frosting over, and it was the same scenario with the windows; Ron turning with fear and suggesting that he thought someone was coming onboard. Hermione, Ron and the wolves were also breathing clouds of air into the compartment, but thanks to his bloodline, Harry found his body warming up, adapting to the sudden change in temperature.

It was then he saw it: it was about 7ft tall and dressed in a long black cloak with a hood; its hands looked clammy and fierce and, as Harry and everyone else watched, the stranger seemed to draw in a long, cold, shuddering breath, almost as if he – if it was a he – was tasting the air, searching for something.

As Harry kept his gaze focused on the creature, he heard a voice almost scream inside his head.

“No...not Harry...no...please...not Harry.”

There was the sound of laughter and a flash of green as a voice cried, “Harry!” the sound of the cry echoing through Harry's mind.

At the same time, the hybrid's vision started to waver and fade, before Harry noticed a flash of white light, followed by blue sparks and black streams, then, after all the commotion, everything went quiet again and Harry felt a warm, friendly hand on his shoulder and a voice whisper, “lower your guard spell: it's all right, you can trust me.”

Shaking his head, Harry's vision cleared again and he looked up to see Ron and Hermione looking to a man with short, but wild, brown hair and weary eyes. Looking to those eyes, Harry saw the trust that this man, who he now recognised as Professor Lupin, had promised. Looking to Ron and Hermione, Harry asked, “can I trust you two as well?”

His two closest friends nodded before Harry took a few deep breaths and allowed his illusion to fade, revealing the so-called new Harry Potter.

Ron breathed out a “wow,” Hermione gasped in shock and Professor Lupin smiled at Harry with the air of one who wasn't surprised. Yet, as his change was revealed, so too were Harry's dracolisk instincts and he couldn't help but notice an aura nearby, an aura of another mythical creature.

Harry's thoughts were distracted by the sound of something snapping and, looking to Lupin, he saw the new professor dividing a bar of chocolate and handing it to each of them. “Eat it, it'll help,” he said as Harry took the chocolate and slowly munched on the piece, noticing how his teeth, though not yet changed, were still strong.

“What was that?” he asked, looking down to check on Godric and Salazar, thankful for his two familiars reacting with their mystical bloodline and unknown powers.

“It was a Dementor,” explained Lupin, “one of the Dementors of Azkaban, it was searching the train for Sirius Black.” He looked to the two wolves, who were now munching on their own pieces of chocolate as he added, “you have some loyal friends Harry, just like your father.”

Harry looked from Godric and Salazar to Lupin, his eyes narrow but surprised, “you knew Dad?” he asked.

“I did,” replied Lupin, “and your Mum; I knew Lily and James as well, or maybe not as well, as you knew them. If you'll excuse me I need to have a word with the driver.” He got up to leave and Harry was able to move down, his scaled body almost shimmering with the flashes of lightning outside.

Ron was the one to ask what he and Hermione both wanted to know, “why didn't you tell us mate?”

Harry looked to them as Godric leapt onto the seat, his body lying over Harry's lap, his eyes watching the other two; Salazar had fallen asleep again, but Harry could sense that his darker familiar was tired from the lack of energy. Looking to Ron and Hermione, he asked them, “you want to know the full story?”

Both of them nodded, so, with a sigh, Harry explained everything: his strange reaction to the Basilisk's bite; his deal with the Dursleys and his encounter with Kathrakh. When he told them about Drékul and Harry's newfound inheritance, both Ron and Hermione gaped at him as he explained about the curse and blessing of the Fueraco and how it had made his power stronger. He told them about the wealth he'd gained, but left out about the chamber and its grand library.

When he'd finished, Harry waited for a response, but was stopped when Professor Lupin returned and, looking at Harry, smiled and explained, "I will keep your secret Harry; you'll be surprised what secrets I had to keep for James. Also, there is a spell which will allow you to hide your snakeskin, but still be who you are; would you like to know it?"

Harry nodded as Lupin pulled out his wand and, tapping Harry on the head, whispered, "Serpens Restrictum," Harry felt a strange itching cover his body and, when he looked down, he saw his snakeskin fade like a ghost into his body, the tanned flesh of his human side covering it with ease. Rubbing his hand over one arm, Harry felt his skin was still the same touch, smooth and reptilian under his touch. Looking to Lupin, he was about to ask when the Professor explained, "the charm has merely hidden your skin, you still feel the same and look as you did with your scales, except now all your scales are skin once again. There is a potion that will allow you to will your scales to appear and disappear; I can look into it when we reach the school, but for now, I'll leave you to get ready."

As Lupin left, Harry reached into his trunk and pulled out a parchment and quill. Quickly writing down a message, Harry pointed his wand and whispered, "Accio Falcos," and the white owl that had dropped off his first message suddenly appeared at the window. Tying the message to the owl's claws, Harry sent it back out into the grey, now rain-free sky.

"He's right," Hermione suddenly cut in, "we'd better get ready; I'll leave you two to change. See you in a few minutes."

As she left the two boys, Harry looked to Ron who whispered, "we'd better keep an eye on her."

"Why?" asked Harry as he began to change into his black school robes.

"I can keep a secret, but Hermione?" Ron seemed to hesitate before adding, "well, I don't know."

"Don't worry, I trust her," added Harry, but he then put in a thought, //in any case, you two and Lupin know, so that means the old man will soon know. I have to watch it when I get to Hogwarts, and I think I know how I'll work round this.//

The trio soon sat in quiet silence as the train pulled into Hogsmeade.

G.S.R.H

Meanwhile, in a private vault in Gringotts Bank, Kathrakh was pulling books out of Harry's study, trying to do what his young lord's message had requested.

Meet me on September 11th at midnight in the vault with any information you have on...werewolves!

"Why would you ask this, my lord?" asked Kathrakh to the empty room, but he knew, in his immortal heart, that whatever the reason, he would see to it. //After all,// he thought, //vampires and werewolves are both descendants of my lord's heritage.//

Closing notes: So Harry knows Lupin's secret, but Lupin doesn't know. And what does Kathrakh mean vampires and werewolves are Harry's heritage descendants? Find out soon

ALSO FOR ANYONE WHO IS WONDERING OR CURIOUS ABOUT THE WHOLE "INHERITANCE" PART OF THE PLOT, I WILL EXPLAIN THAT PART WHEN HARRY HAS HIS MEETING WITH SIRIUS. ANYONE WHO BELIEVES I HAVEN'T PUT ENOUGH WORK INTO THIS SHOULD STOP READING AS IT IS AN IDEA I HAVE HAD FOR SOME TIME AND, EVEN THOUGH IT DOESN'T

MAKE SENSE NOW, IT WILL SOON. FOR NOW, IT'S A CASE OF UNANSWERED QUESTIONS AND AN UNKNOWN DESTINY.

Hope that cleared things up for those who were getting a bit confused about the storyline.

Next Chapter: First week; Dumbledore speaks to Harry about Godric and Salazar and the Chamber of Secrets is re-opened, but for what purpose? Also, Harry has another unexpected transformation.

A/N: SPELLS:

Serpens Restrictum: Hides any sort of reptilian or serpentine markings from the body. However, the targeted area is still felt as serpentine.

Felinus Vocam: Forces the target to start meowing like a cat.

POTIONS

No new potions this chapter

Please Read and Review



## Chapter 6: Dark Suspicions

When the Hogwarts Express arrived at Hogsmeade station, Harry and Ron left the train without Hermione and made for the usual carriages. As Harry climbed into his carriage, which was already occupied by Neville and Ginny, he heard a voice that made the blood in his veins boil.

"Potter is it true?" a drawling voice laughed, "is it true you fainted? You actually fainted? What, is Saint Potter afraid of a black cloak?" Out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw Malfoy impersonating a fainting fit, to the great amusement of the other Slytherins. If the anger in Harry's blood was threatening, then the sudden growls from Godric and Salazar were almost spine-chilling and Harry had to hide a smile as he saw Malfoy's face pale at the sight of the two wolves baring their fangs.

With his renewed pride, Harry climbed into the carriage and stroked his two familiars thankfully, Godric looking at him with baleful, but kind-hearted eyes. Settling back into his seat, Harry's good mood was made that bit better when Neville suddenly explained, "he's only doing that because he doesn't want to admit he was almost shitting his pants when he ran away from those things."

"The Dementors?" asked Ron, remembering what Lupin had called them, which caused Harry to lock eyes with him: was his best friend, and in Harry's eyes, his most loyal friend – Godric and Salazar excluded – in the world about to betray him?

Seeing the look in Harry's eyes, Ron gave him a nod, trying to say he wasn't going to say a word before he continued, "you may actually be surprised to know Harry didn't faint Neville; he practically stared death in the eye; even these two – Godric and Salazar – helped to protect him."

Ginny then acknowledged the wolves' presence, "where did you say you got them Harry?" she asked as Harry once again tickled Godric's ears and allowed Salazar to slump his furry body over his lap.

“A very unexpected inheritance,” Harry said cautiously, “apparently they were left for me by Mum and Dad, and that I could only receive them on my 13th birthday. There’s something else,” he pointed first to the slumped Salazar then the pleased Godric, “they have some form of Elemental power in their blood: Godric can make bolts of lightning cover his body and even shoot them from his fur; Salazar on the other hand can create a black aura that feels like chaotic energy, almost like darkness itself fuels his power.”

“What do you mean feels like chaotic energy?” asked Ginny, but her question was answered with a dark look from Ron.

Harry, on the other hand, nodded as he cast a silencing charm on the carriage and asked, “Can I trust you two?”

Neville and Ginny looked to one another before Neville looked back and nodded, “you may have hexed me in our first year, but you did save the school last year.”

“Not to mention that you saved me from the Basilisk and Riddle,” Ginny cut in, “so, in a way I owe you Harry.”

Looking to Ron, Harry pulled out his wand and instructed, “I need you to place the tips of your wands against mine,” when they did, Harry cleared his throat and added, “now repeat after me: Eterum Oathik!”

“Eterum Oathik!” the others repeated and then watched in awe as the four wands all suddenly bound their tips with a conjured string of white light.

Looking to the others, Harry explained, “Now, with these words, you are bound in fealty to keep your promise and my trust. While I tell you the story you mustn’t break the bonds, understand?”

They nodded before Harry began telling the same story he’d told Ron, Hermione and Lupin. He explained, in full, the legend of Drékul and how it had, somehow, been passed to him. He explained about his change, adding that when everyone was in bed he would show them, and he also explained how he hadn’t fainted, but rather blanked out on the train. He then explained about Kathrakh and, this time,

included information about his inherited vault and all within; Ron's eyes widening at the sound of the magnificent chamber.

Finally Harry explained about how his change would keep coming to him at unexpected times over the course of the year and how he was changing into a dracolisk, adding all the information he'd read about the mythical creature. When he mentioned about his stone glare, Neville inquired about why they weren't Gryffindor statues, which caused Harry to laugh before he explained about his second eyelid and how, when it was closed, it reflected the petrifying glance of the Basilisk within him.

His tale completed, Harry looked to the four wands and commented, "now repeat as I do; I, Harry Potter, do hereby swear on this binding oath to keep the secret revealed on this day."

The others repeated the oath, replacing Harry Potter with Ronald Weasley, Neville Longbottom or Ginny Weasley, before the white string that bound their wands rose from the tips and split into four, before absorbing its binding magic into their hearts.

"Understand," said Harry, a note of warning, "that if you break this oath then you will suffer a power that is irreversible, so you have sworn to keep this secret and this spell holds you to your oath."

As the others nodded, Harry then noticed it suddenly began to get cold in the carriage; lifting the silencing charm, he peered out the window and almost choked as he saw two Dementors standing at the entrance to Hogwarts, his hyper-sensitive hearing picking up their long, rattling breaths as he passed them.

"What are they doing here?" whispered Ron as Harry sat back down, his hand clasping his heart, Godric and Salazar growling at the sight of the black robed figures.

"I don't know," Harry replied, calming both his pounding heart and his unnerved familiars.

"I don't like them," explained Neville, "they made me feel so cold; so..."

When he failed to find the right words, Harry put in, “like you were drowning in sorrow; your mind showing you the worst moment of your life?”

Neville nods lowly, his face pale and his hands shaking, but he looked to Harry and asked, “What...what did you see?”

Remembering the scream and the dark voice, Harry was surprised that Neville had to ask; deciding to leave his fellow Gryffindor to figure it out, Harry replied, “it...doesn’t matter.”

G.S.R.H

Inside the warm, well lit Hogwarts Great Hall, Harry felt the familiar feeling of home welcome him, the strange comforting magic of Hogwarts wrapping him in a warm blanket of calm emotions. As the four entered the Great Hall, Harry’s dracolisk hearing kicked in again and he heard many a muttering and disguised laughs spread amongst the assembled students, and, as Harry walked through the door, his familiars at his heels, those laughs were silenced and Harry could swear that, as he yawned with boredom at their apparent false amusement, he could almost taste the air and with it, he could taste their emotions, their fear, and somewhere inside him, a part of him loved the feeling of such intimidation.

Seating himself with Neville, Ron and Ginny at the Gryffindor table, Harry was surprised to see that Hermione wasn’t anywhere to be seen and, as he looked to the High Table, he also noticed that Professor McGonagall was nowhere to be seen. Pointing these two mysteries out to Ron, Harry saw his friend clench his fists and whisper, in a voice so low that Harry only heard, “she really did it? She reported you to McGonagall about Godric and Salazar? The next time I see her, I’m going to tie her in so many Jelly-Legs Jinxes that she’ll walking as bad as Errol flies.”

“Don’t you worry about her,” Harry whispered back, “I’ll deal with her myself, nobody betrays me!”

Ron looked to the High Table and chuckled to himself as he changed the subject, "check out the old man."

Harry looked to the indicated spot and saw that Dumbledore was locked in sight with the Gryffindor Table, almost as if he could see through Harry's spell to the animal underneath, //which I hope he can,// Harry thought, //so that when I next meet with him, he will be forced to answer my questions.//

His thoughts were interrupted by someone sitting down at the table with them; looking up, Harry noticed Hermione slamming her bag under the table, slightly startling Godric in the process, before she looked to Ron and Harry's accusing glares. "What?" she asked.

"So what did you tell her?" asked Ron, "what's going to happen to them?" he pointed to Godric and Salazar, who were lying under the table, either side of Harry.

"For your information," retorted Hermione, "Professor McGonagall knew about the two wolves through some letter from Harry's guardians, or at least it looked like it was from them."

//That's the second time this year they've sent mail,// thought Harry as Hermione gave him a look that would have made Fluffy back down, //unless it's not the Dursley's sending them...I wonder,// abandoning his thoughts, he asked, "so what did McGonagall say?"

Hermione seemed annoyed as she replied, "she claims that they stay with you Harry and you alone. No-one is to make arguments and, when I pointed out that they were clearly a breach of the rules, she threatened to make sure Gryffindor started with minus points this year as well as a detention!"

"She has a point," remarked Neville, "McGonagall, I mean; you can be a bossy arse sometimes Hermione. Besides, Harry's guardians claim their obedient and I've seen them, so I agree with Professor McGonagall."

Looking from Harry's right, where Ginny was sat, to Ron's left, where Neville was seated, Hermione lowered her voice and asked, "So they know?"

"Yes," remarked Harry, "and they accept me Hermione, unlike some friends I know. Even Ron accepts who I am and what's happened, so why can't you?"

"I bet I know why," Ron whispered as Hermione went to her usual routine of disappearing into a textbook, "because she's jealous you somehow know more magic than her. She's jealous of you Harry, you and your sudden advanced pure-blood state."

SMACK!

Hermione suddenly rose from the table and left the Great Hall, Ron massaging a bruise on his cheek as he looked to Harry, "see, she knows I'm right. You said yourself Harry that you are the descendant of this Dark Lord Drékul, but, even if he was a Light Lord, he was a Lord nonetheless. She's jealous because you are suddenly high class and she's worthless, not that I'm not jealous," he admitted, "but it was me who helped you last year while she went and got herself petrified; so I'll follow you to the end mate, trust me."

Harry nodded as Dumbledore began his usual first day speech: he introduced Lupin as the new Defence Against Dark Arts teacher and then everyone on the Gryffindor table cheered when the headmaster explained that there was a new Care of Magical Creatures teacher, and that it was none other than Hagrid!

As everyone tucked into the feast, Harry slipping meat under the table to Godric and Salazar, there was a different kind of attitude in the hall as most eyes still found themselves wandering to Harry and the two creatures at his feet, but Harry, Ron, Ginny and Neville didn't notice anything as they were too occupied with Hermione's treachery and another dilemma found Harry's thoughts coming alive again: he needed a place where he could talk with his allies, and even call on Kathrakh, without leaving the castle. //There is the Chamber of Secrets,// he thought as he tucked into a piece of pie, //but Hermione already betrayed us to McGonagall so she'll most likely warn the old

man about the Chamber. No, what we need is somewhere that has almost everything, no matter what the situation calls for; somewhere that can allow me to travel to and from Hogwarts as easily as I can travel to and from my vault, but where?//

(A/N: Gee, I wonder where they will find such a ROOM with all their REQUIREMENTS? LOL)

As the feast came to an end, Harry caught sight of Dumbledore moving towards them, Professor Lupin behind him. As Harry tried to avoid confrontation, Dumbledore cut him off, which made the two wolves growl threateningly, but, at a wave from their master, both Godric and Salazar fell silent.

“Can I help you Professors?” asked Harry, feigning a yawn of fatigue as he locked eyes with Lupin.

“Harry, can you and Mr Weasley, Miss Weasley and Mr Longbottom come with me please?” asked Dumbledore, his usually twinkling eyes now watching Harry with dark concern.

Deciding to play along with whatever game Dumbledore had in mind, Harry followed his headmaster and new professor up to Dumbledore’s office – the new password was Bonbon – before Harry caught sight of Hermione sat in Dumbledore’s office, her hand stroking the fiery form of Fawkes with gentle strokes.

Neville, Ron and Ginny took three seats that had seemingly appeared from thin air, but Harry leaned himself against one of the walls, his eyes watching Dumbledore, but occasionally sneaking a glance to Hermione. Godric and Salazar both curled up at their master’s feet, but through their mental link, Harry could sense something disturbing his two familiars, something about one of the people in the room, something, and Harry’s theory almost being confirmed about knowing what, about Professor Lupin.

Dumbledore sat in his high-backed chair and linked his fingers, his eyes looking to everyone before him as he spoke to Harry, “Harry, let me start off by saying I know that you weren’t at your relatives this summer, so I will start by asking where you were?”

Sensing that Dumbledore was being a bit too nosy, Harry shrugged and replied, "One of my less favourite relatives came to town so I made a deal and got out the house. I stayed at the Leaky Cauldron until I met with Ron and his family."

Harry noticed Hermione send him a venomous glare as he knew that she knew she was there also.

Dumbledore continued, "and can you tell me what exactly persuaded you to go to Diagon Ally for the entire summer? You could have gotten in touch with Miss Granger or Mrs Weasley. As I understand it, she is more than willing to welcome you into her home."

"I'm afraid that's my fault Professor," replied Ron, "as you may have heard, our family won a competition and we were treated to a holiday in Egypt, so Harry could have gotten in touch with us."

"But what about Miss Granger?" asked Dumbledore, "she is your friend, is she not?"

"After the stunt she pulled," Harry suddenly snapped, deciding to ease this conversation to where Dumbledore wanted it to go, "I don't want to know about her; besides, you think I'd risk being hurt by other Muggles after all the pain my own have put me through." Again he received a venomous stare from Hermione and Harry had to try his hardest to resist opening his second eyelid there and then.

"I see," Dumbledore nodded, "and that brings us to why I really called you here Harry; these two fine creatures of yours Harry; Godric and Salazar I believe you named them? Such noble names for noble creatures, but Harry, tell me, where did you gain such finely bred and magnificently powered creatures as these?"

//He's being sneaky,// Harry thought, //he knows all too well that I won't say a word. As I suspected, I bet Dumbledore knows about the legend and about me...and I can probably guess from who,// this time Harry returned the venomous glare with Hermione as he explained, "I don't think that's any of your business Professor; besides I'm sure



you have a reasonable source anyway, so I'm not telling you. Now, if you'll excuse us, we're tired and it's been a long day."

As the four of them left, Lupin added, "Harry, I have had a word with Professor Snape and if you would still like that item, see me after your first class."

"Yes Professor," replied Harry.

G.S.R.H

After Harry had left, Dumbledore looked to Hermione, who was close to tears from what Harry had said about her family; seeing this, Dumbledore spoke in a calm voice, "Miss Granger, I believe you haven't been told the whole story; I know about Harry and I believe you should too..."

G.S.R.H

Later that night, the second floor corridor played host to a series of eerie footsteps and, turning into Moaning Myrtle's bathroom, Harry pulled off his father's Invisibility Cloak and, staring at the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets, whispered, Open!

The serpentine basin began to part as Harry descended into the tunnel and made his way to the main bulk of the Chamber of Secrets, his face hiding some unknown pain.

When he saw the coast was clear, he turned and commanded, Close; before he turned to the giant statue of Slytherin, his eyes still seeing the skeletal body of the Basilisk, and crouched down on his knees. Seeing that he was comfortable, Harry pulled out his wand and whispered, "Reveratus," before he screamed with pain and torture, his hands scratching and clawing at his spine, his scales becoming covered with red blood as Harry's feverish scratches penetrated his skin, his transformations continuing.

As his pain subsided, Harry looked to the giant statue and, for the first time in his life, begged, Slytherin, master of serpents, help me fight this pain; I beg you!

As Harry's vision blacked out, leaving him curled up in the chamber, a voice whispered in reply, I will help you...my lord...

Closing notes: Harry returns to the Chamber, but what is this mysterious voice and how has Harry changed now? Also will the team find a private place to talk freely? Find out in the next chapter.

ALSO FOR ANYONE WHO IS WONDERING OR CURIOUS ABOUT THE WHOLE "INHERITANCE" PART OF THE PLOT, I WILL EXPLAIN THAT PART WHEN HARRY HAS HIS MEETING WITH SIRIUS. ANYONE WHO BELIEVES I HAVEN'T PUT ENOUGH WORK INTO THIS SHOULD STOP READING AS IT IS AN IDEA I HAVE HAD FOR SOME TIME AND, EVEN THOUGH IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE NOW, IT WILL SOON. FOR NOW, IT'S A CASE OF UNANSWERED QUESTIONS AND AN UNKNOWN DESTINY.

Hope that cleared things up for those who were getting a bit confused about the storyline.

Next Chapter: The Room of Requirement; Harry gains a second inheritance; Defence Against the Dark Arts and Harry undergoes a typical snake-like change.

A/N: SPELLS:

Eterum Oathik: A binding spell between two or more wizards. Will bind the witch or wizard to whatever is spoken as a promise.

Reveratus: Completely nullifies any magical effects on the body

POTIONS

No new potions this chapter

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 7: Family Ties

When Harry awoke the next morning, his body racked with pain as he tried to stand, his legs failing him as his body adjusted to moving after being curled up so tightly: the pain had forced Harry to curl even tighter, the strange Parseltongue speaker, whoever it was, trying its best to shield the dracolisk from the painful influence of his transformation.

Stretching tall, trying to work some fatigue out of his system, Harry then noticed what his latest burst of change had brought upon him. The Chamber of Secrets was surprisingly lit up, despite the lack of fire or enchanted light within the serpentine room; it took Harry a second to realise that it wasn't the chamber that was lit; his eyes were showing him anything and everything that his sight could behold. It was then Harry remembered reading about the dracolisk's sight ability – what did the book say it was called, “Darkvision!” gasped Harry as his eyes seemed to fade and he could once again see as a human being.

//I guess I control the on-off switch,// he thought before a second difference came to him; a nauseating, demonic hunger suddenly burned inside him and, remembering that he hadn't eaten since the feast, Harry brushed down his robes and made his way to the Great Hall, his mind still buzzing as he tried to figure out the identity of his mysterious rescuer.

When Harry arrived at the doors to the Great Hall, he was almost bowled over by two streaks of grey and white knocking into him; it took Harry a second to realise that he was being tickled, and tongue bathed, by Godric and Salazar, the two wolves obviously happy and ecstatic at the sight of their master. Ruffling their fur, Harry smiled and stood up, running his wand over the stray wolf hairs on his robes and the slobber on his face with a quick *Evanescio* charm.

His happiness didn't last however, as he caught sight of Hermione watching him as he entered; remembering Ron's threat, Harry gripped his wand tightly and began to think up a spell that would teach Hermione a lesson for her insolence and interference. Noticing

a full jug of milk nearby, Harry smiled with evil intent and, flicking his wand, he whispered, "Contura, Brio Macarto."

As Harry watched, his charm went to work as a series of red sparks surrounded the jug before Harry whispered, "fill her goblet," and as he watched, the jug slid slowly across the table before it tipped a small amount of milk into Hermione's goblet. Pointing at the jug, Harry added, "Finite Incantatem."

Walking to where Ron, Ginny and Neville were sat, Harry tried to keep a straight face as he held out a hand and suddenly began piling meat on his plate; from bacon and sausages to ham and even the lean fat that was usually stripped from meat. No tomatoes, no eggs or vegetables were on Harry's plate as he tore into the feast, his mouth smiling as he saw Hermione reach for her goblet, the same goblet that contained the charmed milk.

Harry reached under the table and fed two pieces of bacon to Godric and Salazar, but had to look up as he heard a foul scream and constant sputtering from opposite where he and the others were sat.

Hermione's robes and the book she'd been reading were covered in milk, the young witch hastily gulping down water, but then spitting it out and growling with annoyance, while Ron and most of the room, mainly Slytherins, began to laugh with hysterics.

Looking up, Hermione saw Harry smile at her, an evil gleam in his eye as he sat there with his arms folded, his eyes crimson and serpentine. "What's wrong Hermione?" he asked with false sympathy, "if I didn't know better, I'd say it looks like the venomous words in your mouth have finally become sour."

That was too much for the Gryffindor; with a snarl, Hermione leapt over the Gryffindor Table, her hand reaching for her wand, her eyes flared with anger and embarrassment. "What...did...you...do?" she asked, having to take a deep breath between words as anger seemed to take root within her.

"You're the genius," remarked Harry, waving a hand to Godric and Salazar, calming the two wolves. With his hand on his wand, Harry

asked calmly, "are you sure you want to pick a fight here? Before all these witnesses? Before your precious Professor Dumbledore?" when Hermione lowered her wand, Harry laughed, "I didn't think so," he then looked around and raised a finger to his head, obviously implying that Hermione had lost her marbles.

There was a moment's silence before every student in the hall began to laugh with hysterical intentions; Hermione using a Scourgify charm to clean her robes and book, her eyes filling with tears as she made her way from the Great Hall, passing Professor McGonagall, who was handing out timetables as she walked down the Gryffindor Table. When Harry received his timetable, his face lit up as he saw most of his lessons were with the Slytherins; in particular, Care of Magical Creatures and Defence Against the Dark Arts, a perfect opportunity to keep an eye on his other newest victim: Malfoy.

Just as Harry was trying to figure out a way to start the pain and humiliation, he heard a swoosh of wings and saw Fawcett, the white Eagle Owl from before, swoop down and drop two parchments before him.

Opening the parchments, Harry recognised the mysterious language from before on one and the seal of Gringotts Bank on the other. Looking to Ron, Neville and Ginny, Harry gave a sly smile and asked, "What do you say we cut classes and use our time to see what these are about?"

Neville seemed to have a darker side to himself as he replied, "I was actually hoping you'd ask Harry, because I found somewhere we can talk about...you-know-what...it's up on the seventh floor near the Divination Room. Normally I wouldn't have noticed, but when I found it, I was accidentally thinking about...you-know-what...and about how much we needed somewhere private and it appeared."

Harry smiled at his friend before he looked to Ron and Ginny and asked, "how about you two?"

"I can't Harry," replied Ginny, "I'm under watch by most of the staff after last year; I can't risk suspension or expulsion."

"Same here mate," added Ron, "besides, if you and I disappear; Miss Know-It-All will have one more reason to truly hate us, not to mention she'll mention it to the old man and old Bat-Face!"

"Bat Face?" asked Harry with a snort, "who's that?"

"Well," answered Ron, "maybe Cat Face would be better, but she has an attitude like a bat anyway."

He meant McGonagall, yet as Harry thought about their dilemmas, an idea, a theory came to him. Tapping each of the other three on the shoulders, he whispered, "follow me," before they all left the Great Hall, Godric and Salazar at their heels.

Harry led them up to a disused classroom and checked that no-one was watching before he stepped inside, closing the door behind him. Turning to the confused Gryffindors, Harry explained, "over the summer, I learned many spells that are beyond what any third year was supposed to know and one of them involved...doppelgangers," he gave a slow nod, as if to emphasise the last word.

"What's a doppelganger?" asked Ginny, looking to the other third years.

"A doppelganger is a basic clone of yourself," explained Harry, "and I read about a spell that would allow the wielder to create one; the doppelganger would have all your attitude, your looks and your memories. Then, when you banish the doppelganger, he – or she – would grant you their memories of their time impersonating you."

"So," Ron nodded, understanding the plan, "we can create doppelgangers for the four of us, send them to our first and second classes, while we find this room – this Room of Requirement I think Fred and George called it – and see what's up about this new letter."

"Exactly!" laughed Harry, then pointed to the wall and said, "all we need is a mirror, or..." he twirled his wand and grinned, "...a Fueraco spell." Pointing his wand at the wall, Harry asked, "Are we doing it?"

"Yes!" chorused the others.

Harry stood apart from the others, allowing his inner spirit to focus on the ruby that was fused to his wand; that would be the crystal he'd use for the spell, before he cleared his throat and commanded, "Fueraco Falectrim!"

A burst of blue sparks shot from the end of his wand and struck the wall, before a strange substance began to trickle and slide over the wall. As Harry watched, he felt the blood ruby in his wand become weaker as his Fueraco blood fed on the energy within the crystal as the substance continued to slime the wall before it hardened into a full length mirror.

Everyone stared at Harry in disbelief as the young wizard asked, "shall we do it together?" When they nodded, he stepped in front of the mirror, Ron and Neville on his left, Ginny on his right, and, as one, the young witch and three wizards all pointed their wands, Harry's voice ringing through the empty room, "Falector Animatus!"

All four wands began to glow with blue light before Ron, Ginny and Neville watched as their reflections stepped out of the mirror and stood before the original Gryffindors.

Harry's reflection joined them and bowed at the waist, "what is your command master?" he asked.

Everyone looked to the real Harry in disbelief: this was serious magic they had used and it had worked. Explaining to their other halves that they were to attend the lessons and return to Gryffindor Tower in the break, Harry, Ron, Neville and Ginny all watched as their doppelgangers left the room, on their way to the lessons.

When the coast was clear, Harry pulled his amulet from under his robes and, pointing his wand again, he whispered, "Portus," before he instructed the others to hold the amulet. When all four were gathered, Harry tapped the amulet once with his wand and everyone gasped as they found themselves standing on the seventh floor in front of a large stone wall.

Neville looked at the wall, before turning to Harry and saying, "just think of what you need; you need a private place where you can go, a room you can call your own."

Closing their eyes, Harry, Ron and Ginny all concentrated on that one thought before there was the sound of rumbling and, when Harry opened his eyes, he saw a large door appear in front of him, as if it had been there all the time. Stepping inside, Harry looked around in confusion; the Room of Requirement was a large room with nothing more than panels of glass, but, as Harry thought about sitting down to read his letters, he noticed a table and four chairs appear out of thin air.

"See?" asked Neville, "it's like I told you; this room gives you anything you want. You want to sit and read and there you go; instant table and chairs."

Harry smiled slyly as he asked, "out of curiosity Neville; how did you know about this room's power. What was it you needed?"

Neville mumbled something and Harry laughed as he saw a bathroom cubicle appear; Neville had needed the toilet.

Deciding to advance the power of this unique room, Harry closed his eyes and opened his mind, //I need a Floo Portal that can't be detected as well as a passage that will take me straight to whatever class I am meant to be in. Also, I may need food and drink as well as training dummies. Did it work?//

He opened his eyes and was surprised to find a hall now decorated to match the Great Hall set before him: there was an intricate stone fireplace at the far end and three large tables laden with food and goblets of drink. There was also a second door and, when Harry peeked through, he saw he was looking into the one class he hated, Potions, and it looked like his and the others' doppelgangers were faring pretty well.

Closing the door, Harry added in thought, //I need it so this door is one way and available to us four alone.// That took care of any unexpected guests.



Walking to the first table, which was now surrounded by four leather chairs, Harry pulled out the parchments and laid them open on the table in front of them. Looking down, he smiled at Godric and Salazar as the two wolves had stayed by his side, however, Harry had also created doppelgangers for them as well; he had thought of everything.

Looking to the others, Harry remembered that he was the only one who could read the strange language, so, pointing his wand, he spoke in a calm voice, "Linguos Revealo!"

As everyone watched, the language on the first parchment suddenly changed from signs and scribbles into plain English, Harry's eyes widening as he read Kathrakh's handwriting.

My Lord Harry,

I write to you in response to the request you sent me on September 1st as well as to inform you of a change in plans with regards to our arranged meeting. With Sirius Black still on the loose, the Ministry is ever more cautious as to anyone entering and leaving the Hogwarts grounds.

If you know of a way to contact me, please do. I await your call my young lord.

Your faithful guardian and servant

Kathrakh

Harry looked up as he saw the others looking at him in awe; Neville breaking the silence, "so it was all true?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "but if you want to meet him; I must have your trust."

"You already bound us in oath," Ron reminded him, "you can trust us mate."

Walking over to the stone fireplace, Harry threw some of the green powder into the hearth before calling, "Kathrakh, are you there?"

The green flames seemed to roar before the serpentine-featured man stepped from the flames, bowing to Harry after he'd stood up again. Noticing the others, Kathrakh asked, "Who are these students young lord?"

"Ones who are bound to me in fealty," explained Harry, before he added, "never mind though, do you have them?"

Kathrakh held out a small pile of parchments and presented them to his lord, before Harry looked through them and smiled with satisfaction, "well done Kathrakh, you have made me very proud," he commented before turning and sighing as he saw a filing cabinet standing there, one of the drawers open. Placing the parchments inside, Harry pulled out his wand and tapped his skin, disabling the *Serpens Restrictum* spell; turning to Ginny and Neville, Harry asked, "what do you think?"

The two young wizards gasped at the sight of Harry's red scaled body, but then they nodded and Ginny replied, "Unlike some friends we know; we accept you Harry; if this is your true form then we accept it."

"Thanks Ginny," replied Harry, before he turned to Kathrakh and asked, "I was sent a parchment from Gringotts; do you know anything about it?"

"No young lord," replied Kathrakh.

Harry sighed before he returned to the table, a fifth chair appearing for Kathrakh; opening the parchment, Harry saw two items fall out: one was a silver ring with a sapphire P inscribed into the design; the other was a gold ring with two serpents crossing themselves as they twisted and turned all over the gold design like tribal markings. Where the two serpents met was a black V and, as Harry looked at the rings, he felt a strange and unexplainable connection to them, almost like they were some hidden part of him.

Looking to the parchment, Harry saw that the message was written by Riklaus, which made him wonder why exactly, had Kathrakh not recognised the message.

To the Fueraco Lord Harry James Potter

Now that you are more than 13 days past your 13th birthday, I can write this to you in confidence. In accordance to the request of your inherited vault – Lord Drékul – I have been asked by the previous descendant of Count Vileous to pass everything onto you. Please find enclosed Lord Vileous Family Crest Ring. By everything, let it be known that you own the Vileous estate in Romania, as well as all his treasures and are now of age and heir apparent to enter the Fueraco compound here in Gringotts Bank.

Also, as the last surviving member of the Potter family, you are now eligible to receive and gain unrestricted access to your family inheritance as well as your blood inheritance. Everything collected by your Potter/Evans ancestry is now available to you and that includes treasures, gold, ancient tomes and your family's twin vaults here in Gringotts – one for the Potter Line and one for the Evans Line.

Please find enclosed the Potter family ring and let it be known that you can now introduce yourself as Lord Potter, Lord Vileous as well as Lord Drékul.

I would appreciate it if you could come to Gringotts to settle this matter face-to-face and gain first access to your newfound wealth.

Hope to serve you soon

Riklaus Ormingat

Gringotts Manager

Harry read and re-read the letter several times before the words finally set into his mind; he was now eligible for ownership of his parents' vaults as well as the inheritance of his ancestral saviour, Count Vileous, but a thought couldn't help feeling suspicion worm its way into his mind as he thought, //what does it mean, as of now?

Was someone keeping me from this side of my inheritance?// Looking to Ron, Ginny and Neville, Harry took a deep breath and explained, "I have to go to Diagon Alley to settle these matters. While I am gone, you three return to class and you," he pointed to Kathrakh, "will await my return."

"As you wish my lord," bowed Kathrakh.

Harry then looked back to the others and added, "Oh and by the way, if Hermione gives you any grief, feel free to hex her."

He walked over to the fireplace, Godric and Salazar at his heels, before he took out a scoop of Floo Powder and, declaring, "Diagon Alley," Harry disappeared in a flash of green flames.

After he'd left, Ron looked to Kathrakh and asked, "Why did he look so disturbed?"

Ginny intervened, "Harry possibly feels that his funds that he just acquired have been put on hold, and it's no surprise to us if we can guess who he feels is responsible for this restriction."

"Dumbledore," nodded Neville, "Lord Harry, as he's now known, is all powerful now in both financial and magical means, so he knows that the old man knows that Harry's bloodline inheritance wouldn't be the end for him; rather, it's only the beginning."

All three nodded before Ron asked, "With all this power, do you think Harry will start looking down on us?"

"No!" answered Kathrakh, a strong tone in his voice, "my young lord sees you three as his most trusted allies and, as such, knows he can trust you."

Ron looked to Neville and Ginny before he looked to Kathrakh and nodded, understanding his situation, "Then," he said with an air of respect, "unlike some friends of ours, we will stand by his side to the very end; we won't abandon Harry as we know and understand how powerful he is. After all," he held up three fingers, "counting his parents' deaths, Harry has defeated the Dark...I mean...Voldemort

three times, so now he has the chance to become even more powerful and we will see him through this...all the way."

"Come on," said Ginny, "you two have Lupin and I've got Flitwick; we'd better get going."

As the three of them left the Room of Requirement, Kathrakh turned to the fireplace and looked at where his young lord had once stood, before he spoke to the empty room, "and so, my lord, your path to your future, and the conquest of your power, has begun. You have loyal friends and that will help; I wish you luck, my lord."

G.S.R.H

Harry emerged in the entrance of Gringotts and, approaching the main desk, spoke straight away to Riklaus, who was more than honoured to speak with the young lord once again.

Showing Harry into an office, Riklaus closed the door and it was then Harry recognised a figure that was already sat there: he was a portly figure with a bowler hat and pinstriped suit as well as short grey hair and calm, kind eyes as he looked upon Harry; it was Cornelius Fudge, Minister of Magic.

With an almost forced bow, Harry spoke in a quiet voice, strengthening his illusion spell so he looked normal, "minister; to what do I owe this pleasure?"

Fudge looked to Harry with kindness and eyes of one who held as much respect for Harry within his one body as the entire wizarding world did for the Boy-Who-Lived. "I am merely here as part of my job Harry; as Minister of Magic, I must be present at the granting of any inheritance for wizards and witches less than 17 years of age. However, I am also here as your friend Harry and I give you my word that Albus will not know of our meeting."

Harry relaxed slightly as he nodded, "thank you Minister; and now I have a question for you: do you know about my...other inheritance?"

"I do," replied Fudge, "or did you truly believe that you could cast a Yowling Hex on you Miss Granger without punishment? However, given your newly acquired status, I can do nothing about it, not unless I wish to break the bonds of friendship that your descendant and my predecessors forged over 200 years ago."

"So, you're basically telling me that you stand with me and you know my true form?" asked Harry and, after seeing a confirming glance from Fudge, he nodded and closed his eyes, removing the illusionary veil from his body, revealing the red scales and Amulet of Drékul, the Potter and Vileous Lordship Rings glinting in the light of a candle that burned on Riklaus' desk.

Standing beside Fudge, Harry nodded as he saw the Minister exchange a look of trust with him, before the young lord sat himself down, his scarlet cloak easily flowing over the back of the chair. Pulling his wand from his pocket, Harry laid it before the Minister as well as removing the two Lord's Rings from his left hand and placing them next to his ruby-infused wand.

Riklaus sat behind his desk and looked first to Harry then to Fudge, before he cleared his throat and began to speak, "let me start by thanking you both for coming to this meeting Lord Harry, and you as well Minister, " Harry had to hide a smile as he realised he had mention, and therefore authority, higher than the Minister of Magic as Riklaus continued, "as I see young lord, you have brought the rings of the Potter/Evans and Vileous lines, which, as of this moment, marks you as an adult as well as the heir to their funds and vaults, also provides Gringotts with the consent of the new Lord Vileous – that's you sir, - to open the Fueraco Complex."

"Excuse the interruption," said Harry flatly, "but what is the Complex?"

"The complex was designed nearly 500 years ago, my lord," replied Riklaus, obviously as shocked as Kathrakh had been about Harry's insecurity, "and covers the equivalent of ten Gringotts vaults. Inside the complex are an array of chambers and halls that bear items and fortunes greater than that of your Drékul inheritance my lord. Now," he pulled out a parchment and Harry saw the Vileous serpentine crest at the head of the parchment, "as the Minister told you Lord

Harry, he does need to sign your official inheritance as well as formally present you with your ring, which is why I asked you to bring them with you. Before we do that, however, there is one more item in question; your parents' vaults and official lordship grant."

Riklaus pulled out another parchment and Harry's eyes almost burned in his head as he looked upon one of the sentences in the scroll, which Riklaus explained was the Terms of Inheritance that his father James had agreed to.

I hereby name Harry's Key Keeper until he has turned 13 years of age as Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts. When Harry James Potter officially inherits the aforementioned vaults, Dumbledore is no longer given access without permission of Harry Potter.

"What does that mean?" asked Harry, pointing at the words.

"It means that Dumbledore can't do anything to or with your vault without your consent Lord Potter," replied Fudge, addressing Harry by his new title.

Harry allowed the description to run through his mind before he laughed and explained, "I am Lord Evans, after my mother, Minister; her sacrifice kept me safe so I honour her memory."

Riklaus cleared his throat as he explained, "Lord Evans, may I continue?" when Harry nodded, the goblin manager continued, "now, my lord, I require your official signature upon both these parchments and then you may decide who to allow access to your vaults as well as your complex."

//Too easy,// thought Harry before he spoke up, "does Gringotts have a record of Dumbledore's accesses to my vaults?"

"Indeed," Harry was surprised to hear Fudge reply, "but so does the Ministry, and it's not good news. Records show that Dumbledore converted at least 200 pounds of Muggle money from those vaults every month and transferred them to one Vernon Dursley."

“That bastard!” yelled Harry, realising now why Dumbledore had been so uneasy around him; he noticed Fudge’s confused look and explained, “if that money was meant to look after me then you can tell Dumbledore, Minister, that he no longer has access. The Dursleys did anything but look after me, so I wonder what they’ll think when their payment stops.”

Riklaus seemed to shiver at the venom in Harry’s voice before he continued, “very well my lord, I will erase him as a welcome guest. Are there any names you wish to add?” he conjured a third parchment and, as Harry read, he was surprised to see a couple of names he’d never have suspected to be there:

Remus Lupin

Sirius Black

Tom Riddle

“What is his name doing there?” asked Harry, pointing to Riddle’s name, wondering why on earth Voldemort would need to be close to his vault.

“We don’t know my lord,” replied Riklaus, “shall we have it removed?”

“Yes!” snapped Harry, his scaled hands curled into fists as he thought about the one man who wanted him dead having access to his prized vault; and speaking of people who wanted him dead, “what about Black? What’s his connection to my parents?”

“Old friends,” explained the Minister, “but Harry, I don’t want you to worry about Black; there are charms around that vault that stop anyone you don’t name here and now from entering.”

“In that case,” Harry cleared his throat and, looking at the first line of the allowance list, recited, “I, Harry James Potter, being of age and heir apparent, grant the following names access to my vaults and my Vileous Complex: The entire Weasley Family, Neville Longbottom, Remus Lupin, Kathrakh, Riklaus Ormingat and, of course, Harry



James Potter; heir of the Potter/Evans Lordship and descendant of Count Vileous and Lord Drékul.”

Harry watched as the names appeared on the parchment before he asked, “can I add to it as I wish?”

“Yes young lord,” replied Riklaus, obviously honoured at being one whom Harry Potter trusted, “now, your signatures?”

Harry signed the bottom of both Inheritance Decrees and looked to Fudge as the Minister joined him.

Afterwards, Harry asked, “Minister: now that I’m officially an adult; I don’t suppose I get to have the Trace removed, do I?”

Fudge smiled and nodded to Harry before he pulled out his wand and, linking the end of his with the end of Harry’s, the Minister spoke up, “Scantis Immobulous!” Harry watched as a spark of blue light filled the end of his wand, before he pulled it away and held it before his eyes.

“Give it a try,” suggested the Minister.

Harry looked around and, seeing the old Allowance Decree, commanded, “Spirendio!” a funnel of flames flew from the end of his wand, incinerating the ex-Allowance Decree. Waiting a few seconds, Harry looked to the Minister, who looked upon him with pride: it had worked; as far as Harry was concerned, he was free to use magic as he wished.

Riklaus cleared his throat and spoke up, “now, my lord, if you will follow me; I can show you the new vaults as well as your complex.”

Turning to say goodbye, Harry saw Fudge had already left, so, with a resigned sigh, Harry nodded, “lead the way Riklaus.”

Closing notes: Harry Potter, 13 and considered an adult; but what lies in this inheritance of his and why did he add Remus to his list? Find out soon.

ALSO FOR ANYONE WHO IS WONDERING OR CURIOUS ABOUT THE WHOLE "INHERITANCE" PART OF THE PLOT, I WILL EXPLAIN THAT PART IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

EVEN THOUGH IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE NOW, IT WILL SOON. FOR NOW, IT'S A CASE OF UNANSWERED QUESTIONS AND AN UNKNOWN DESTINY.

Hope that cleared things up for those who were getting a bit confused about the storyline.

Next Chapter: Harry's new vaults, the complex, Harry has his first DA lesson with Lupin, his inheritance explained and Harry undergoes a typical snake-like change.

Following Chapter: The attack on Gryffindor Tower and Hogsmeade.

A/N: SPELLS:

Spirendio: Summons a tornado of flames from the user's wand.

Scantis Immobulous: Removes The Trace.

Falector Animatus: Summons the caster's reflection to act as a doppelganger.

Fueraco Falectrim: Creates a reflective surface by coating a non-reflective surface (Fueraco Magic)

Linguos Revealo: Translates any script into plain English

Contura, Brio Macarto are taken from Spells and Creatures, so for information, see Spells and Creatures fanfic by Imperator Atrum

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 8: Questions & Answers

Riklaus led Harry out of his office and up through Gringotts, the young Tri-lord now noticing how most wizards looked at him with respect, even though Harry had replaced his humanoid illusion. Seeing wizards and witches younger than him looking up to him made Harry feel something that closely resembled pride mixed with a lordly grace; now he wasn't just a legend to these boys and girls, he was greater than them, in so many ways.

(A/N: Tri-Lord means Lord of Three Families)

//Calm down Harry, he thought to himself, //you're starting to sound like Malfoy, Harry sniggered to himself, hiding a shudder at the thought of being compared to his most hated enemy.

Riklaus asked Harry where he would like to be taken first and, remembering what it was he was doing, Harry suggested going to his parents' vaults before he travelled to his new complex. Obeying the young Tri-Lord's request, Riklaus allowed Harry to step ahead of him before the two of them journeyed deep into the underbelly of Gringotts, Harry feeling slightly emotional at the thought of finally seeing something else about his parents that was his to cherish and his alone.

When the cart stopped at his mother's Evans vault, Harry felt another pang of memory shoot through him as he looked upon the number: Vault 712, just one vault from where Hagrid had retrieved the Philosopher's Stone; had the old man known about it? Was that one reason he'd allowed Hagrid to retrieve Harry from the Dursleys? Deciding that he wasn't going to get anywhere second guessing himself, Harry pulled out one of two keys that Riklaus had given him after he'd signed the Decrees and pressed it into the lock, his mind boggling as to why his parents had needed another vault when Vault 687, his vault, was full of enough treasure, //maybe my family's not as light as everyone thinks, thought Harry, a smile tugging at his lips as he thought about that fact.

When the door to Vault 712 opened, Harry looked in awe; the Evans vault wasn't just filled with mounds of Sickles, Knuts and Galleons,

but there were also wizard photos of his mother and father with him, Harry, in between them. Looking to these pictures, Harry remembered the photo album that Hagrid had given to him at the end of the first year; now he had a hall of memories, to access at his pleasure. Looking deeper into the vault, Harry then saw a small, wrapped package, his draconic eyes picking out the word, "Harry," written on the side. Striding into the vault, Harry picked up the package and looked it over, as he did, he heard a strange, sibilant hissing from within.

Placing the package back on the floor, Harry pulled out his wand and muttered, "Diffindo," which caused the paper surrounding the parcel to become ripped and fall apart, revealing a small orb, about the size of a snooker ball, to roll out and begin to roll away. Holding his hand out, Harry summoned the ball towards him and looked it over; it was emerald green in colour and still held the sibilant hissing from within, which Harry then recognised as snake hissing.

Closing his eyes, Harry allowed the snake-creature – or whatever it was – to hear him as he spoke, I am Harry James Potter, son of Lily Potter and Heir to her vault. Who are you?

Master? Is it really the Master? An excited voice asked from within and, as Harry watched, he saw the orb begin to shake violently before there was a flash of green light and a small figure was laid on his palm. Looking at the creature, Harry saw Riklaus back away very slowly, his eyes fixed on the serpent.

Turning to him, Harry asked, "What's the matter?"

"My lord forgive me," replied Riklaus, a stammer in his voice, "b...but I never believed I would look upon a creature like...like...that!" he pointed to the small snake as it began coiling around Harry's finger.

Looking back to the snake, Harry took in its design: it was yellow-coloured, but had several red, black and silver streaks all over its body; looking back to Riklaus, Harry asked, "what is it Riklaus?"

“My lord,” Riklaus gasped, “you are holding a creature known as a Scorpent: they are creatures of fire, my lord, and they are said to be extinct.”

“What exactly is a Scorpent?” asked Harry, looking back to the little creature.

Riklaus shivered before he explained, “they are bred in the same fires as your ancestors, my lord. It is believed they are the genetically evolved forms of the Fueraco, my lord, for the Scorpent are, as the translation says, Fire Snakes!”

Stroking the head of the little snake, Harry asked, is this true?

It is Master, but I am the last Scorpent and I have been preserved here in this darkness awaiting you.

But why me?

Because you are the descendant of Lord Drékul and I can taste your power Master; you are a Dracolisk, are you not?

Yes. Replied Harry, but what does that have to do with anything?

The Scorpent seemed taken aback as it explained, I know of your ancestor Master, but there has never been a Fueraco Dracolisk. To a Scorpent, the Fueraco are our Emperors, but a Dracolisk Fueraco is said to be a God in the Serpent Kingdom for only he shares a link with, what the humans call the Lord of Fire: Draco – the Great Dragon.

So I am destined to be a Dracolisk? Asked Harry, his mind reeling at the fact that there was a species out there that considered him a god; ignoring the thirst for power that had suddenly spawned within him, Harry asked, what is your name Scorpent?

You must name me Fire-God!

Harry ignored the question about being called Fire-God, before he closed his eyes and thought about a suitable name for the last

Scorpent; after a short while, he opened his eyes and said, I name you Sethrym: it means Shadow in Parseltongue.

Sethrym? The Scorpent seemed taken aback before he nodded, I accept master; I like Sethrym.

Very well, nodded Harry, before he asked, would you like to ride on my shoulder Sethrym?

Yes please Fire-God; I would be honoured.

You may call me Harry.

Thank you Lord Harry.

Deciding that he would have to get used to being addressed like that, Harry left his mother's family vault and looked at Riklaus, "why did you back away from me?" he asked, his eyes watching the goblin look towards Sethrym.

"Forgive my cowardice my lord," explained Riklaus, "it's just that Scorpent venom is truly poisonous and, as far as I know, there is no cure. I backed away out of respect, but if you trust me, maybe your friend will."

My venom is too weak to kill, Sethrym explained to Harry, but the Fire-God could kill.

How? Asked Harry, I haven't gained my venom yet, unless you mean my Stone Glare!

I do Lord Harry, explained Sethrym as Harry closed the vault door and climbed back into the cart, one hand almost crushing Sethrym as the cart sped on its way deeper into Gringotts.

When the cart stopped again, Harry saw that they were many more miles deeper into the Bank's labyrinthine underground, the vault where they had stopped was Vault 1666, which Riklaus told Harry was the entrance vault to the Fueraco Complex. Harry, who had been particularly good at history, groaned as he realised an ironic

connection between the vault number and its contents: a council of fire-masters majestic complex was based in a vault, which had a number that just happened to be the same as the year of the Great Fire of London.

Looking to Riklaus, Harry inserted the second key into the lock before there was a sound of a lock and the door opened; looking behind him, Harry saw Godric and Salazar almost bow in homage as Harry stepped into the vault, before the two familiars joined their master as he walked down a torch-lit tunnel towards a second door, a door that, just like the Drékul Vault, just happened to have a serpentine lock; a lock to which Harry had the key.

Open! He whispered and watched as the door split in two before Harry stepped inside, his eyes wide in disbelief as he saw not a cavernous chamber, but a room that looked like the entrance hall of some grand manor. Portraits of wizards and witches lined the hall, the first of which showed Harry's mum and dad as well as a more recent picture of Harry, the Tri-Lord bearing Godric Gryffindor's sword as he plunged it into the Basilisk. As he looked, Harry realised that the one thing all the photos had in common was that they showed how the new inhabitant of the great chamber became who they were born to be; a Fueraco Lord.

Harry wandered through the complex and, as he did, he realised that he had underestimated the size of grandeur he was now in charge of: there was a full-sized potions lab that seemed at least twice the size of Snape's and it was almost ten times as comfortable – and as warm, as a roaring fire burned in a fireplace. There was also a training room that looked like the Room of Requirement and, as Harry wondered what kind of training could take place, the room shimmered and Harry found himself looking at an obstacle course that only someone with his inherited skills could surpass, before the scene changed and Harry saw several training dummies holding wands in a salute. Then Harry came to what would come to be his favourite room; a grand study filled with at least three times the tomes and artefacts; Harry noticing several bearing a name that every witch and wizard knew: Merlin, as well as some by others of legend including the four founders of Hogwarts and even one written on magical weaponry by King Arthur himself.

There was a dining room that looked like it could seat at least half the Hogwarts students, though Harry wondered for what reason he would need such greatness and size; then Harry came to the Fueraco treasury and found himself staring at not just piles of Galleons, Sickles and Knuts, but crystals and even a cash holder on the wall filled with every kind of Muggle money imaginable. //These wizards thought of everything,// thought Harry as he wandered into the next room, and found himself coming face to face with a strange five-headed dragon, which growled threateningly at Harry's intrusion. Dropping his illusion, Harry stood, bathed in some form of illuminating sapphire light, in his red scaled body. At the sight of the new Harry, the dragon bowed each of its heads and whimpered like a dog being punished, even though this dog could breathe fire and probably have swallowed Harry five times over.

(A/N: Sorry for the pun)

Harry watched as the dragon-creature stepped aside and allowed Harry to look at a series of strange crystal boulders, crystals that radiated with magical essence. Walking up to each of them, Harry ran his hands over their surfaces and found that four were like spiked sandpaper whereas the four others were as smooth as water.

What are these Sethrym? Asked Harry, once again rubbing his hand over the smooth crystals, but stopped when he saw his Scorpent ally bow his head.

What is it? Asked Harry.

These, my noble Fire-God, are what I quite possibly believe, to be the last of the Eight Draculite Crystals. Sethrym sounded almost honoured as he looked upon the crystals.

Draculite? Asked Harry.

Sethrym nodded and Harry looked at each of the strange crystals: each one of them closely resembling normal crystals, save for three other colours filling their centre. Harry then listened as Sethrym named each of the crystals: the first one, a white crystal with red,



yellow and blue cores was identified as Drazenite, which was said to be the weakest against melee, but powerful against magical attacks; Harry made a note to have a look at some form of protective clothing made from this. The second, a blue crystal with gold, silver and ruby cores was a treasure crystal named Pyranite. Then Sethrym explained that Pyranite, Aguanite (an emerald crystal with blue, purple and black cores), Aeronite (another white crystal, but with blue, gold and black cores) and Carnevite (a black crystal with gold, white and light blue cores) were all treasures of dragons, and it was then Harry remembered reading about Dracolisk treasures: it made him wonder if these four legendary crystals were similar.

When Sethrym explained the last three: a red crystal with emerald, silver and blue cores named Liskenite; a black crystal with violet, red and gold cores named Venomite and a violet crystal with black, red and emerald cores named Mortenite were used in most spell creations: Liskenite focusing on physical damage, Venomite on conditional damage – hence the name – and Mortenite, according to Sethrym – and which Harry confirmed much later – provided an almost torturing effect on the body.

Walking back from the crystals, Harry looked to the dragon and asked, this is no ordinary dragon, is it?

No, answered Sethrym, you have heard of Odin, yes?

Lord of the Norse Gods? Asked Harry, yeah, I've heard of him.

That's who this is, explained Sethrym, the true name of his breed is a Valhalian Chaos Dragon: he is not someone, or something, that you want as an enemy.

Harry gulped as he looked at the Valhalian; each of its five heads still bowed in homage to Harry; reaching forward, Harry stroked each of the heads before he left the chamber and looked at the last room, believing nothing could top what he'd just seen, and, as before, he was right as he found a large chamber designed for sleeping, complete with a Floo fireplace and a series of drawers and wardrobes, that, after Harry had opened them, found them empty, save one, which held a long silver cloak and obsidian black robes. Looking

behind him, Harry laid Sethrym on the bed before he changed into the new robes, using a simple wandless charm to replicate his Gryffindor badge onto the new robes.

Looking at his reflection, Harry gasped in awe; he didn't see a messy-haired, red scaled wizard; he saw a wizard which, like the crystals he'd seen, radiated power and demanded authority.

"I hardly even recognise myself anymore," he gasped as he finally decided to leave the chamber.

Climbing back into the cart, Harry turned to Riklaus and asked, "what about my father's Potter vault?"

"That, you already own, my lord," replied Riklaus, "Vault 687; the same vault you have held since your first day here. However, now that you are of age and heir apparent, you can unlock the hidden caches within the chamber."

"Hidden caches?" asked Harry, one eyebrow raised in curiosity.

"Indeed young lord," explained Riklaus, "when your dear father, may he rest in peace, created the Terms of Inheritance Decree, he placed several hidden caches under lock and key, for he felt, as you clearly understand that if Dumbledore removed anything from your vault, he would not be able to access the insurmountable amounts of treasures that your father respected."

"Do you know what these treasures were?" asked Harry, ducking as a particularly large stalactite almost took his head off.

"I believe," explained Riklaus, "they were treasures intended for you: however, I have committed the inventory to memory, per your father's request. There was a letter for you, a strange blank parchment that your father told me was a map, a book about everything your parents learned and a note."

(A/N: Wonder what kind of parchment/Map? I'm being sarcastic by the way!)

“A note?” asked Harry.

“Yes young lord, a note saying you had permission to leave the grounds after your third year.”

“A Hogsmeade permission letter,” whispered Harry, remembering how he had forgotten to ask Uncle Vernon to sign the one he’d been given at the end of last year.

Arriving back at Vault 687, Harry took out his own key and unlocked the door; as he did, he turned to Riklaus and asked, “How do I unlock these hidden caches?”

“A drop of blood is all that is required, young lord,” replied Riklaus, before Harry placed his wand in his pocket and looked at the palm of his left hand. He felt a tingle run up his arm as he saw the serpentine claws from before emerge from under his skin; pressing one of the claws into the flesh of his palm, Harry allowed a drop of his dracolisk blood to splash on to the floor of the vault before there was a flash of red light and Harry saw several parts of the wall of his vault open, revealing the items in question.

Looking at the blank parchment, Harry was about to throw it away when a strange thought came to him; if this item was important to his father then he wouldn’t have put so much effort into hiding it. Pocketing the parchment, Harry saw the permission slip and smiled as he pocketed that too.

Then he came to the letter, it was wrapped in a white envelope and bore the Gryffindor crest, the words “to a special son,” written above the crest.

Leaving the vault, remembering to pick up the book, Harry turned and asked, “Can you take me to my Complex please?”

“Of course my lord,” replied Riklaus, a smile on his face as he saw Harry trying to fight back tears of memory.

Once Harry arrived in the vault, he sat under one of the Valhalian's huge wings and opened the letter, a ball of enchanted fire providing light in the almost darkened chamber.

Looking to Sethrym, and then up to the legendary dragon, Harry took a deep breath as he read what was clearly his mother's handwriting.

To my dear son Harry,

If you are reading this then I know that you have reached the time of your inheritance and that we are no longer one with this world. I hope it wasn't...You-Know-Who...that took our lives, but if it was, we still love you Harry.

I am writing this letter for you and you alone; if anyone else were to look at it, they would see a foreign language that is near impossible to decipher. I have so much to tell you my son that I don't know where to begin, but I suppose it's best to start with the one thing you've probably been asking yourself these past few weeks: where did the inheritance come from?

The answer to that question is very simple; if you go back at least 300 years, you will see that a man named Artemis Harry Evans married a woman named Drusilla Vileous, the so-called saviour of your bloodline. I write this Harry to tell you the truth: Vileous wasn't a saviour; in fact he was the cause of this family curse.

If you have been told the legend by Kathrakh then you will know that Vileous was the First Vampire as well as a Fueraco warrior, but what you don't know was that it wasn't Lord Drékul who craved power, rather it was the other way round. Vileous was the one who desired power so badly that he sired Drékul and made him a Fueraco warrior, making sure the Count had an heir to his dark legacy. What drove Drékul to do the things that the legend state he did wasn't a lust for power, but rather desperation to find the cure to the curse lay upon him by Vileous. Realising this, Vileous lied to the Fueraco Council and ensured that his dark power would survive down the generations; and this curse that Drékul apparently bestowed upon his bloodline was actually cast by Vileous and absorbed, through forceful magic, by Lord Drékul.

Since the days of Artemis Evans, our family has also fallen prey to this dark inheritance as one piece of the ancient curse speaks of a decree that only those who are male and pureblooded descendants of the Vileous line can inherit the genetic transformation.

When James found out, he spoke to Padfoot and Moony about this and both of them swore that they would keep an eye on you, and, since you do inherit the title of Vileous as a lord, they will also stand by you until the end.

I know the transformation may seem scary, but know that, no matter what you do with the power within your heritage, we will always be proud of you. Unfortunately, I feel our time together is coming to an end as I write this letter in secrecy. We fear that Voldemort may be looking for us and if this is true, you must do what you can to master your powers and become a very powerful wizard.

Know that, as you read this, I am watching over you.

I will always love you Harry.

Mum

Harry held the letter in his hands, his fists shaking with sadness and rage, his eyes trying their hardest not to show the tears that threatened to overcome him and force him into a state of submission. As he stood, Harry looked up to the Valhalian's five heads and gave a strong-hearted smile; his parents still understood his pain, even though they were no longer part of his life physically, they would always be with him genetically.

Stepping over one of the Valhalian's giant paws, Harry made his way back to the tracks, but, as he did, he felt something almost shuddering in his pocket. Reaching into his robes, Harry pulled out the blank parchment, but his eyes widened as he saw that the parchment was no longer blank. Instead, a short sentence was written on the paper, a sentence that Harry read in a hushed whisper, "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

As he watched, the paper began to fill with lines and blots that Harry soon understood to be Hogwarts, //yes,// he thought, //I see Ron and Neville with Malfoy in Charms, Ginny in Transfiguration and my other half making his way to...// his words trailed off as he looked again, following his doppelganger's path with his finger, //he's heading for Dumbledore's office. Why does the old man want to see him...I mean me?//

Deciding that now was the best time to answer that question, Harry called Godric and Salazar and, after explaining to Riklaus that he would return to Hogwarts via the Floo Portal in his complex, he made his way over to his second overnight chamber and returned to Hogwarts.

G.S.R.H

Harry met up with his doppelganger as he made his way up towards Dumbledore's office. Pulling his reflection into a shadow, Harry pulled out his wand and whispered, "Falector Immobulous." As he watched, the reflective Harry began to fade away until he was nothing more than a wisp of smoke; taking a deep breath, Harry found his mind sifting through his other half's memories and noticed how Dumbledore had summoned Harry, but not told him why or under what authority. //He'd better have a good reason,// thought Harry, //I have classes and conflicts to attend to.//

Nevertheless, Harry soon found himself outside Dumbledore's office and, after speaking the password, he made his way to the door and opened it, noticing straight away how Hermione, Ron, Neville and Ginny were all seated in the headmaster's office, Dumbledore standing with his back to Harry.

"What's this all about professor?" asked Harry sternly, "I have things to do."

Dumbledore turned to Harry and gave him his usual twinkling eyed stare; Harry noticing how confident the headmaster seemed to look. As Harry sat next to Neville, he noticed another figure standing in the shadows; it was Professor Lupin.

"Harry," said Dumbledore, "I have just received an owl from Gringotts saying that I am no longer your legal magical guardian, can you explain?"

"Yes I can," replied Harry, "I have come of age Dumbledore, and the first thing I found out was that the same man who has practically held my life in his hands for the past two years, just also happened to be paying my so-called dear relatives to look after me."

Lupin now stepped from the shadows and looked at Dumbledore in horror, "Albus, you told me he was safe and sound."

"Safe and sound?" asked Harry incredulously, "that pig-faced bastard and his skeletal bitch of a wife have done nothing to ensure I was safe and sound. First, if you must know professor, I was kept in the cupboard under the stairs, before my first Hogwarts letter came. Then they tried to rip up the letters and force me to misunderstand my identity as a wizard, even moving me into the spare room; something their asshole of a son didn't like. Then, last year, they locked me behind bars for a mistake caused by a House-Elf and, on top of all that, guess who has to cook, clean and generally do what they command of me without argument otherwise I'm either beaten, locked in my room or starved for my ignorance. Those three freaks have done nothing to see me safe and sound save for doing whatever the apparently good-natured Albus Dumbledore pays them to do!"

"Harry," said Hermione, "we know that you hate your relatives, but that's no reason to lie about them."

"So I'm a liar am I?" asked Harry, fearing for a moment his dracolisk instincts would take over and turn Hermione to stone, "well Hermione, I suppose you can make up some good reason for barging on my door every morning and threatening me that my life won't be worth living if I did anything wrong."

"All parents punish kids," Hermione explained.

"Oh shut up Hermione," snapped Harry, "they don't punish their dear Diddydums, no, everything is my fault; every little abnormal thing is the fault of me and my lot. But you wouldn't know that Hermione, you

and your perfect Muggle parents are all happy-go-lucky. Do you know..." he turned to Remus, "...that the only kindness I received was from Mrs Weasley as well as Kathrakh and, as of late, you Professor Lupin."

"Albus!" cried Lupin, "how could you ignore this?"

Dumbledore was silent; a triumphant smile on Harry's face as he knew he'd won; there was no excuse for practically bribing the Dursleys to keep him. Had Harry wanted, he could have ran away when he first had chance, but no, he had to stay, under good old Professor Dumbledore's orders.

Finally the headmaster spoke up, "Harry, I had no idea about how you were being treated; I swear to you, but now that I do, I have a responsibility to see that your attitude changes."

"No need," everyone turned to see Cornelius Fudge enter and place a hand on Harry's shoulder, his kind eyes looking upon the new Tri-Lord with respect, "I just received word that you had arranged some meeting Albus, but I am telling you now, I was there, so I know that Harry doesn't want you anywhere near his newfound position."

"Is that why you called me headmaster?" asked Harry, "because you thought you'd grease my hand and become a good friend with me? Well let me tell you, for your ignorance and blind sight to my pleas; I no longer think of you as a trusted friend, good day professor," he turned to Lupin, "and I'll see you in class professor Lupin."

"Harry wait," Lupin cut in, "I know Dumbledore may not earn your trust, but he actually called you here with regards to me."

"What about you?" asked Harry, adding in memory that he'd added Remus to the list of trusted people; he'd hate to change that if the old man got to him.

Dumbledore sighed as he continued, "I have been told by sources that you are now officially an adult, so, if you wish, you no longer have to stay at Hogwarts, but if you leave, I insist you stay with



someone...more reasonable than your relatives, Remus for instance?"

"First," snapped Harry, "I have no intentions of leaving Hogwarts professor, but I do have an intention to never again set foot in Privet Drive as long as I live. As for..." he suddenly trailed off as he remembered the last thing Dumbledore had said and asked, "did...you say live with Professor Lupin?"

"He did Harry," smiled Lupin, stepping forward, "you may or may not know this, but I was charged with your safety by Lily and James and, after what I have heard here, I see no reason for anyone to deny you the means to come and stay with me, if you want to."

Harry, for a short second, let his darkness fall as he saw the same Lupin his parents had seen, not the secretive one that Harry knew about.

Regaining his stature, Harry replied with a shrug, "if you want me to Professor, I would be happy to; after all it would give me a chance to use practical magic outside of school to train and I would be with someone who enjoyed talking about my parents."

"Excellent," smiled Lupin, "I will make the necessary arrangements and, as you said Harry, I will see you in class, which I believe is after lunch is it not?" The mention of food set Harry's stomach off with a loud rumble as he nodded and, turning to the door, left the office, Ron, Neville, Ginny and the two wolves following him.

G.S.R.H

After Harry had eaten his fill, he began to feel a very strange emotion inside him; it wasn't just contentment at the fact he'd never again have to set foot in Privet Drive; nor was it a devilish glee as he pictured Dudley and Uncle Vernon doing jobs, their necks and faces clad with sweat and Vernon's thick head going red with anger; no it was something else, a strange sense of discomfort that started in his shoulders and slowly began to trickle down his spine and his arms, even went as far as his legs and down to his feet. As Harry picked p his books, he felt something scratching at the front covers and,

looking at where he was holding the tomes, he almost screamed when he saw his dracolisk claws had emerged and were fingering his books, causing strange gouges in the cover.

Pulling out his wand, and almost snapping it again as he held it in a second clawed hand, Harry whispered, "Reparo." The effect of the spell removed the gouges as Harry tore out of the Great Hall, his scales glistening in the light of the torches that lined the hallways.

Racing for the Room of Requirement, Harry found Kathrakh there, feeding Godric and Salazar, but looked up at the sight of his master.

"My lord," he said in a concerned voice, "what's the matter?"

Harry didn't waste time explaining the feelings, followed by his experience in the Great Hall with his claws. Then the next feeling came; it felt like someone was picking dried grease off his skin as he felt a strange pain dig into his shoulder. Throwing off his robe and cloak, Harry looked at his shoulder and gasped when he saw his red scales peeling away from the shoulder, a clear shade of black visible underneath.

It didn't take Harry long to figure out what was happening: he was shedding his skin.

As Harry watched, the stinging, digging feeling continued to pull at his red scales and, once or twice, Harry saw drops of blood slide down his skin. He looked to Kathrakh, begging him to help in some way, but all the guardian could do was lie Harry down and allow his lord to itch, claw and tear at the scales that ran down his back, his wandless magic helping with the more hard to reach places as well as automatically healing any blooded wounds that opened up while Harry's skin was strewn across the floor of the room, his new scales making him look like some kind of spirit of the night; each new scale was as black as obsidian, save for a thick stripe of white scales that ran under both the front and back of his collar, down his back and along the inside of his legs.

Finally, Harry could relax as he brushed the leftover scales off his body, his dark body gleaming in the light. Willing a mirror into the

Room of Requirement, Harry saw his blue-streaked hair and crimson serpentine eyes were still the same, but now they were accompanied by a black-scaled dracolisk-human hybrid that made Harry look almost even more of a monster than before. Harry, on the other hand, thought he looked pretty handsome, even as a dracolisk.

As he rubbed his neck and back, he felt something else there that hadn't been there before; turning round, Harry found his back was streaked, right down his spine; what once had been ridges were now a straight line of spikes that ran down his back from his neck down to his waistline, but thankfully – as far as Harry was concerned – his ridged shoulder blades hadn't advanced, so he wasn't due for wings any time soon. Harry ran his hands over the spikes, each of them as large as Godric's fangs when he'd emerged from the egg, and Harry had to admit that, with these spikes, he looked even more fierce and slightly more powerful than before. As Harry began to worry that the spikes would show through his robes, he saw the illusion Lupin had taught him reappear, the skin completely covering his body and the spikes; Harry ran his hand down his spikes and his eyes widened when he realised he couldn't feel the spikes at all, even though they were there.

Just as he was contemplating what he was going to do with the skin, he saw Godric and Salazar approach and, as Harry watched, the two wolves began to glow just like they had back in the Drékul crystalline chamber and, as Harry watched, both of them absorbed all the energy from his red scales, leaving nothing but dust, which blew itself into the fireplace, leaving Harry stunned as he looked at the wolves, both of them sat on their haunches, looking at their master.

Beckoning with one hand, Harry stroked his two familiars and spoke to them, “thank you, both of you; you helped me and I helped you. I'm glad I chose you for my familiars.”

From the mental link they shared, Harry sensed that the wolves were thinking the same thing.

G.S.R.H

Defence Against the Dark Arts that afternoon was interesting; first Professor Lupin turned up late and then told them that they wouldn't require books and quills, just their wands today, which caused a low murmur of interest among the Gryffindors and Slytherins.

Professor Lupin led them to the staffroom which was occupied by Professor Snape, who, when he saw the Gryffindors enter, excused himself, adding that Professor Lupin should be careful, because Neville Longbottom was in the class. When Harry saw Neville's face sag with sadness, he made a note to try and improve his loyal friend's courage so he could make Snape eat those words.

Lupin then showed the class what looked like a cupboard, but as the professor approached, everyone, including Harry, jumped back when the wardrobe began to shake violently, the door almost struggling to stay shut.

"Can anyone tell me what this is?" asked Lupin, watching as the cupboard door shook again.

"That's a Boggart," answered one of the Gryffindors, which got another excited murmur from most of the students, as well as a look of interest from Harry, while Godric whined fearfully. Harry stroked his familiar, glad he'd brought one of them with him as Salazar was relaxing in the Room of Requirement.

"Can anyone tell me what a Boggart look like?" asked Lupin and Harry heard Ron jump as Hermione's voice came from behind them.

"No-one knows," she answered, "Boggarts are a shape-shifter, because no-one know what they'll turn into is what makes them..."

"So frightening yes," agreed Lupin, while Ron whispered to Harry about seeing Hermione come in. his attention was diverted as Lupin asked, "Harry, can you tell me why no-one knows what form a Boggart will take?"

//Do I look like a first year?// asked Harry who, for once, had committed his third year books to memory as he answered, "Boggarts are shape-shifters, but what makes them so fierce is that they take

the shape of whatever scares their prey the most, so, in the case of my good friend Ron, it would be spiders. Maybe for Hermione it would be a paper that got less than 99%.” That got a laugh out of most of the group.

Malfoy decided to jump on the bandwagon, “maybe for you Potter, it would be a Dementor.”

“Or Voldemort,” explained Harry, providing the perfect comeback, as well as a collective hiss from most of the students.

Lupin sounded happy at Harry's response, “well done; five points to Gryffindor and five points from Slytherin for riling up the students,” he added as Malfoy looked forward again.

“Now,” explained Lupin, “there is a simple counter-charm to fight a Boggart; let's try it, without wands; Riddikulus!”

“Riddikulus!” echoed the class and Lupin applauded their attempt.

“The word alone isn't what makes it enough; for what really finishes a Boggart is laughter, erm Neville let's see if you can help me demonstrate.”

Harry watched with interest as Lupin asked what frightened Neville, and laughed when he revealed it to be Professor Snape, before Lupin whispered some words into Neville's ear. Harry choked on his breath as he heard what Lupin had proposed to Neville before the door to cupboard opened with a click and Snape stepped out, his cold eyes and greasy hair exactly like the real thing.

When Neville spoke the spell, everyone laughed as Boggart-Snape found himself dressed in a comedic set of old woman's clothes, including a pretty ridiculous hat.

Everyone took a turn: there was a spider that couldn't learn to rollerskate, a dismembered hand that got caught in a mouse-trap and a snake that turned into a jack-in-the-box before Harry stepped up.

The Boggart changed and Harry stood in shock as a Dementor swooped down, its cold rattling breath echoing through the room. Seeing Harry's hesitation, Lupin leapt in front of it, yelling, "Here!" and Harry watched through hazy eyes as he saw the Boggart assume the form of a strange white object.

To everyone else it looked like a crystal ball, but Harry knew what it was.

Lupin cast the spell and turned the white ball into a balloon before he turned to the others and told them the lesson was over, adding five points for everyone who took part and ten for Harry and Hermione for their help earlier.

Yet, as Harry watched Lupin stagger with weak legs to a couch, he wondered on one troubling thought, //why am I afraid of a Dementor?//

As he watched Lupin drink from a teacup, Harry turned and made his way back to the Room of Requirement, adding another thought, //I was right about him,// he thought with a slow smile on his face.

Closing notes: Why does Harry fear the Dementor if his hybrid body is as fierce as they say? What can he do about it? And why is Lupin so persistent on keeping Harry safe? Find Out soon

Following Chapter: The attack on Gryffindor Tower and Hogsmeade.

A/N

## OC SPELLS

Falector Immobulous: The Opposite of Falector Animatus: returns your doppelganger to your body.

OC Creatures:

Valhalian Chaos Dragon

Scorpent

## The Eight Draculite Crystals

Drazenite

Pyranite

Aguanite

Aeronite

Carnevite

Liskenite

Venomite

Mortenite

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 9: The Darkest Light

Weeks soon passed and Harry found himself unable to avoid feeling the discomfort and pain of his continuous transformations; whether it was his five senses suddenly undergoing superhuman evolutions or his bones and muscles threatening to pull him apart with pain, Harry's maturity was unavoidable. At least three times a day he would be curled up in pain, Godric and Salazar trying to ease the pain he felt by using their mental link, but Harry, despite their best efforts and friendly licks afterwards, would smile and tell them, "it's all right; I'm unharmed."

As September passed, Harry also kept an eye on his three key targets of suspicions: Dumbledore, Hermione and Lupin. Harry didn't know what it was, but whenever he was around, Hermione seemed to appear and disappear and then she would keep trying to rile him, questioning him as to how he can be so different from the Harry she knew as a friend. Whenever Harry wouldn't have an answer, Ron, Neville and Ginny would come to the Tri-Lord's rescue and inform Hermione that Harry was growing up and therefore becoming mature and if Hermione couldn't accept this fact then she didn't deserve to be Harry's friend.

Harry was also keeping an eye on Hermione as she seemed ever more determined to spy on him, even when he was being as normal as he could, she would try and force another torturous reaction out of him.

Harry knew he needed a way to confront her and get the truth out in the open and, when he learned of the first Hogsmeade trip, he knew that to be the perfect time.

G.S.R.H

The trip was scheduled for October 2nd and Harry found himself starting the day, as he usually did, with a trip to the Room of Requirement, Godric and Salazar at his heels. Opening the door, Harry found Kathrakh there, looking through some of the parchments that he had gathered for Harry, but when he saw his master enter, the



guardian's eyes lowered as he bowed to Harry and asked, "is there a problem, my lord?"

"Today I get my answers," Harry promised, before he looked to Godric and Salazar and explained, "you two are going to stay here: no exceptions!" he added as they began pining for him. Lowering down, Harry spoke in a hushed whisper, "It's all right, my powers have evolved with me and they will keep me safe. If the worse comes to it," he stepped forward and held out his arm, "I have him for backup."

As Harry watched, he saw a larger Sethrym slide up his arm and coil around his shoulders, hiding under Harry's robes as the Tri-Lord stroked his serpentine ally. Over the last few weeks, Harry had been surprised to see Sethrym grow in size, the weak little snake now a near-fully grown Scorpent, his body stretching to almost 6ft in length, his scales shed and now replaced with a fiery design of red, yellow and orange scales, which made him look as fierce as the legends said he was. However, Harry knew his loyal snake wouldn't harm anyone without the Tri-Lord's consent, but Harry had a gut feeling that he would encounter trouble in Hogsmeade.

Master, I am honoured that you are taking me with you, Sethrym hissed as Harry pushed him under his robes, the smooth scales rubbing against Harry's fleshy illusion.

I may need you. Harry replied as he walked out of the chamber, his eyes serpentine and his hands flexing with agitation. It's Hermione; I just don't trust her and, if she gives me an answer that I don't like, then you have my permission to poison her and then you can eat Crookshanks for dinner.

Thank you Fire-God, I can't wait.

Harry's dark smile told Sethrym that he had pleased his master. Wandering down to the Great Hall, Harry saw Ron and Neville waiting for him, the younger Weasley now dressed in a long blue cloak and his black school robes. Harry had purchased the robes for Ron, saying no loyal friend of his would be seen in hand-me-downs anymore and, if Ron needed anything else, all he had to do was ask.

Stood together, the trio followed the rest of the third years out of the hall and down the steeping path towards Hogsmeade Village, Ron saying that the one place he wanted to go to was Zonko's Wizard Joke Shop, Neville adding he wouldn't mind a Butterbeer in the Three Broomsticks, but Harry was watching as Hermione had fallen back and was watching them with cold dead eyes. Under his robes, Harry felt Sethrym hiss with hatred, but once he'd rubbed his chest, Harry calmed the snake, promising that she would pay for her ignorance and her lack of friendship.

As the day wore on, Ron and Harry decided to split up, Harry going with Neville into the Three Broomsticks, Ron heading off to Zonko's. As they made the plan, Harry overheard Hermione talking about the Shrieking Shack and a smile of dark, cold intentions crossed his face; he knew from his research that the shack was supposedly the most haunted building in Britain and throwing in a Dracolisk fear attack and Harry had the perfect assault for the traitorous witch.

When Harry and Neville went to the Three Broomsticks, however, everything changed and Harry finally found a reason to accept his changes and his heritage.

Sat in a corner table, Neville brought over two tankards of Butterbeer and watched as Harry lightly slurped the sweet tasting liquid, his serpentine tongue almost exploding in his mouth with the flavour. As they drank at the table there was the sound of the door opening and Harry gasped as he saw Professors McGonagall and Snape entering with Cornelius Fudge in tow. As Harry watched, he saw the Minister lean in towards Madam Rosmerta, the barmaid, and whisper some words that, from the air that suddenly whacked Harry's senses, sounded pretty bad and, at one point, Harry heard his name mentioned: he had to know more.

Looking to Neville, Harry whispered, "I need a reflective surface."

Neville obliged and pulled up his tankard, Harry's reflection clearly visible in the glass; pulling out his wand, Harry tapped the glass and whispered, "Falector Animatus," and watched as his reflection became a doppelganger that sat by his side.

"You will stay here," Harry commanded, "and don't draw attention to yourself."

"Yes master," replied the reflection, picking up Harry's tankard and drinking from it.

Harry, meanwhile, pointed his wand at himself and, stepping into the darkness of a corner of the tavern, whispered, "Shedira Invokum."

As Harry watched, his body began to slowly become absorbed into the shadow and, as he looked around, he began to see everything in the tavern, including the upstairs where the Minister had lead McGonagall and Snape. Closing his eyes, Harry focused on that one room and, as soon as he focused, he heard Madam Rosmerta asking, "so, what's this all about?"

"What else my dear?" asked Fudge, "but Sirius Black and the connection he has to the boy."

"But why would Black want Harry? He hardly knows the boy."

"You remember when Lily and James went into hiding?" asked McGonagall, "well a few of us knew where and one of them was Black, and he went and told You-Know-Who, he practically led You-Know-Who to their doorstep."

"No," whispered Harry, his hand flying to his mouth as he saw the Minister looking him dead in the eye; the charm he'd used was impenetrable, but Harry could still be heard.

"Black and James were best friends," explained Fudge, "but there was one who knew what Sirius had done: Peter Pettigrew, you remember him?"

"Oh yes," answered Madam Rosmerta, "I remember Peter; always following James and Sirius; always involved in their little games."

"He turned out as much of a screw-up as Black," Snape explained, "but Pettigrew showed at the worst possible time, that he knew what courage was."

"That's right," Fudge nodded, "Pettigrew cornered Black and screamed for all the world to hear; asking Sirius how he could have betrayed them, and what did Black do? He killed him, he destroyed him: a finger, that's all that was left of Peter when the Aurors found Black, laughing like a madman."

"But that's not the worst of it," McGonagall explained, "some say Black's back to finish the job; he may have not been in connection to You-Know-Who, but he's the reason they're dead."

"Well how could it be worse?" asked Madam Rosmerta and Harry noticed a dark, foreboding look in everyone's eyes.

"Sirius Black was," explained McGonagall, "and remains to this day...Harry Potter's godfather, as well as the only other one Lily and James trusted with...."

Whatever else she may have said Harry didn't hear as he pulled out of the charm and banished his doppelganger before racing out of the tavern and up through the street, a sudden, unmistakeable anger burning inside him.

G.S.R.H

When Ron heard, he followed Harry up through the village, on a path towards the Shrieking Shack where he found Harry slicing his claws through thickened boulders, his mouth trailing smoke as he let out his anger.

"Harry," whispered Ron, causing Harry to wheel round on him, his wand flared before him. Seeing Ron, Harry lowered his wand and went back to his boulder smashing, his dracolisk claws making deep gouges in the thick stone. Standing behind Harry, Ron asked, "Harry, what is it? Neville told me you cast a spell and then raced out of the Three Broomsticks, what did you hear?"

Turning back to Ron, Harry's breaths were heavy and full of rage as he hissed, "He was their friend and...he...betrayed...them! That bastard sold them out to Voldemort and then slew another innocent in cold blood. That cold-hearted bastard now wants to finish the job; he wants me! Well, let him come, because when he does, I'm going to be ready, when Black comes for me; I'll be waiting and I will rip his head from his shoulders and then, quite possibly, give it to the Ministry and Dumbledore as a present. Sirius Black betrayed them, became my family, and now he wants to murder me?" Harry began to laugh with a malicious tone and Ron noticed blood seeping out of his claws as the Tri-Lord continued, "He has to beat me, and that's no easy task. I will become more powerful and then I will kill him!" Looking into Ron's eyes, Harry spoke in a cold voice, "it's time to choose sides Ron; on one side you have that senile asshole Dumbledore and his worthless pack of ball-less teachers, but on the other, you have me: Harry Drécul Vileous James Potter, Tri-Lord of the Fueraco and Master of Fire. Who do you stand with? Will you join me or stand with that Mudblood Granger?"

Ron seemed scared at Harry's words, but nevertheless, he knew Harry trusted him to the end and if he betrayed Harry now, the consequences would be severe. So he nodded and looked at the dracolisk-hybrid, "I stand with you mate; I'll help you find Black and end this; me, Neville, Ginny, we stand with you."

Harry smiled as Ron stood by his side, but the smile didn't last long as he saw someone watching him; someone with messy hair and a sudden sorry expression on her face; Hermione had approached the shack and was now standing at least 2ft from him, and she had heard his every word.

"Granger!" snarled Harry, "what do you want? Are you here to report me to your precious Professor Dumbledore? Or are you here to finally admit defeat and beg for my forgiveness after everything that you have put me through?"

Hermione didn't answer; instead she took three steps forward and pulled out her wand, brandishing it towards Harry and Ron, her eyes watching what had once been her best friends. When she addressed Harry, her voice was strong, but filled with regret, "I don't want to hurt

you Harry, but I will. I heard everything and I will see to it that you are sent to Azkaban for the threats you just made; if you kill Black, you'll be no better than he is. You will be lost Harry...you'll be just like...like...Voldemort!"

Ron hissed as Harry drew his own wand, his serpentine eyes glaring with anger, "don't you ever compare me to that murderer!" he snapped, "I am one who is so much greater than Voldemort; I have defeated him three times in 13 years; more times than Dumbledore or any Ministry member has in their entire life. Voldemort's nothing more than a murderer who is scared shitless to face me in real life; instead he hides behind these worthless bloody illusions and tricks. So Hermione, it looks like you'll have to hurt me to silence me!"

Hermione looked almost scared as Harry dropped his illusion, his black scales shining in the light of the afternoon, before she looked to him and asked, "won't you event try Harry? You're not evil, you are you."

"I'm not evil?" asked Harry, "who's the one who sold me out to Dumbledore and went crying to McGonagall because she was scared that I'd be better than her at magic, which, by the way, I am!"

When Harry saw the doubt and regret in Hermione's eyes, he knew he'd hit her where it hurt; he'd hit her with their friendship. As the two now stood opposite each other, Harry continued, "Over the summer, I became so much more powerful than any wizard in history; I finally found out who I was; that I was so much more than the Boy-Who-Lived and what do you do? You turn your back on me and side with the man who did nothing to stop those damn Dursleys from making my life hell!"

"Harry, I didn't mean to stand against you," Hermione interrupted, "I never would have dreamed of hurting you; we're friends."

Harry sensed an opportunity, "then don't stand against me; stand with me Hermione; by my side you can make anyone your servant and your lesser. You can see to it that no-one would dare oppose you and, in exchange for this loyalty, I would show you the Harry you want to see, the kind, loving Harry you knew as a friend." He held out his

hand, "I want to avenge my parents and become powerful, but I can't do that without the help of my friends, and that's all of you, won't you help me? I need your strength or Dumbledore and Voldemort will both destroy me."

Hermione was taken aback; was this the same Harry or was Ron right and he had matured? Had the Boy-Who-Lived become the Man-Who-Lived in the short space of two months? And had she, Hermione, truly been blind to his greatness, his power and his friendship?

Harry looked from his outstretched hand to Hermione's worried face; he could see it in her eyes and in her heart; she wanted to be by his side, but was afraid of some unknown information: information that Harry had the power to retrieve, thanks again to his large library.

Pointing his wand, he whispered, "Peelsotog," A smile tugged at his lips as he saw Hermione falling forward, her eyes suddenly closed and her chest rising and falling with the steady rhythm of sleep.

Lying her down on the floor, Harry then slowly turned in a circle and whispered, "Jus Soli." as he watched, a ring of light suddenly appeared around him and Hermione, before Harry smiled with contentment and knelt by her side, his wand pressed to her head. Realising he was about to do something she probably wouldn't forgive him for made Harry doubt his power, but he was stopped when his inner instincts reassured him that, with Hermione's help, he would become even more powerful than before.

Closing his eyes, Harry whispered, "Legillimens."

What he saw made his serpentine teeth clench with fury and rage.

Hermione's Flashback

Hermione was sat before Professor Dumbledore as Harry, Ron, Neville and Ginny had left them alone; the headmaster of Hogwarts looking at her with kind eyes and an understanding attitude.

After Harry had left, Dumbledore looked to Hermione, who was close to tears from what Harry had said about her family; seeing this, Dumbledore spoke in a calm voice, "Miss Granger, I believe you haven't been told the whole story; I know about Harry and I believe you should too," Hermione listened intently as Dumbledore continued, "13 years ago, I was contacted by an anonymous source that warned me of Harry's future and his past. You see Miss Granger, Harry is actually the descendant of a powerful Dark Lord known as Count Vileous and, since the days of Vileous, each descendant of the dark lord has fallen prey to his influence of power. Harry, sad to say, is destined to be the last descendant; the last Lord of an ancient clan of wizards known as the Fueraco Council."

Hermione nodded as Dumbledore gave her a moment's pause to allow what she'd just heard to run through her mind; clearing her throat, she asked, "Professor, what does this have to do with what happened today?"

"Everything," said Dumbledore, "I counted the days from when I was given the anonymous warning and it all adds up; at least three weeks ago, Harry began to change, but I feel that I know where this transformation came from."

"Where professor?" asked Hermione, her hand massaging her head as she listened intently.

"When Harry journeyed into the Chamber, he was bitten by a Basilisk and saved by Fawkes here, but Hermione you must understand that what Harry does, he has no choice. I have done the research and have discovered something very disturbing: Harry Potter is transforming into a very rare and very powerful creature known as a Dracolisk. It is a creature of the Darkest Arts and it is aligned with the powers of the chaotic and evil, why even Voldemort himself would most likely run from the sight of such evil."

"Is that what's happening to Harry?" asked Hermione, "is he becoming dark?"

"Worse," replied Dumbledore, "Harry is becoming the Lord of all Dark. The Dracolisk inside him is slowly becoming him and it's all my fault. I



beg of you Miss Granger; keep watch over him, please...try and help him."

"All right Professor," replied Hermione, "I promise."

(End Flashback)

Harry pulled his Legillimens away from Hermione's mind, a look of frustration in his eyes, //so,// he thought, //Dumbledore thinks I am being controlled by the dracolisk? He thinks I have no choice? Well, he's wrong; I have a choice and I choose to embrace my destiny, but first, to deal with his little spy, and I think I know how I will do this.//

(A/N: Slight change of plans with regards to the point made in the disclaimer)

Leaning down, Harry whispered, "Hermione, wake up; there's something I need to tell you."

As he watched, Hermione opened her eyes and looked up into Harry's crimson serpentine eyes, her mind fogged, but still alert to Harry's dark tricks, "what did you do?" she asked.

Then, without warning, Harry wrapped his arms around Hermione and hugged her close to him, his words no longer chilly and evil, but full of understanding and compassion, "I understand Hermione; I see what you wanted to do for me; you wanted to protect me from the darkness, but you don't understand Hermione, I need the dark, I need its power to become who I am. However, I can't do it without you and I can't hide my feelings anymore."

"What feelings?" asked Hermione, all venom gone from her voice.

"Ever since I matured and evolved," explained Harry, "I've been feeling something lost inside me; something for a friend, something for...you Hermione. I understand why I couldn't stare for long or why I couldn't show my emotion, but I need you, I need you to free me from this prison that Dumbledore has me trapped in..."

He took a deep breath before he practically yelled it out.

“Hermione...I love you!”

Hermione was speechless; had Harry Potter really just said what she thought he said? That he...loved her? That he was in love with her? And that, he was admitting that without her to help him, he would become consumed?

“Yes,” whispered Harry, accidentally reading her thoughts and her expression, “I am saying that Hermione; I need your light to balance my dark, will you help me?”

Hermione felt tears in her eyes as she looked to Harry, the Boy-Who-Lived looking human despite the black scales, and she replied, “Harry; you have no idea how long I've waited to hear it. I will help you and as for love,” she wrapped her arms around his serpentine neck and kissed him on the lips, both of them locked in something that was more than friendship.

“I love you too, Lord Harry Evans.”

As Hermione rested her head on Harry's shoulder, she was unaware of Harry's eyes looking past her to Ron, his face showing an expression not of love, but of victory, his cold smile muting the sound of dark, malicious laughter.

//That Dumbledore,// he thought as his human illusion covered his body once again, //would be checkmate.//

G.S.R.H

When Harry returned to Hogwarts, a surprised Ron and a now calm and once again friendly Hermione in tow, they found the path up to Gryffindor Tower blocked and many students speaking in strange and almost scared tones. Using his superhuman hearing Harry managed to pick up on a few words, but his explanations were confirmed when Ginny pushed through and gasped, “The Fat Lady, she's gone.”

Looking through the assembled students, Harry saw that Ginny spoke the truth; the portrait that admitted students to Gryffindor Tower had

been slashed and the Fat Lady was missing. "Where could she have gone?" asked Hermione, causing Harry to actually look at her in kindness and comfort as she added, "who could harm someone like the Fat Lady?"

"I don't know," remarked Harry, "but things are about to get worse," he was looking behind them and Hermione and Ron both groaned as Dumbledore, McGonagall, Mr Filch and Ron's elder brother Percy all came up the stairs, the headmaster hiding a worried look as he saw Hermione with her arm around Harry.

//That's right,// thought the Tri-Lord, //you just keep looking Dumbledore; you have lost this round, senile old fool.//

Dumbledore ran a hand across the slashes and commanded, "Mr Filch, round up the ghosts, search every portrait in the school; find the Fat Lady."

"There's no need for ghosts professor," Filch spoke up before pointing two flights up, "the Fat Lady's there."

Most of the students all ran up the stairwell, Harry, Ron and Hermione amongst them, as Dumbledore found the indicated portrait. The Fat Lady was distraught, her face pale and frightened as Dumbledore asked, "dear lady, who did this?"

Peering from her hiding place, the Fat Lady answered, "Eyes like the devil and a face as dark as his name: it's him headmaster, he's here, the one they all talk about, somewhere in the castle...Sirius Black!"

As most of the students began to panic and Dumbledore instructed all the Gryffindors to the Great Hall, Harry looked around with cold, dark eyes.

//So,// he thought, //you're finally here? Well, you want to play hide-and-seek?//

As he was led back to the Great Hall, Harry felt a smile tug at his lips as he added in thought, //Ready or not, here I come.//

Closing notes: What is Harry's real reason for – apparently – admitting his “feelings” for Hermione and what does this mean for the dark within him? Is Black really coming after Harry to kill him or is it something else? Find out soon

Following Chapter: Dementors on the Pitch and Harry binds Hermione.

A/N

Let me explain; to put it simply, think about Light Yagami's relationship with Misa Amane from Death Note and how, despite all his hints and clues that they are a couple, Light is simply using Misa to further his own purposes. That's what's happening with Harry and Hermione.

So, with that in mind: Do you think I should keep Hermione by Harry's side or have her betray him?

OC SPELLS

Shedira Invokum: Allows the caster to travel as a shadow on the wall.

Jus Soli and Peleesotog are taken from Spells and Creatures – all credit goes to Imperator Atrum

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 10: Screams in the Sky

The attack on the Fat Lady resulted in most of the students deciding, partially out of fear and nerves, to go home for the Christmas holidays; Harry, Ron, Hermione, Neville and Ginny on the other hand were all staying, partially out of respect to keep helping Harry and partially because, as Ron said one evening in late October, “after all the really scary stuff we’ve faced, Black is as scary as Errol.”

On 5th November it was also announced that Gryffindor would be facing Hufflepuff in the next Quidditch match, which got Harry and the rest of the team in an elated mood, particularly after Wood’s inspirational speech about this being his last chance to hold the cup. Harry, on the other hand, wasn’t really concerned about Quidditch; with his speed and agility, he could practically guide his broom to do whatever he wanted it to do. No, Harry’s key concern was Hermione and how he could use her against Dumbledore, particularly since word of their, quote-unquote, relationship had spread amongst most of the school; Harry guessing that either Fred or George Weasley having something to do with that.

One week after the announcement, Harry and the team were all relaxing in the Room of Requirement, Hermione lying against Harry’s shoulder as he read through his homework, when the Tri-Lord realised that there was something that he had to do. When he’d revealed the Room of Requirement to Hermione, she had sworn to keep their secret, but there were times when Harry wouldn’t see Hermione for a while and then, just like in their Defence Against the Dark Arts lesson, she would appear without warning, prompting Ron to ask where she had come from. Looking down to her, Harry cleared his throat and asked, “isn’t there any of your homework that you need to do?”

“I have some Ancient Runes and History of Magic homework as well as my Divination assignment on the alignment of the moon and,” Hermione raised her voice in a near-perfect impersonation of Professor Trelawney, “how it clouds the Inner Eye and stops the future from being revealed! Honestly,” she sighed, “I don’t see why we don’t just drop the lesson and spend more time on...well...us, Harry.”

Harry looked at her before he leaned in and kissed her gently on the lips, "well, if you want to help me make that decision, there's something you can do for me."

Hermione looked at the Tri-Lord with kindred eyes and replied in an almost melodious voice, "of course Harry, you know I'll do anything for you."

"Then," Harry paused as he stood before Hermione and knelt down to her eye level, "will you let me bind you in fealty? I trust you Hermione and I love you, but if the old man gets into your mind then all is lost. If you let me bind you with Fueraco Magic, I can protect us both and together, we can be one step closer to me becoming the balanced light and dark that you are helping me become. If Dumbledore gets into either of our heads then he will destroy me and I can't be your boyfriend."

//Boyfriend?// thought Hermione; shock in her eyes, //he actually said it? Well, I have no choice,// she took Harry's hands and asked, "before I swear to you, will you let me look at you?"

"You see me already don't you?" asked Harry, a cold smile hidden behind his eyes as he realised that he'd lured her in again and she'd fallen for the bait: hook-line-and-sinker as the Muggles would say.

"I mean the real you," Hermione whispered, her lips brushing against Harry's neck, "show me my real boyfriend and I will do whatever you want Harry. I only want you to be happy and powerful."

Harry nodded as he stood and, closing his eyes, he dropped the illusion around his body and stood before Hermione, his black scales glistening in the light of the room, the white stripe of scales that ran down his spiked spine almost like a strip of neon against the dark scales.

Hermione looked at Harry with love-struck eyes, her smile widening as she looked at the true form of Harry that she had fallen in love with, her eyes taking in his muscled frame and even how well built he looked, particularly in his more masculine areas. Looking back to his

serpentine eyes, Hermione nodded and stood before Harry, her wand pulled out as she asked, "What must I do to help you Harry?"

"Just link your wand with mine," Harry instructed, the spell he was going to use running through his mind: it was a spell that was an advanced form of the Eterum Oathik spell, which wouldn't just bind Hermione, but ensure any secrets about the caster – in this case Harry – could never be found, not even by Legillimency or if the target is given Veritaserum.

Linking his wand with hers, Harry looked into Hermione's brown eyes as he whispered, "I promise, this won't hurt."

With an almost excitable sigh, Hermione nodded and replied, "I'm ready Harry; even if it hurts, I know that it's necessary to help you."

Realising just how far she was willing to go made Harry's cold smile almost show upon his face as he looked at the linked wands and whispered, "Fidetrum Oathik!"

A fierce white light suddenly shone between Harry and Hermione as the spell took effect before, as Harry and Hermione watched, two white keys suddenly appeared and inserted themselves into the witch and wizard's hearts. Harry and Hermione watched as the keys turned to the left, causing a shock to run between them before the keys rose up to eye level and exploded in a flash of light.

Looking to Hermione, Harry allowed concern to show on his face as he asked, "Are you all right Hermione?"

Hermione looked at him and nodded with a smile, before she laughed and said, "it's like the Muggles say: Cross my heart and hope to die; stick a needle in my eye; it's a secret you and me; we'll lock it up tight and throw away the key, or destroy the key," she added with another laugh, "and now that secret is locked within me: I am forever yours Lord Harry Evans."

Holding out his hand, Harry sat Hermione back on the leather chair that had appeared before he said, "then let's work on our other secret," before he leaned in again and kissed Hermione on the lips,

her mouth opening allowing Harry to run his tongue over hers and vice-versa, but Harry, through his dark persona, felt another air of pleasurable victory as he realised now that there was no way the senile old fool could turn Hermione against the Tri-Lord, especially if she was as loyal as she said, //and from the pressure of this kiss,// thought Harry, //I'd say she is more than serious.//

The two remained locked like that before Harry pulled away and Hermione watched him re-read through his homework, her head resuming its place on Harry's scaled shoulder, the Tri-Lord's hand running softly through her hair.

G.S.R.H

The day of the Quidditch match came and Harry, after receiving a good-luck kiss from Hermione, which almost resulted in his being late for the match, couldn't help but feel energised and ready as he changed into his Quidditch robes, his scaled body once again hidden under his humanoid illusion. As Harry wandered out on to the pitch with the rest of the team, he suddenly noticed how cold he was feeling; his hands once again began to twitch and fidget, his heart suddenly began racing as he heard the many cheers of the crowd and, somewhere in their midst, he heard playful yapping as Godric and Salazar cheered at the sight of their master.

Mounting his Nimbus 2000, Harry took off with the rest of the team, keeping his eyes open for the Snitch, but he found that, with the driving rain and the constant twitching and fidgeting of his hands, he couldn't concentrate on the match. At one point, Harry thought he heard a strange bellow from below and flew down, but it turned out to be the roar of thunder in his still evolving ears and Harry just managed to dodge George Weasley as the two came close to a collision, which got several boos from the Slytherin stands; obviously they were unhappy that the Gryffindors weren't hurt.

Finally, Harry managed to pick out Wood's voice calling him to the ground; landing with his team, Harry felt a wave of anger rush through him as he heard that they were close to 100 points behind. Wood looked to Harry, his eyes looking at the Tri-Lord in a hasty sense of desperation, "you need to get the Snitch Harry," he



remarked, "otherwise we'll have no chance of winning, and I doubt Snape or Flint will let us live it down if we lose to Hufflepuff."

"I can't catch what I can't see," Harry retorted, his eyes stinging with the rain as he tried wiping his glasses on his robes, "with this rain and my unknown fidgets, I can't even see the Snitch; it's not like..." he stopped himself as he was about to say that it wasn't like he could see in the dark, but he could; he had control of his Darkvision. "Don't worry Oliver," he said with a smile, "I'll find the Snitch; I won't lose to these weaklings."

With the sound of Madam Hooch's whistle, the team disbanded and Harry returned to the air, allowing his full dracolisk instincts to take root and make themselves known. Within minutes, Harry was seeing the world in a strange shade of emerald, similar to night-vision. With the rain-soaked pitch now visible, Harry flew high into the clouds and used his almost telescopic vision to try and pick out the Snitch, keeping an eye on the Hufflepuff Seeker Cedric Diggory at the same time. After a few minutes, Harry suddenly flew down and held out his hand; he had seen it, the Snitch was flying around above side of the stands; however, as Harry reached out to grab it, he felt it again; a shuddering cold that seemed to extend to his broom, the end of his Nimbus 200 becoming white with frost.

Harry looked around, his breath escaping his lips in large grey clouds of air; his dracolisk blood almost immediately trying to warm him up, but, as Harry looked up, taking his eye off the Snitch, he saw them. At least six black-clad Dementors were swooping down towards him, his superhuman hearing picking up the sounds of their long, rattling breaths. Looking forward again, Harry reached out and, despite the cold eating away at him, and the faint sound of screaming in his ears, he clasped the Snitch in one hand, but not before he felt something long, cold and deathly shoot past him, knocking the golden orb from his hand.

With a curse, Harry kicked his broom skywards and flew up towards the dark, thunderous heavens, the Dementors closing in around him. Looking over his shoulder, Harry could think on two things, //Why are they after me?// and //Why hasn't Dumbledore done anything? Yet another failing for the old fool!//

Just when Harry thought he'd escaped, he felt something almost pulling at his mind, his vision becoming fogged and his mind numbing with pain. The last thing he felt was his body slide from his Nimbus 2000 and plummet towards the ground, a familiar cry echoing in his ears.

Not Harry, please not Harry.

Stand aside you silly girl, get out of the way.

No, I won't let you kill him.

(Evil laughter) you can't stop me!

A flash of green light and a voice once again cried out, "Harry!" the sound echoing through the cold.

Then, with the screams still echoing through his mind, Harry managed to hold on to some hidden power and watch as his body hit the ground with a resonating thump, before his vision blacked out.

G.S.R.H

Harry was first aware of consciousness when he felt two familiar heavy bodies providing warmth to his pained limbs; opening one eye, keeping his second eyelid closed, Harry saw Godric and Salazar trying to share their body heat with that of their master. Smiling to himself, Harry then noticed that he wasn't alone: there was a figure sat by his side, but, because of some magical sedative, Harry couldn't see who it was. He also noticed that his robes and wand were folded neatly beside him and that there was someone else behind him, comforting him. Harry smiled when he realised that he was in the Hospital Wing and the person comforting him was Hermione.

However, it made him feel something else as Hermione's hand stroked his hair and tried to wake him; he felt a strange sense of thanks towards the Muggleborn; he knew that she thought of him as her "boyfriend" but really he was only using her to get under

Dumbledore's skin and to become more powerful, yet, as Hermione's soft hands ran down the back of his neck – a feeling of relief in Harry's blood as he found she couldn't feel his spikes – the young Tri-Lord could only feel gratitude and a strong, real, sense of love and respect towards Hermione. //Maybe, he thought as he gave a feigned groan, as if he'd just woken up, //maybe I won't need to use her. Maybe, given time, I can actually...love her.//

His groan made Hermione look at him before she embraced Harry in a strong hug and kissed him on the neck, "oh Harry, I was so worried about you; when we saw you fall we feared the worst."

"What...happened?" asked Harry groggily, his mind warped at the fact Hermione's concern was real whereas his love for her wasn't. "I fell to the ground; there was so much screaming."

"It was the Dementors, Harry," said a voice and Harry remembered the figure in the chair; turning, he found himself face-to-face with Professor Lupin, the Defence Against Dark Arts teacher's eyes filled with concern and relief at Harry's recovery. "Dementors feed on a person's happiness, forcing them to relive their worst possible moment in their life; they came to the pitch because they were hungry; Dumbledore's positioning at the gates has left them unable to feed. However, a pitch full of overjoyed students is like a buffet to them."

"I...heard...a voice," Harry explained, "when the Dementors came; I think I heard my mother; when she..." he trailed off and began stroking Godric and Salazar, the two wolves rubbing themselves against their master's chest in a kind and happy manner.

"When she died saving you," nodded Lupin, "that is a moment no student in this school can compare to. The Dementors forced you to hear that which you fear greatly, but, from our lesson a few weeks ago, you already know that Harry."

Harry nodded slowly as Godric clambered under his arm, his great white coat warming Harry's body; looking up, the Tri-Lord asked, "I crashed, didn't I?"

“You hit the ground pretty hard,” Hermione nodded, “but when we saw you lying there, we feared the worst: Dumbledore was too preoccupied with the Dementors to worry about a student.” Harry hid a smile as he heard the anger in her voice as she asked, “how is a student’s life not more important than a creature’s act of darkness? He didn’t even care!”

“No,” said Harry, leaning back as he smiled openly, “he didn’t. but I’m glad you did Hermione; that’s why I fell in love with you – because you show compassion and loyalty that Dumbledore would never show. If he did, he would have taken me out of the Dursleys long ago and admitted that he was paying them.”

Hermione held Harry’s hand in a passionate gesture as she listened to him talk.

Looking around, Harry asked, “how did I get here?”

Lupin patted Godric and Salazar on the neck as he explained, “these two carried you; or rather Godric carried you and Salazar helped by keeping every witch and wizard away from you. They brought you here to the Room of Requirement...”

“You mean I’m not in the Hospital Wing?” asked Harry incredulously, “but why? Who healed me?”

“I did, young lord,” Harry looked up as Kathrakh stepped from the shadows and, as the young Tri-Lord watched, the walls of the room faded until they once again resembled the mirrored walls of the Room of Requirement. Kathrakh bowed to Harry as he continued, “thanks to your headmaster’s inept attitude towards your safety, I instructed Godric and Salazar to bring you here. Your injuries weren’t severe my lord, but they were dangerous. One of your biceps had snapped clean off the bone and your ribs were cracked; thankfully your spinal region was undamaged as were your legs and head. Obviously we have the Fueraco in you to thank for that Lord Vileous.”

Harry leaned back with a sigh as he finally inspected his body: there was a sling covering his left arm and his ribs were heavily bandaged, a medium-sized red stain lined the sling, showing where Harry had

spilled blood. Looking to Kathrakh, Harry smiled and told him, "you saved me Kathrakh; you all did," he looked with thanks at Lupin and Hermione, before he returned his gaze to the professor and added, "Professor Lupin I have something I have to tell you."

"If you're going to mention the map Harry; I know," Lupin explained, "it's called the Marauder's Map and was designed by four loyal friends almost fifty years ago: Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs. Two of them you already know Harry."

"Dad," said Harry, "and you: Moony, but that's not what I have to tell you," he looked around before he asked, "are we safe?"

"There are silencing charms all around this room as well as anti-eavesdropping spells," explained Lupin, his eyes relaxed as he looked to Harry, "what is it you want to tell me."

Harry struggled to sit up: with one arm it was pretty difficult, as he looked to Lupin and, taking a deep breath, explained, "I know what you are!"

Lupin's eyes widened in shock and horror as Harry sat up in the bed.

Closing notes: What does Harry know and how will it affect his newfound guardianship with Lupin? Also, can Harry actually love Hermione for real? Find out soon

Following Chapter: Black, the truth and werewolves.

Chapter 12: The Marauders, Harry learns a hidden fact about the Fueraco, Harry tells Hermione the truth and yet another unexpected transformation.

Chapter 13: The Romanian Estate and Harry sheds his skin again

Chapter 14: Hermione makes her choice about Harry and the Tri-Lord is invited to the Quidditch World Cup

Chapter 15: The Quidditch World Cup, Visions of Voldemort and, with one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side.

A/N

60 REVIEWS! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! A BIG THANK YOU TO ALL AND I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE REST OF THE FANFIC!

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry's side, but whether or not I make it a real relationship is yet to be decided.

Let me explain; to put it simply, think about Light Yagami's relationship with Misa Amane from Death Note and how, despite all his hints and clues that they are a couple, Light is simply using Misa to further his own purposes. That's what's happening with Harry and Hermione.

OC SPELLS

Fidetrum Oathik – a permanent secrecy spell: unbeatable and impenetrable save for the one who cast it.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 11: Expecto Patronum

A/N: This chapter will be the aforementioned Chapter 12 that I described at the end of the last chapter and what would have been in this chapter is instead the next chapter (Black, the truth and werewolves). However, Harry won't tell Hermione the truth until the following chapter which won't just feature the Romanian Estate and Harry shedding his skin, but will also feature the Time-Turner and Harry's Patronus.

Harry staggered out of the bed and sat on a leather chair in the Room of Requirement, Hermione and the two wolves keeping him upright; his not-so-real girlfriend curving one of her arms round his neck and the other through his arm. Seating himself on the chair, Hermione rubbing his neck and shoulders, Harry repeated, "I know what you are Remus Lupin, just as you know what I am."

Remus looked at the Tri-Lord with a mix of fear and concern before he asked, "How long have you known Harry?"

"Since September; since the first encounter with the Dementor," Harry explained, groaning slightly as Hermione ran her hands over a particularly sore spot on his neck, her very touch once again making Harry doubt his actions in making her think his love for her was real. //Even if it secretly is,// he added in thought as he held her hand and looked to Lupin.

"I don't want to hurt you or use you Remus; you have freed me from the Dursleys and become my not-so-legal guardian as well as put a roof over my head and guarantee my safety. Also you have sworn to keep my secret and I trust you. So all I want to know is what the truth about who you are is."

"If you want to know Harry," Remus sighed, "I will explain in great detail, but for now I would like it if you could focus on getting better. Then, when you are ready, I will help you train to fight off the Dementors, if you wish to know how they work and how to defeat them?"

Seeing that Remus was being honest with him, Harry took a deep breath and nodded, "all right Professor, I'll keep my mouth shut for now; but the time will come when I will reveal what I know. Now though, you are right, I need to recover and deal with this dilemma I seem to have with fearing Dementors," looking over his shoulder, Harry nodded to Kathrakh and added, "I owe you a great debt Kathrakh; ask whatever you wish and it is done."

The immortal guardian bowed as he spoke to the Tri-Lord, "I only request that you are back to full strength young lord; anything else is taken care of in your service."

Harry understood as he then asked, "Isn't there anything my Fueraco magic can do to heal me? Some sort of potion or maybe magic words to help speed up my regeneration?"

Kathrakh smiled as he nodded to Harry and said, "It is already happening young lord; look at your arm and move it."

Harry looked as he pulled off his sling and, looking once more to Kathrakh, Harry tried straightening his arm, but he gasped in surprise when he found that he could not only move his arm, but the muscles in his forearm had completely repaired themselves, the outline of the biceps and triceps easily bulging out with strength in the black snakeskin. Looking to Kathrakh, Harry asked, "What...happened?"

"A Fueraco Lord," explained the guardian, "can almost completely regenerate any wound within mere minutes or hours rather than be forced to wait days or weeks. Your magic is growing stronger my lord and I am pleased to say that this will be the last evolutionary stage you take for some time."

Harry stood, removing the bandages from his ribs, and it was then he also noticed his mouth felt kind of awkward; walking to one of the mirrored panels, Harry parted his lips and cried out in shock as he found himself looking upon two rows of small, but sharply pointed fangs, a red serpentine tongue flicking lazily over the sharp appendages as Harry licked his lips, tasting more than air and the soft flesh of his black scales: he could taste the concern and worry from Lupin; the unbinding loyalty from Kathrakh and the true blue-



blooded love from Hermione, a feeling that once again brought a cold block of ice burrowing into Harry's body, his eyes closed in sadness and, for the first time that year; a strong and unavoidable feeling of regret.

//All right,// thought Harry, //I will love her and cherish her, but, when the time is right, my revelation about Lupin won't be the only truth.// Looking at Hermione, her smile warming his heart, Harry thought, //I hope you forgive me Hermione,// before he re-joined the small gathering, Hermione aiding in his recovery as she kissed him deeply.

G.S.R.H

Christmas and New Year passed by pretty quickly for the students; the holidays made Hogwarts feel like a graveyard with most of the pupils going home, but Harry found that the peace and quiet made him feel at peace with himself; it gave him the perfect opportunity to walk the Hogwarts grounds in full serpentine appearance, Hermione by his side and Ron, Neville and Ginny usually escorting them; the 2nd youngest Weasley usually gagging when Harry and Hermione kissed. Harry's normally cheery mood had also been dampened by the news that his faithful Nimbus 2000 had been destroyed by the Whomping Willow after he had fallen during the Quidditch match and, with no broom of his own, Harry was almost forced to train with a out-of-date Cleansweep.

When Christmas Day came, Harry received a pretty passionate present from Hermione as well as the usual chocolates and jumper from Mrs. Weasley; a book on something called Draconian Magic from Kathrakh, the card adding that he would like to see Harry sometime in the New Year and a strange fourth present that bore no name, no initials or card. It was a long, heavily wrapped package that, as soon as Harry laid his eyes upon it, he knew to be a broomstick.

The surprise didn't stop there as, after Harry and Hermione had torn open the wrappings, a gleaming broom had been revealed, a strong insignia on the head and small gold letters reading: Firebolt.

"You're joking?" gasped Ron after Harry had explained the present, "bloody hell; who would send it to you?"

“Don’t know,” explained Harry, his black scales shining in the glow of the Hogwarts Christmas decorations, “but whoever it was has my eternal thanks.”

Hermione then seemed to return to normal as she asked, “considering what you told me Harry: could it have been...him?”

“Who?” chorused Harry and Ron.

Hermione lowered her voice to a whisper as she replied, “Sirius Black?”

Harry looked to the Firebolt that evening as he considered Hermione’s words: Sirius Black was his godfather, but, after he had obviously tried to enter the castle and kill Harry, why would he then fork out for a very expensive, top-of-the-range broomstick? Was it a trap to lure Harry into a false sense of security?

Deciding to go with his gut, which also happened to be full of Christmas food, Harry took the Firebolt to Professor McGonagall and explained that he believed Black to have sent it. As soon as the name left his lips, the Firebolt was taken and Professor McGonagall promised that he’d be able to retrieve it in a matter of days.

When Harry went to bed that night, after sharing a goodnight kiss with Hermione, he went into a sleep filled with theories and worries, before he allowed his dracolisk body to sleep.

G.S.R.H

Once the New Year started up, Harry found that he was able to take his mind off Black by training with Kathrakh, Ron, Neville, Ginny and Hermione in the Room of Requirement and also by speaking to Lupin about their upcoming Dementor Defence lessons. It was late January before Harry was called to Lupin’s classroom, the door locking with a charm behind him.

Lupin looked almost worse than he had before the holiday, //he's getting worse and I wonder why?// thought Harry as he stood below his professor, who was looking at him with a smile.

"Harry," he said in a calm voice, "are you sure you feel ready to learn this? The spell I am about to teach you is far more advanced than the Ordinary Wizarding Level."

"I'm ready," said Harry.

"Very well," said Lupin, "now the spell I am going to teach you acts as a shield between you and the Dementor; it is believed to be the only thing that can stop them as it acts as an expression of pure happiness. The words to this spell, without wands, are Expecto Patronum."

Harry closed his eyes as he repeated the incantation, "Expecto Patronum, so I'm guessing the shield is known as a Patronus?" he wasn't really guessing as he had slipped out during the holidays and researched on Dementors.

"Now," said Lupin, "close your eyes again and envision your happiest moment. Allow your happiness to become one with your magic and that, Harry, will be the source of power that your Patronus will become. Now, I don't actually expect you to conjure a corporeal Patronus, but if you do, it will be the greatest achievement; a feat that your parents would be proud of."

At the mention of his parents, Harry knew what memory he would use, or at least, what feeling he would empower the spell with. To try and explain it, he knew, would be almost complicated, but he was determined and that was another key channel for any source of magic.

Lupin stood behind a chest and opened it with wandless magic revealing a black-clad, breath rattling Dementor, which focused on Harry as soon as it emerged from its prison.

//It's a Boggart,// realised Harry as he held his wand, and the emotion, firmly in his mind. Concentrating on his power, Harry commanded, "Expecto Patronim...Expecto Patronem...Expecto Patronum!"

A large white jet of magical energy flew from his wand, stopping the Boggart-Dementor in its tracks; as Harry held the spell, he saw Lupin hold his heart, a smile of joy on his face and his eyes almost glistening with tears of what Harry saw to be pride. Lowering his wand, Harry directed the Boggart-Dementor into the chest again and Lupin slammed the lid shut, resealing it with wandless magic.

"Very good," he nodded, "I have to say that when I told you about this; I had no idea that you would conjure something so powerful. That, Harry, was about as close to corporeal as a Patronus could come; I daresay you could give your father a run for his money."

Looking away, Harry spoke in a low voice, "It was him that I thought about; him and Mum, I remember seeing them in a mirror sometime ago; ever since then I have been dreaming about them."

"It's understandable Harry," Lupin nodded, "after all the greatest emotion in the known world is love; and after the sacrifice your parents gave for you; I can imagine no greater power to tap into than that love; never let anyone tell you any different."

"I won't," promised Harry.

As the two of them sat in silence, Harry asked, "professor, I have something that's been bothering me, can you explain it?"

"Of course Harry," replied Lupin.

"Well," said Harry, "as you may have noticed, I have become the master of my family's vault and, when I looked over the Allowance Decree, I saw your name with Sirius and..."

"Voldemort?" asked Lupin, "it's all right; I am one of few who can say his name unharmed."

“Yes,” replied Harry, “I just wanted to know why your names are on there.”

Remus seemed to reminisce as he spoke in a calm voice, “Remus Lupin, Sirius Black, James Potter and Peter Pettigrew, four names that anyone in Hogwarts knew for mischief. We were known as the Marauders and we went by our Animagus aliases: Moony; that’s me, Padfoot; that was Sirius, Wormtail; that was Peter and your father was Prongs.”

//Moony,// thought Harry, //that’s pretty cheesy.// he looked to Lupin and asked, “But Pettigrew was murdered wasn’t he?”

“Unfortunately yes,” replied Remus, “however, we were the best of friends and the four of us carried traits that we hoped would be inherited someday: James, besides having a knack for getting into trouble, was a skilled Quidditch player and strong leader; Sirius was as crafty as they come and brilliant with potions, which is no surprise since most of his family came from Slytherin; Peter was the sly one, could always find the proverbial back door in any problem, which just left me; the one who held most of the answers and was skilled in defensive magic.”

“That still doesn’t explain Voldemort,” Harry cut in, but, before he had an answer, there was a knock at the door and Harry saw Snape enter, bearing a smoking goblet.

As Lupin allowed Harry to leave, adding that he was given 50 points for first time accomplishment, the Tri-Lord could only wonder why Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs were all suddenly enemies and what Voldemort had to do with his father’s vault.

//Oh well,// thought Harry, //aside from Lupin, there’s only Black left alive; so I’ll ask him before I kill him.//

G.S.R.H

Harry was full of energy as the term continued: especially when it was announced that Gryffindor would play Ravenclaw in early February. The excitement didn’t stop there as Harry was called in by Professor

McGonagall and given back his Firebolt, her eyes calm despite the admittance that she believed there was something very suspicious about the top-of-the-range broomstick being delivered to Harry.

When the night before the match came, Wood pulled Harry aside, “have you sorted out your little Dementor problem?” he asked, causing Harry to smile as he heard the discomfort in his captain’s voice.

“Don’t worry Oliver,” Harry informed him, “it’s all taken care of.”

After his meeting with Wood, Harry met Ron and the others in the Room of Requirement, Hermione welcoming him with a very brief, but very passionate kiss. Looking to each of his friends, Harry spoke to them, “tomorrow’s the moment of truth; I find out whether or not all my training with Lupin really paid off, but don’t worry,” he seemed to laugh as he explained, “I won’t let my fear of injury stop me this time. Now that I know about my regeneration ability, I can be prepared to win.”

“Yeah,” laughed Neville, “just don’t fall off Harry or the whole school will be after your blood if you destroy the Firebolt.”

For the remainder of the evening, Harry set to work on his Patronus, the Room of Requirement providing a suitable Boggart replacement for an actual Dementor. This time, when the whitened energy flew from Harry’s wand, he noticed how much stronger he felt inside: despite the Boggart-Dementor’s long, rattling breath and the icy cold that was eating away inside him, Harry found that he was warmer than ever.

That was until the cold brought out his doubts about Hermione...

And...even more unfortunately, Ron noticed the change in Harry when he watched him kiss Hermione at the end of the session.

Walking up to their dorm, Ron confronted Harry, “listen mate; I know that you planned to use Hermione to get to Dumbledore, but why are you suddenly so different?”

"What do you mean?" asked Harry, his eyes watching the door to the Tower in case Hermione made an appearance.

"You've changed," said Ron, "back at the start of term, you and me couldn't stand her. Then you go and declare to her that you love her? How can someone who shows no emotion love someone who is his enemy? Harry, I think you've lost sight of the plan: to get under the old man's skin and deal with the betrayal you felt he gave to you."

"First off," snapped Harry, his black scales suddenly appearing from under his illusionary body, their dark gleam shining in the torchlight, "I don't feel Dumbledore betrayed me, I know he did; that old git decided to hate me and keep the fact that he was paying those who equally hate me to keep me under their roof. Then, he keeps the secret that he knows about me, from me and confronts Hermione in a possible attempt to break our friendship.

"Secondly," he continued, "I do have feelings for Hermione Ron; yes, it did start out as an act of betrayal and manipulation but, lately, I've been feeling differently about her, and if you can't understand that then you're obviously looking at her differently too."

Ron was silent at Harry's revelation, but, as he heard the door to the dorm close above them, he leaned in and whispered, "Tell her the truth."

"What?" asked Harry, forcing himself to keep calm.

"Tell Hermione the truth Harry; tell her that you were using her and how you feel now: yes, it will hurt her and she may never forgive you, but at least you will have the greatest burden off your shoulders."

Harry stood in shock as he listened to Ron's explanation: how could he ask Harry to do something he knew would upset someone else. Keeping his emotion in check, he asked, "and if I don't?"

"Then," Ron's ears went red at what he was about to say, "I'll tell her and then I'll tell everyone about you."

Harry gripped his wand with anger as he asked, “and how do you think you’ll do that? Remember, Ronald Weasley, you are bound in oath to me; if you break that promise then you will suffer greatly.”

“I’d rather suffer than watch as Hermione’s world becomes a lie,” Ron explained, “we were friends once Harry; I know we have become that again thanks to your manipulation, but I won’t see it broken again because of a lie. Tell Hermione or I will.”

Harry turned on his heel and stormed out of Gryffindor Tower, but, as he did, he couldn’t get Ron’s ultimatum out of his head:

“Tell Hermione the truth or I will tell Hogwarts your secret...”

Closing notes: Will Ron actually reveal Harry’s secret and if he does, how will it affect Hermione’s love for the Tri-Lord?

Following Chapter: Treachery on the Quidditch Pitch, Sirius Black, Harry tries to help, Remus’ Secret and Hagrid has some bad news: A/N: Will feature a flashback to earlier in the year. (Chapters 12, 13 and 14 will quite possibly be the longest chapters in the story)

Chapter 13: Hermione’s Secret, Harry’s Confession and Harry’s Patronus.

Chapter 14: The Romanian Estate, the Tri-Lord meets some unknown allies; the band is broken, Harry sheds his skin again and Hermione makes her choice.

Chapter 15: The Tri-Lord is invited to the Quidditch World Cup, Visions of Voldemort and, with one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side.

A/N

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry’s side, but whether or not I make it a real relationship is yet to be decided.

Please Read and Review



## Chapter 12: Heart Of A Marauder

Harry couldn't keep his mind off Ron's treacherous revelation: how could he threaten Harry with a secret that he knew perfectly well he couldn't tell? Had Ron really lost all hope with Harry and his sudden love of Hermione, or was it that Harry had started dark and become less and less obsessed with teaching Dumbledore a lesson?

//Yes,// he thought, //it's that I'm not dark as before; Ron is right, I need to tell Hermione the truth, but first, I have to focus on this Quidditch match; besides, if I need to let any anger or emotion of treachery out, then I can wait until I encounter Black. He's still as good as dead as far as I'm concerned.// Remembering that he had to get some sleep before the match, Harry resigned himself to a night of troubled sleep and a dreamless night.

When he awoke the next morning, Harry found Ron's bed empty and most of the other boys already downstairs, Hermione welcoming him with a kiss as Harry looked for his not-so-loyal friend.

"What's wrong Harry?" asked Hermione, her head almost leaned against Harry's shoulder, "you're not as cheery this morning."

Deciding to see how she'd react to a change, Harry asked, "Hermione, if I gave in to these feelings of darkness, would you still stand by me?"

"Of course," she laughed, "I'm bound to you Harry; in oath and fealty for all time. I can't betray you or reveal any of your deeper secrets, so if you went dark then I would go dark too."

Harry felt his mouth twitch as he seated himself by the roaring fire in the Common Room, Godric and Salazar sat at either side of him, their own faces showing as much fatigue as Harry was feeling. Looking into a mirror in the Common Room, Harry found that he was smiling, and that his smile was as dark as before; all cold emotion and manipulative feelings once again showing on his illusionary dracolisk face. With Hermione's admittance, Harry knew that the creature within him had been satisfied by her answer and wanted Harry to feel the emotion as well.

"Hermione," he said, "do you remember when I first revealed my scales?"

"Yes," she sighed, "you looked as handsome then as you do now. Even though your scales have shed from red to black, you still look like the same handsome, muscular and powerful Lord Harry Evans I fell in love with."

Harry's smile widened as he continued, "I need to know; why did you oppose me back then? Was it because of Dumbledore?"

"No," Hermione explained, "Ron, and don't you dare tell him I said this, but he was right. I was upset because I believed that you would hate us now that we were mere wizards and you were the lord of a great inheritance. I thought you would turn out like Malfoy or even worse, like...like..."

"Go on, say it," Harry said in an encouraging tone, "he can't hurt you anymore."

"Like Voldemort," replied Hermione, "if you turned out like him, I would be upset Harry; I never actually told you, but from that rather annoying moment in the train three years ago, I have been in love with you. I wanted you to know for so long; I cast you out Harry, because I thought you wouldn't let me be that something more."

Harry turned to her and kissed her softly, "don't be ridiculous Hermione; I always know who my friends are, but when you turned against me, I was hurt and I made that hurt known to you. But now, with your help, I can make this chaotic lordship a neutral force."

"Harry," Hermione leaned against his shoulder, "I want you to know something else: if you want to let the darkness of your dracolisk instincts become the new and improved Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans, then please do. I don't want to be the one that stops you from achieving full power, and together, we'll stop Dumbledore."

Harry looked with surprise; where had this strange emotion come from? Was this what Hermione had been thinking when she'd been

listening to Dumbledore? Was it why she had hit Ron and not the young Tri-Lord? Harry looked away, his cold smile fading as he let her words run through his mind.

Standing up, Harry stroked Godric and Salazar and spoke to Hermione, “see you after the match.”

As he left, Hermione ruffled the two wolves' fur coats and looked deep into their eyes; watching where Harry had left, she turned to his familiars, curiosity in her eyes.

“Why do I get the feeling he was trying to tell me something?” she asked, but smiled when Godric playfully began to roll onto his back, Salazar licking Hermione's hand.

Stroking the Arctic wolf on the belly and tickling Salazar, Hermione sighed and looked again to where Harry had been, //he'll tell me when he's ready,// she thought to herself, before she lead the two wolves out to the Quidditch stands.

G.S.R.H

Harry found that flying the Firebolt was easier than his Nimbus; his dracolisk sense of balance, combined with his Fueraco grace, allowed him to command the speed and agility of the champion-level broom. The Ravenclaw Seeker was named Cho Chang and, when Harry saw that she had been diving in some form of aerodynamic showmanship, he followed suit and even – almost – dared to fly up to the sunlight and reveal his black scales, but was stopped when he saw a flash of gold.

Flying towards the west side of the stands, and narrowly avoiding contact with a bunch of second-year Ravenclaws, Harry powered the Firebolt ahead, his hand almost shaking with the anticipation of victory; this time, he would not fail, after all, there were no...

“Oh!” Harry heard Cho cry out and, daring a look back, he saw her looking to the ground where three dark, hooded figures were standing in the shadows, a long, echoing breath ringing in Harry's ears.

This time, however, Harry was ready; digging into his robes, Harry concentrated on the emotion that he'd felt when Hermione had admitted her loyalty to him, before he cried out, "Expecto Patronum!"

The streak of white magic flew from his wand and struck the three Dementors, but when they collided and fell down, Harry growled, his draconic eyes picking out a familiar blond head under one of the hoods: Malfoy!

Repositioning himself on his broom, Harry flew up high and reached out, his eyes focused on the Snitch, before there was a loud, thunderous cry of victory from the Gryffindors: he'd got it, they'd won the match.

Afterwards, Harry met up with Ron and Hermione, the young Weasley giving the Tri-Lord a dark look as Harry linked arms, and lips, with Hermione, before Professor Lupin called Harry over.

"It wasn't the Dementors," Harry explained, "it was Slytherins; Malfoy and his gutless cronies. I swear I'm going to rip out their throats and feed them to Godric and Salazar." his fists clenched, Harry followed Lupin to the Entrance Hall, where they found Professors Snape and McGonagall in a heated argument about Harry's use of magic and whether or not the Slytherins were dressed like casual observers. When the duo saw Harry with Lupin, Professor McGonagall congratulated him on another well-earned win and awarded him 50 points for taking advantage of magic.

Afterwards, Harry, Neville, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were all gathered in the Room of Requirement, looking over Malfoy's faux pas, and laughing when Harry explained about them; Malfoy, Crabbe, Goyle and Marcus Flint, all sprawled in a heap, trying and failing to escape the folds of the black robes.

It was then Harry felt someone touch him lightly on the shoulder and, looking up, he saw Kathrakh stood there, a letter clasped in his hand; taking the letter, Harry recognised Hagrid's handwriting and gulped as he remembered something else that was important.

With trembling hands, Harry opened the letter and, reading the information, shook his head in grim defeat.

“What is it Harry?” asked Hermione, her own face showing fear at Harry's look of defeat.

“It's Hagrid,” explained Harry, handing the letter round, “I'm afraid he lost the trial: Buckbeak's going to be executed.”

Everyone gasped in horror as Harry stood by the ornate fireplace, his eyes looking into the crackling flames, his mind casting back to when the trouble had started...

Five Months Earlier...

Harry, Ron and Neville were excited at the thought of having Hagrid as a teacher: especially a Care of Magical Creatures tutor; Harry hiding a smile as he remembered all the different types of creature they'd faced with Hagrid's help; namely Fluffy and Aragog.

“Come on now,” Hagrid called when they approached, “gather round, got a great lesson fer you all today. Follow me.”

Harry had to smile with gratitude as he followed Hagrid to a paddock a ways from his hut; he had returned from Gringotts Bank to find that he was just in time for Hagrid's first lesson, and it was a lesson he was sure he didn't want to miss.

All the students, Gryffindor and Slytherin, followed Hagrid to the paddock as the new tutor instructed, “now you lot; stand over there an' open yer books to page 29.”

“And how do we do that exactly,” asked Malfoy, his own Monster Book of Monsters bound in a thickened belt.

Hagrid seemed taken aback as he explained, “yer jus' stroke the spine o'course.”

As everyone went to open their books, Harry's being the only one freely unbound – he'd figured that part out a while ago – Ron

whispered to him, "do you think we can deal with her?" he nodded to Hermione, who was already reading through the book.

"With any luck," hissed Harry, "we can let some of these creatures deal with her. Save me any trouble, but just in case, I brought these two," he nodded to Godric and Salazar, who were curled in the shade of a large tree, their strange-elemental eyes watching the students and their master with intent.

"Is he serious?" asked Malfoy, causing Harry to look up, "saying we need books that want to bite my head off? No wonder this place has gone to the dogs; just wait until my father hears Dumbledore's got this oaf teaching classes."

"Better than your father Malfoy," Harry remarked, his body almost radiating energy as his dracolisk side fed on his emotion.

Malfoy seemed to stare Harry down, until he pointed behind and cried, "Oh no: Dementor, Dementor!"

Everyone wheeled round, but Harry subtly pointed his wand behind Malfoy and whispered, "Fiéra Serpensortis," before Malfoy screamed in terror: a snake, a Scorpent of all things, had somehow come to life from the ashes of a burned out tree, its coils wrapping around the Slytherin, its fangs glistening with venom.

Looking with fear, Malfoy seemed to lose all his cockiness as he begged, "t...tell him to leave me P...Potter!"

Shrugging slightly, Harry looked at the snake and hissed, Leave him be, but bite him if he causes trouble.

Yes Fire-God, remarked the serpent before it took its place by Godric and Salazar's side.

At the same time, Hagrid cleared his throat and indicated what looked like a strange mix of creatures in one: the creature had the head and wings of a falcon, albeit the wings were at least three times normal falcon size, its body was also feathered but was shaped like a horse and its legs were taloned and fierce.

Harry stared in awe as Hagrid spoke up, "isn't he beautiful? Say hello to Buckbeak!"

"Hagrid," gasped Ron, "what on earth is that thing?"

"Tha' Ron is a Hippogriff; now, the firs' thing you learn about Hippogriffs is that they are very emotional creatures, easy to anger. Don't make fun of a Hippogriff as it may well be the last thing you do. Now," he clapped his hands, "who wants to come and say hello?"

Several students backed off, but Harry was frozen in awe and wonder, which made Hagrid volunteer him.

Harry allowed himself to feel fear as he stepped slowly before Buckbeak, bowing at the waist, just as Hagrid instructed. When the large bird-like creature bowed in response, Harry stepped forward slowly as he held out his hand and, after a few seconds, Buckbeak nuzzled his hand, Harry feeling the Hippogriff's beak under his illusionary flesh.

Then Hagrid dropped the ball as he hoisted Harry onto Buckbeak and sent the majestic beast into a sprint before Harry found he was flying on the Hippogriff's back. The wind rushed through him and elation surged through his veins as he felt like a real lord; a lord of the sky.

When Hagrid whistled, Buckbeak flew down to the ground and everyone cheered as Harry dismounted, re-joining his friends, and shakily standing still.

That was when everything had gone wrong.

"Please," Malfoy had stood up and started swaggering over to Buckbeak, completely ignoring Hagrid's warning, "you're not vicious at all are you, you great ugly brute?"

What happened next happened so quick that only Harry had any real recollection of the event: Buckbeak had reared up, Malfoy had screamed and, seconds later, Hagrid had Draco in his arms, carrying him to the hospital wing.

End Flashback

//It wasn't Hagrid's fault anyway,// thought Harry as he re-read Hagrid's letter, //Malfoy's nothing more than a whining bastard who thinks his scumbag father will bail him out of everything he sees as trouble. Well, I'm not going to let Hagrid down, I swear.//

It was bad enough that Hagrid was never able to use large animals as class projects, but he was lucky enough not to get fired as Lucius Malfoy had insisted that Buckbeak be sentenced to death.

"And now it's going to happen," remarked Hermione, echoing her boyfriend's thoughts, "we have to help him Harry."

"We will," Harry promised, "the letter says not to go down; he doesn't want us to see it? So we will; we'll use my dad's cloak and I'll bring Godric and Salazar under as well, in case of trouble." He looked around and finally set his eyes on Ron as the Tri-Lord continued, "I need your complete trust in all of this; we are going to be in the presence of the Minister and Hagrid, not to mention the old man; I need you to trust me."

"We do trust you Harry," exclaimed Ginny, "if you, Ron and Hermione go down to Hagrid, we'll cover for you. We'll say you're in the library or something."

G.S.R.H

That evening, as Harry pulled out his father's Invisibility Cloak, he opened the Marauder's Map and checked that they had a safe route to Hagrid's Hut, but, as he was about to close the map, he saw something that made his eyes narrow with suspicion: there was a fast moving shadow along the second floor and above that read a name that Harry had to look at again to make sure he wasn't seeing things.

"Peter Pettigrew," he read; Fudge's words of how Sirius Black had destroyed him ringing in Harry's ears. Shrugging it off, Harry pocketed the Map, threw his cloak over his shoulders and made his way to the Gryffindor Common Room.



If only he'd known at that moment how much his mystery wasn't a mystery...

G.S.R.H

With Hermione on his left side, Ron on his right and Godric and Salazar padding slowly in front, Harry made his way down through the grounds and out towards Hagrid's Hut. As they neared, Harry felt a strange tingling in his jaw, a feeling of unknown origin seemed to pass through his system, causing him to shiver with an unknown emotion.

Throwing off the Cloak, Harry saw Buckbeak sat in the front garden, the Hippogriff's eyes watching the trio with calm, but emotional eyes. Harry couldn't help but feel sorry for Buckbeak as he looked at the majestic creature from Hagrid's window, their mutual friend speaking about how great Dumbledore was and how the headmaster was coming to be there for Hagrid.

//Yeah right,// thought Harry, his snake-like tongue almost slithering from in-between his fangs, //more like to make sure I don't make an appearance; that's why Hagrid's concerned about...//

His thoughts were distracted by Hermione's squeal and Ron smiling as he held on to a very milky Scabbers; Harry remembering how the grey rat had gone missing and Ron had been under the impression that Crookshanks had eaten him.

All their attention was then distracted by a smashing sound and Harry noticed three figures approaching: Dumbledore, Fudge and a man who Harry guessed to be the executioner.

As they left, Harry watched as he felt a strange emotion in his blood and a dark suspicion run through his mind; he had the uncanny feeling that he was being watched, as well as the feeling that he was about to enter the Devil's chambers and meet an unknown foe.

Hermione held her head against Harry as they watched in shock; the executioner's axe rising high and slicing through what was undeniably

Buckbeak's head, "they did it," Harry heard her whisper in shock, "they actually did it!"

As the three of them stood there, Godric and Salazar whining sadly, Ron cried out as Scabbers bit him and ran off, his red-headed master following...their chase taking them towards the Whomping Willow.

Harry ran forward, his illusionary body fallen, revealing his black scales, just as Ron ran headlong into the Whomping Willow, its vicious, lively limbs flailing wildly as it tried to pin them down. As Harry helped Ron, his ears picked up a second sound, a strange deep-throated growling from behind them.

Slowly turning, Harry came face-to-face with the giant black dog from Diagon Alley, its eyes leering threateningly and a sliver of drool hanging from its muzzle.

Harry's hand slowly travelled down to his wand as he saw Godric and Salazar growl threateningly, their bodies crackling with their elemental energies. Before any of them got close, Harry watched as the black dog leapt up over their heads and fastened its jaws around Ron's ankle, dragging him down below the roots of the tree.

As Harry and Hermione watched in shock, the Tri-Lord's eyes fell on the base of the tree; pulling out his wand, Harry whispered, "Immobulious," and watched as the tree froze, its usually vicious limbs now still and statuesque.

"Come on," said Harry, "we have to save Ron."

Hermione looked to the Tri-Lord and decided now was a better time than any to confront the real Harry. "Harry, is there something you need to tell me?"

Harry looked at her in calm horror, but he knew that he had to answer for all the bad things he'd done to her; looking into her eyes, he took her hand and explained, "if we rescue Ron, I promise I'll tell you everything."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Hermione.

"Later," replied Harry, kissing her on the cheek, before he dove into the belly of the tree, following a strange passage and up a flight of stairs. Remembering his Darkvision, Harry allowed his eyes to guide him and gasped in realisation, "Hermione; we're in the Shrieking Shack, I remember this path from the Map."

Following the darkened passageway, Harry heard Ron's cries of pain and seemed to run with inhuman speed up to where his voice was crying out.

Ron was leaning against a wall, his eyes wide and petrified.

"Ron!" gasped Hermione, "are you all right?"

"The dog," said Harry, "where is...?" he stopped when he realised that Ron wasn't looking at them...he was looking past them.

Sure enough, Ron managed to gasp out, "Harry...it's a trap; he's the dog, he's an Animagus!"

Slowly turning, Harry heard a door they hadn't noticed closing and standing behind it was a man with long scraggly hair, worn eyes, a feral looking beard and the rags of an Azkaban prison uniform, a cold smile on his face.

It was Sirius Black.

G.S.R.H

Harry gulped as he faced this leering, looming figure before him, but when he remembered the story he'd heard, anger and hatred burned in him. At the same time, Hermione stood in front of the Tri-Lord, her eyes calm, but fearful, "if you want to kill Harry; you'll have to kill us too."

"No," said Black, his voice low and full of an unknown form of purpose, "only one will die tonight."

“AND IT'LL BE YOU!” snarled Harry, pushing Hermione aside and knocking Black to the floor, his wand aimed at Sirius' head, his eyes half-open, ready to kill this murderer.

Black, on the other hand, laughed with confusion and asked, “are you going to kill me Harry?”

Harry almost fell to the floor in shock; Black knew his name? Well, besides the fact he was his godfather, why would Sirius be so confident?

His answer came when a familiar voice behind yelled, “Expelliarmus!”

Harry felt his wand fly out of his hand as he looked behind and saw Professor Lupin standing there, his wand pointed at Harry threateningly.

Harry growled to himself as he saw that he was alone; Godric and Salazar must have stayed behind to guard the tree: they must have known about Lupin and wanted Harry to expose the truth. He was brought back as Lupin spoke to Black, “well, well Sirius, what have we here? Finally the flesh reflects the madness.”

“Well you'd know all about the inner madness I feel wouldn't you Remus?” Sirius gave a weak smile as Lupin sighed and held out his hand, pulling his former Marauder to his feet.

Harry watched in shock: how could Remus Lupin still trust Black? //Unless...// a strange theory came to mind as Harry spoke up, “you will still pay for what you did you murdering bastard!”

Sirius turned and stared with calm intentions at Harry, his wand arm hung by his side as he spoke to the Tri-Lord, “I am not a murderer Harry; in fact, I was the one who knew about you and warned Lily.”

“SHUT UP!” yelled Harry, his body radiating energy, “you have no right to speak her name, or be my godfather! I haven't had any shred of evidence that you are innocent and now,” he held out his hand and summoned his wand to his hand, “I think I'll make good on my word

and deliver your head to the old git and the Minister! And maybe, for good measure, I'll take you as well Remus Lupin!"

Black, once again, was unnerved, "Harry, I know all about your inheritance and want you to know I mean you no harm; in fact, you say you have no proof? Let me show you, by presenting the one truly responsible for your parents' deaths, please," he lowered himself to his knees and looked upon Harry with a pleading air, "I beg this favour of you, at least."

Harry looked to the others before he sighed, just as Remus had done, and held out his hand, "get up Sirius; you know I could never hurt family; well except for the Dursleys."

Sirius took his godson's hand and stood tall, as Remus cleared his throat and asked, "why aren't you surprised to see me?"

"That's easy," remarked Harry, "tonight's the full moon: your nickname: Moony and the full moon that the Boggart became," he turned to Hermione who was sat with Ron, but at Harry's words, she looked to Lupin in shock and realisation.

"Harry?" she asked, "are you saying...is he..."

Harry slowly nodded as he said, "Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, allow me to introduce Remus "Moony" Lupin, he's...a werewolf!"

Closing notes: So Harry and Sirius have met and Lupin's secret is out: what will be the end result and what does Sirius mean that he will show the real culprit? Find out soon. Also, the end of the POA section will NOT match the book OR film, but the Time Turner will be used and Sirius cleared: find out how in the next chapter.

Following Chapter: Hermione's Secret, Harry's Confession and Harry's Patronus.

Chapter 14: The Romanian Estate, the Tri-Lord meets some unknown allies; the band is broken, Harry sheds his skin again and Hermione makes her choice.

Chapter 15: The Tri-Lord is invited to the Quidditch World Cup, Visions of Voldemort and, with one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side.

A/N

OC SPELLS

Fiéra Serpensortis – Summons a Scorpion from the ashes of any fire

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry's side, but whether or not I make it a real relationship is yet to be decided.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 13: A Tri-Lord's Heart

Harry watched as Ron and Hermione looked from him to Black and finally to Remus, all three of them waiting for some kind of response, even a squeal of terror would have sufficed; instead, Hermione cleared her throat and asked, "Harry, did you say Professor Lupin was a werewolf?"

"He did," replied Remus, "and I am; I have been for some time, but I'm surprised that you didn't figure it out Hermione: a full moon Boggart, always being absent every 28 days for three days, not to mention, as Harry pointed out, tonight is the full moon; it all adds up to me: Remus Lupin; a werewolf and one of the last surviving Marauders. One of the last three in fact."

"Two," Harry cut in, "you and Sirius."

"Oh really?" asked Remus, before turning to Ron and pointing to him, "what about him? Or to be more precise; how about that traitor in his hands? Wormtail a.k.a Peter Pettigrew; the one who truly betrayed your parents Harry. The one who sold them out to Voldemort and caused their death; not before planning to fake his own death and blame it on Sirius here, isn't that right Padfoot?"

"Very true, every word Moony," remarked Black, before he turned and looked at his godson, "and now, as promised Harry, I will show you the man responsible for your parents' deaths." He looked at Ron and asked, "May I see the rat, young Ronald?"

Harry looked to his friend and nodded before Ron handed Sirius the rat. As Harry watched, Scabbers began to writhe in fear of the formerly imprisoned man before him; Harry also saw the missing toe and put two and two together; all they found of Pettigrew was his finger, and Scabbers had lost a toe ever since Ron could remember; it was true, Peter Pettigrew was Scabbers, but Harry was yet to see whether or not Sirius was right.

Pointing his wand, Sirius spoke to Harry, "if you want to see the truth, I will need your help."

Harry nodded and, pulling out his own wand, commanded, "Naturas Finite!" As he watched, Harry saw Scabbers continue to writhe, but this time it was in pain, and with good reason; the spell Harry had used forced anyone who was either an Animagus or in a disguise to reveal themselves.

As everyone watched, they saw Scabbers/Pettigrew grow and bulge out before Harry heard many a sound of bones and muscles reshaping themselves and even two popping noises as the rat's eyes grew back to human size. He heard vomiting behind him and turned to see Hermione holding on to Ron's back as the transformation continued before, with a final crack, Harry saw a man cowering before them.

The man, Peter Pettigrew or Wormtail, looked at Harry with eyes first of hatred then fear as he saw Harry's fingertips extend into his dracolisk claws and his eyes slowly open, revealing his serpentine eyes; his willpower stopping his stony gaze from murdering Wormtail. //Sirius was telling the truth,// he thought with dread, //I need to make it up to him,// he moved his hand to his wand and watched as Wormtail made for the door, but Sirius got there first.

"Pesante!" Harry watched as Wormtail doubled over, heavy forced breaths leaving his lungs, almost as if he'd been punched in the stomach, which, by the effect of the hex, he had been.

Standing over the doubled-up figure of Wormtail, Harry pulled out his own wand, his serpentine eyes beetling with rage and emotion, "is it true?" he asked, "did you betray Mum and Dad to Voldemort?"

The winded wizard looked to the Tri-Lord before he seemed to cower before Harry as he nodded and cried, "I didn't mean to! The Dark Lord, Harry, you have no idea the kind of power he possesses; such ways of torture and anger that would have left me a broken man. I had no choice but to obey him."

"Liar!" snarled Sirius, "you probably thought you'd get away with it by faking your own murder, I suppose? You thought of only one man who would give his life for Lily and James: you thought of me! But you fail to realise; I would have died rather than betray them to Voldemort;



and now Peter, you will die by my hands. I will finally commit the murder that I was put in prison for.”

As he raised his wand, Harry moved with his inhuman agility and stood before the cowering Wormtail, his arms spread wide, his black-scaled body glistening in the light of the room.

“Harry,” Remus warned, “step away; I know Sirius and I know he won't...”

“He won't hurt me,” Harry said in a slow voice, “I know that because Mum told me; her letter to me told me that both you and Remus swore to keep an eye on me. If that is the case, Padfoot, then lower your wand, we'll take him to the castle.”

Wormtail began to reach for Harry's arm, but not before the Tri-Lord hit him hard across the face, his dracolisk claws scarring the cowering wizard as Harry continued, “we'll take him to Dumbledore; clear your name and then the Dementors can have him.” Harry looked from Wormtail to Sirius, who was still holding his wand in a shaking hand, his eyes tormented between breaking his word and achieving his revenge.

Finally, Harry once again showed Sirius his human body and looked into his godfather's eyes, “you're not a murderer Sirius; you were my father's best friend and my only true family. You can't let that turn you away, lower your wand.”

Sirius, through shaking anger and rage, finally saw Harry as who he was; he was James and Lily's son and the boy he'd sworn to protect: lowering his wand, Sirius held out his arms and embraced Harry in a warm hug of gratitude, Lupin binding Wormtail in magical ropes and Hermione saw to Ron's injured leg.

“Thank you Harry,” Sirius smiled, “I promise that, from now on, things will be different for you. I did make Lily a promise to watch over you and I will keep that promise, but how will we get to Hogwarts without being apprehended by Snape or Dumbledore.”

“Easy,” remarked Harry, once again revealing his dracolisk body, his serpentine eyes locked forward, “we walk up to the front door and besides,” he looked over his shoulder at Remus, “let's say I've got two bodyguards waiting for us.”

With Harry leading the way, everyone travelled back through the darkened tunnel and out onto the grassland near the Whomping Willow, the cool night sky brushing against Harry's pale skin and almost swirling around his black scaled body. As soon as they emerged from the tunnel, Godric and Salazar ran forward and began nuzzling themselves against their master, Harry stroking each of them and checking that they were all right.

However, as they began to walk to the front entrance of Hogwarts, Harry heard Hermione cry out, “Harry, we've got a problem!”

Wheeling round, Harry caught her pointing to a small band of dark clouds that began to part and reveal the whitened orb that was the full moon.

As soon as Harry saw it, he heard frantic gasping and Sirius speaking, “Remus, have you taken your potion tonight? You know who you are Remus; this heart is who you are; this heart is you; this flesh is merely flesh.” As everyone watched, Remus began to whine and growl as Sirius begged them to run, but Harry was frozen, Ron was injured and Hermione was scared.

The Tri-Lord's attention was distracted by someone else: Wormtail was reaching for a dropped wand, a gleam in his traitorous eyes. Thinking quickly, Harry pointed his wand and cried, “Expelliarmus!”

The wand went flying from Wormtail's hands, but as everyone looked, Peter Pettigrew began to change and run away, his body lost in the long grass. Giving chase, Harry was pulled back by Hermione as Lupin looked upon them, his body echoing a loud array of cracks and strains, his body convulsing and his screams becoming feral. His body began to grow black hair and he looked upon the trio with dark, cold, leering eyes. Stepping forward, Harry held out his hands, Godric and Salazar's growls almost at war with Lupin's new tone of threat.

“Professor?” asked Harry, keeping both hands out in front, his body a tempest of emotion as he stared at the werewolf before him, “Moony? Are you in there?”

Suddenly Remus let out a long, mournful howl and crouched on all fours, his lupine body now in complete control: he didn't see Harry Potter, or Lord Evans, Lupin saw a tasty morsel.

Harry, looking back to Hermione and then to Ron, looked back at Lupin and stood firm, all fear gone from his eyes, but not from his mind as the werewolf raised up, slashing one of its hands across Harry's chest, knocking him back, a bleeding scar forming on his shoulder, black blood oozing from the wound.

//Black?// thought Harry weakly, but then snapped back to attention as Lupin raised his arm again to finish the job, but was stopped by a streak of black and two beams of blue and violet magic. Through the pain he was feeling, Harry saw Sirius, in his Animagus form, and Godric and Salazar, their bodies shooting their elemental energy, tackle the werewolf and chase Remus into the undergrowth.

“Sirius! Godric! Salazar!” gasped Harry as he gave chase, Hermione and Ron crying for him to wait. Tearing through the undergrowth, Harry heard a whine and a yelp of pain; a yelp he knew to come from Godric, “No!” he yelled, but his fears were confirmed when he emerged into a clearing and found his loyal familiar bleeding profusely, most of his fine white coat torn away, the flesh underneath was massacred and mutilated.

At the sound of approaching footsteps, Godric looked up and gave a content whine at the sight of Harry emerging; kneeling down, Harry placed his hands on his loyal wolf's head, his eyes trying not to cry, “you saved me,” he whispered, “thank you Godric; I will always remember you.”

Then, as Harry spoke the words, his mind opened again and a spell seemed to flash before his eyes; pulling out his wand, Harry stood up and pointed at his familiar; but, as his lips began to move, Harry felt Godric's mind link with his own and, at the same time, the young wolf whined in a tone that opposed what Harry was to do.

Leaning down, Harry asked, "don't you want me to save you?"

The Arctic wolf nuzzled Harry's arm.

"You want me to...let you die?"

Godric licked his master weakly; that meant yes.

"But I don't want to lose you; I care about you Godric; you've protected me on so many occasions, you're my best friend."

The wolf seemed to understand as he once again rubbed his weakened body against Harry, but the Tri-Lord was too busy trying not to cry as he watched the life drain from his friend. Godric gave Harry's hand one last weakened lick before the wolf closed its eyes and left the land of the living.

Harry stayed by his loyal familiars side as he let the sound of the night fill his ears. He looked up all of a sudden as he heard the long grass rustling and Salazar emerge, his front left paw limping, but his eyes were focused on his master and his former kin. Reaching out with a shaking hand, Harry smiled and patted Salazar's neck, his eyes now failing to hold back the tears.

"At least you're ok," he smiled, "I'm sorry boy, I couldn't save him; I tried, but he told me not to." Salazar howled all of a sudden and, as Harry watched, he saw his Grey Wolf familiar begin to glow, before Godric's dead body glowed with a dim light. As Harry watched, Salazar began to absorb energy from Godric, but, in the midst of the golden/violet transfer, Harry saw a familiar pair of blue eyes almost show themselves in the stream and he understood: Salazar was absorbing Godric's spirit so that the twin wolves would always stand by the young Tri-Lord.

Standing again, Harry looked out across the dark night, his Darkvision showing him the undergrowth and, in the far distance, the limping body of Sirius heading for the lake, the crouched body of Professor Lupin's werewolf form seemingly making its way towards the Forbidden Forest.

//What happened?// he wondered as Harry, with Salazar by his side, raced towards Sirius, completely unaware of a strange and all too familiar cold suddenly sweeping through the undergrowth.

G.S.R.H

Harry saw Sirius slumped by the lakeside, his body weakened by his apparent brawl with the werewolf, a weakness Harry understood as he looked at his own scar, the black blood now healed, but the scar still remained. Kneeling by Sirius, Harry looked at the body of his godfather, his eyes watching for any sign of life.

“Sirius?” he asked, shaking Padfoot's body, “Sirius!”

With an almost defeated sigh, Harry looked out across the lake and it was then he saw it: a thin layer of frost was covering the lake and heading for Harry. At the same time, the Tri-Lord noticed that Salazar had started growling and a familiar cold suddenly filled Harry's body; looking to the sky, he let out a whisper of fear and defeat, “no.”

At least a hundred Dementors were swirling in the air, every one of them circling Harry and Sirius like a hawk circling its prey. Harry almost leapt to his feet, his hand revealing his wand as he pointed to the sky, his mind focused on the thoughts that Sirius was innocent and the memory of Godric.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!”

The white surge of energy flew from his wand as the Dementors began to swoop down, their rattling breaths drawing all the happiness out of Harry, but the Tri-Lord would not be defeated.

//I'm going to be free; free of the Dursleys, of my changes, of everything. I will finally understand my destiny!// he thought frantically as he called out more Patronus energy, the white veil finally sending the Dementors away, but not completely repelling their advancements.

Just as Harry was concentrating on his image, he felt incredible pain as one of the Dementors practically ripped the happiness from his body, but as the feeling left him; two strange things happened: first, Harry felt his body burn and scald with some unknown feeling – this feeling then granting Harry a burst of energy as his body began to shut down. Secondly, Harry heard a strange voice on the wind, a voice that yelled something unidentifiable and began to send each Dementor flying away.

Once he was sure the coast was clear, Harry looked out across the lake and saw something that made him curious: a strange shape was walking back to the other side of the lake, before Harry noticed a second figure look him dead in the eyes.

As Harry fell into unconsciousness, his mind echoed one questioning thought, //Dad...//

G.S.R.H

Harry awoke to find himself comfortable and warm, his body was weakened, but not fatal and his scarred shoulder was bandaged, a series of black stains lining the cloth. As Harry's body finally accepted he was awake, the Tri-Lord spoke, "it was my Dad."

"What did you say?" asked a familiar voice and Harry looked to his left, looking into the eyes of Hermione, her own eyes showing she'd been crying and that she was somehow pleased to see him.

"Where are we?" he asked weakly, forcing himself to sit up.

"In the Hospital Wing; the real one this time," laughed Hermione, "I cast the Restrictum charm on your body so that no-one would see the scales; I told you I'd protect your secret."

Kissing her, Harry asked, "where's Sirius? Did he get away?"

"Harry," Hermione looked doubtful, "Sirius has been captured; the Dementors are going to perform the Kiss any moment now."

"So he's going to die?" asked Harry incredulously.

"No," both Harry and Hermione looked to the door and saw Professor Dumbledore enter, his eyes mournful as he looked at Harry. Stopping a ways from Harry, Dumbledore gave a curt bow and asked, "how are you Lord Evans?"

"You know?" asked Harry, his body too weak to be angry with the headmaster, "since when?"

"Since you were born," replied Dumbledore, "Harry I owe you an apology for all the hatred you may be feeling against me; I would have told you the truth, but you never would have believed me."

"Let's deal with that later," Harry remarked, "what did you mean that Sirius wasn't going to die?"

"I mean," Dumbledore shared a look with Hermione, "with...more time...he can be saved. Maybe with...three times...the amount of help; an innocent man can be saved. Maybe with luck...two lives can be saved tonight. You remember what to do Miss Granger?"

"Yes Professor," replied Hermione.

"Then if you come with me to my office; we can start this little rescue."

G.S.R.H

Harry and Hermione followed Professor Dumbledore to his office and it was there Hermione turned to Harry and asked, "you trust me, so can I trust you?"

"Yes," replied Harry, his mind reeling with the fact this was the time; the time he would reveal the truth, "why do you ask?"

Hermione reached into the pocket of her robes and pulled out a small hourglass on a chain, tying it around Harry's neck, she twisted it, once...twice...three times before the world around them began to blur before Hermione tucked the chain away and asked, "where were we three hours ago?"

"Heading down to Hagrid's," Harry replied but, as he looked around, a sense of realisation hit him and he knew what had happened.

"Hermione, have we gone back in time?" he asked, following behind.

"Yes," she replied, "now come on, we can't be seen."

As Harry followed, he realised that he had been given a second chance to prove Sirius' innocence and he wasn't going to waste it. While Hermione saw the three of themselves in the hut with Hagrid, Harry pulled out his wand and put his plan into action.

G.S.R.H

"Harry, we have a chance to save Buckbeak," Hermione explained, "but you're the only one he trusts so can you do it?"

"Of course," remarked Harry, tucking his wand away.

Standing in front of the tethered form of the Hippogriff, Harry gave a bow and Buckbeak responded in turn. Casually, and silently, approaching the chain, Harry flared his right hand and slashed through the chain, his claws slicing through the metal like a knife through butter.

As Harry led Buckbeak towards where Hermione was waiting, he quickly cast a second spell and ensured that Hagrid wouldn't be punished nor that Buckbeak would be executed.

//I thank Tom for this inspiration,// he thought as he followed Hermione towards the forest, both of them watching as their past-selves disappeared and, as Harry watched, he knew that the time was right.

"Hermione," he said, causing her to look at him.

"Yes," she said, her eyes looking at the Tri-Lord with confusion.

"There's something I haven't told you," then, in short sentences, Harry told Hermione everything: his plan to get under Dumbledore's skin,



how he'd manipulated Hermione into siding with him, how he'd peeked at her memories and then, just as he saw her look upon him in shock, he added, "you may hate me Hermione and I don't blame you if you do, but I want you to know that, even though it started out false, my feelings for you have become real. Hermione, from the bottom of my dracolisk heart, I can honestly look upon you and say that I love you Hermione Granger."

SMACK!

Harry went flying as Hermione stood over him, her eyes filled with tears, "you used me to get to Dumbledore? I was just another pawn in your plan? Is that what you're telling me Harry Potter?"

"I'm saying that," Harry admitted, not wanting to dodge as Hermione hit him again, "but I am also saying that I have developed true feelings for you Hermione; I do love you and I want us to be friends, in more ways than one, but I can understand if you..." he was cut off as Hermione pounced on top of him and kissed him passionately, her eyes streaming tears as she wrapped her arms around Harry's shoulders, the Tri-Lord feeling both confused and slightly pleased.

"I'm not saying I forgive you," Hermione told him when they parted, "but I do love you Harry; and I will stay by your side."

"In that case," Harry brushed dirt off his back as he asked, "will you do something for me? I'm afraid that Ron is going to betray me and side with the old fool; if that happens, I need to be sure that you are with me; will you please stand by my side Hermione?"

"I need some time to think about it," Hermione remarked.

Harry accepted that answer as they saw their past selves emerge from under the Whomping Willow; before they all saw Lupin change, Pettigrew escape and Harry give chase. As Harry watched his past-self stop again he said, "you notice me kneeling there?"

"Yes," replied Hermione, "what's wrong?"

“Godric died,” Harry explained, “he gave his life in protecting me and...any minute now,” he pointed to the clearing, “there's Salazar absorbing his spirit, making sure the two of them are with me forever.”

Hermione hugged Harry as he watched his past destroyed again, but this time, he knew the future would be different.

His attention was distracted as he heard Hermione howl all of a sudden and he put two and two together as he saw Lupin head for the forest; it was a past – or future – self that had saved Sirius.

//Now for the moment of truth,// he remarked.

With Hermione behind him, Harry raced for the edge of the lake, hiding behind a large tree, just as he heard his past-self cry out the Patronus Charm. Watching with hope, Harry nodded; he would come, just like before.

“Harry,” Hermione nodded to the lake, “I don't know hoe you survived last time, but I'm sorry; there's no-one coming.”

“There is,” Harry suddenly stood up, his mind now focused solely on his love for Hermione as he pointed his wand to the air and commanded, “EXPECTO PATRONUM!”

This time, when the white energy flew from his wand, Harry saw it take shape and charge across the lake, its white, spectral body slamming into Dementors like a battering ram as Past-Harry began to feel faint and collapse.

As Harry watched, the white figure walked back to him and lowered its head; Harry then saw the figure for what it was; a white stag with a proud head of spectral antlers; no wonder he thought he'd seen his dad.

“Prongs,” he whispered, then laughed when he re-joined Hermione, “talk about the heart of a Marauder.”

As Harry and Hermione flew up to where Sirius was being kept, Harry smiled and explained, "maybe we should leave history as it is Hermione; let's go to Dumbledore's office."

Hermione was about to open her mouth to argue when she saw Harry look over his shoulder, his eyes twinkling with secrecy. //What has he done?// she thought, but it wasn't with anger, rather with curiosity.

Harry and Hermione landed outside Hogwarts, Buckbeak squawking with happiness as they landed. Racing up to Dumbledore's office, Harry and Hermione saw their headmaster emerge from the office and look them in the eye.

They both thought he would yell at them; Hermione especially since she knew the consequences of messing with time, but the headmaster smiled and nodded, "you did it Harry; just as I knew you would. You're five minutes later than when you left, but I've just been talking with a very interesting person; someone who would like to see you. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go and alert the Minister of Magic that Hagrid was wrongfully accused and that Buckbeak is free."

As he left, Hermione looked to Harry before they both raced into Dumbledore's office and Harry smiled as he saw a now smartly-dressed Sirius Black sitting in one of the leather chairs, a smile of gratitude on his worn, tired face. "Harry," he smiled, "Hermione, thank you very much."

With her mouth agape, Hermione nodded and said, "it's Harry you should be thanking Sirius: I don't know what he did or how he did it, but you're free."

Harry, like the kid he felt he was, ran into Sirius' arms and hugged him tight, before he turned to Hermione and said, "tell me Hermione; have you ever heard of the Doppelganger spell?"

"You mean Falector Animatus?" asked Hermione, but when she saw Harry nodding, she figured it out.

"Yes," replied Harry, "I did do what you think I did: Hagrid's window was casting a reflection and I used that to create a duplicate

Scabbers, before I changed him back into Pettigrew and sent him to Dumbledore, mumbling over and over about how he'd betrayed them. How it was his fault; how Sirius Black, his long time friend and Marauder, was innocent."

"But how did you manage that?" asked Sirius.

Harry twirled his wand in a sly gesture, "it's easy to someone with Fueraco abilities. The spell I used was Fuerantos Deltrius. It forces the victim to continuously babble about that which they fear most. In Wormtail's case, it was the fact he'd betrayed Mum and Dad and set you up to take the fall."

Hermione stepped close to Harry and, just as he thought he was going to get another smack, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him close, before they shared a very intense kiss, Harry pulling away and asking, "am I forgiven?"

She nodded to him as Harry shared a sly, crafty wink with Sirius, "sounds like something you would have done back in the day?"

"Yes Harry," replied Sirius, "I know that, if he were here, your father would be proud of you, but for now, I am proud of you. As such, I was wondering if you would like to spend the summer at my home in London; save you from those Muggles."

"I would be delighted Sirius," replied Harry as Hermione stroked his scarred shoulder.

//I accept who I am,// he thought, //now I just need to learn to accept my destiny. I am Harry Vileous Drékul James Potter; Tri-Lord and Lord of the Fueraco; the path to my destiny starts now!//

Closing notes: And that's the Prisoner of Azkaban section of Draconis Nocturnia completed. Now the real adventure begins as Harry faces a destiny and a path he should never have known. He is to learn more about his inner creature and how it will change his future. From here on in; expect occasional Dark-Harry references; namely in attitude and spell usage. And Yes: Harry WILL still be the fourth Champion.

Also, I have decided to put Harry's complete path of destiny in this story, so the fanfic will also feature GOF, OOTP as well as the Horcruxes from DH. After OOTP however, it will be AU.

Following Chapter: Grimmauld Place, What is the Draconis Nocturnia? The Romanian Estate, the Tri-Lord meets some unknown allies; the band is broken, Harry sheds his skin again and Hermione makes her choice.

Chapter 15: The Tri-Lord is invited to the Quidditch World Cup, Visions of Voldemort and, with one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side.

Chapter 16: Aftermath of the Quidditch World Cup and Varnya Alley (OC). Also, Harry gains a new friend to stand by the side of the broken band member: a VAMPIRE!

A/N

## OC SPELLS

Fuerantos Deltrius: (Fueraco Magic) Forces the victim to babble about his worst secret.

Naturas Finite: Reveals anyone hidden by a disguise, Polyjuice Potion or Animagus.

Pesante is taken from Spells and Creatures

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry's side.

70 REVIEWS: THANK YOU EVERYONE. I WOULD LIKE TO REACH 100 IF POSSIBLE.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 14: Draconis Nocturnia

The rest of the year went by pretty quickly for Harry; from the news that Sirius was, officially, off the hook and cleared of his parents' murders, to the fact that Harry would never again have to set foot in the doorway of Number 4 Privet Drive made Harry feel like he was on top of the world. The only thing that brought his world back down again was Professor Lupin and his condition: Harry didn't see his Defence Against Dark Arts professor until the last day of term and, when he met him, Harry made it known about him in full.

Stepping up behind his professor and newest of friends, Harry went to knock, Salazar at his heels, but Lupin smiled as he said, "hello Harry; I saw you both coming," he pointed to an open parchment on his desk and Harry's eyes widened in surprise as he saw a map lined with squiggles and markings: it was the Marauder's Map, or at least a copy of it. Turning to Harry, Lupin smiled and asked, "did you honestly think that the Marauders didn't create copies of our legendary map? It was originally your father's idea; he was the leader after all." Lupin turned and flicked his wand at a case, which began to pack itself as he leaned in close and added, "by the way, I've felt worse."

Harry sighed and opened his robes, revealing the scar on his shoulder, which had healed and no longer seeped blood, but was still a near 4 inch gash across his collarbone. Looking to his newest friend, Harry spoke up, "I tried speaking to Kathrakh about my healing powers, but, despite even my Fueraco magic, there's no way to heal it; it's almost as if I was meant to be marked with more than one scar."

Lupin looked guiltily at Harry and then to Salazar, "I owe you a great debt Harry; and an eternal apology. I know that Godric can never be brought back and that there is no pain greater than enduring a scar like this one, so I'll simply say that, if you should ever need me; call and I will Apparate faster than a speeding bullet, you have my word."

Harry sat in a chair as Lupin continued packing his supplies and textbooks, "you've been sacked?" he asked, finally deciding to speak up, "why?"

“Actually I resigned,” Lupin admitted, “somehow word got out that I was a werewolf and I felt it safer for me to, as the Muggles would say, hit the road. Don't worry Harry,” he added with a calm smile, “it's not your fault; after all, Wormtail's in Azkaban and Sirius is free thanks to you. I'm sure that your father would be proud of you and, as such, my offer of a roof over your head is still open, if you want it?”

“Actually I'll be staying with Sirius,” Harry explained, “and besides that, this summer gives me a chance to know more about who I am. Kathrakh says he's going to take me to the Fueraco Estate in Romania, so I'll be pretty busy...not only that, but I don't know if you heard; I'll be with friends and...Ahem...acquaintances.”

“If you mean Hermione, all I can say is she's a lucky girl to have you as her boyfriend; you'll be the envy of every boy and girl next year. I have no doubt about that; nor that we will meet again Harry, in the not too distant future,” he turned and smiled at Harry as he explained, “I've added you to the Allowance Decree for Vault 1918, the vault that the Marauders made our Complex. Anything you can't find in your complex, you will possibly find in ours. Until then,” he pointed to the Marauder's Map, “Mischief Managed.”

The map folded away, leaving nothing but the names of its four creators.

G.S.R.H

The journey back to Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  wasn't as uneventful as normal; first of all Harry was confronted by Malfoy with regards to, as he put it, “that vicious beast getting off the hook,” and how, “that oaf won't be so lucky next time,” which almost caused Harry to do that which he had dreamed of all year; using his dracolisk instincts on Malfoy and turning him to stone.

Seating themselves in a compartment, Hermione and Harry sat together, Hermione resting her head on Harry's dracolisk shoulder; needless to say, when the school had discovered Harry's secret, he had been less than welcomed by most of them, his eyes catching a smug look on Ron's face and Harry knew what had happened: Ron

had told his secret, possibly under the assumption that Harry didn't tell Hermione his secret about her.

Salazar had taken to sleeping at Harry's feet, but, as the train took off from Hogsmeade Station, the Grey Wolf was awake and alert as Harry was less than relaxed. Hermione must have picked up on this too as she asked, "What's bothering you Harry?"

"Weasley," answered Harry, "and by that I mean Ron; how could he do it Hermione? How could he break my trust and reveal my secret? He was bound to me in fealty and under an Oath Spell, which wouldn't have allowed him to speak a word against me."

"Ron is a foul little prat who doesn't know where his loyalties lie," Hermione answered, her hand stroking Harry's chest as the Tri-Lord thought more on this treachery, but his thoughts were made flesh when, about a quarter of the way into the journey, the door to their compartment opened and Ron stepped in, Neville and Ginny accompanying him, the Weasley male looking at Harry with venomous intent.

"So, here you are," he hissed, "I should have guessed you'd be here with her; did you tell her yet?"

Hermione almost leaped from her seat in anger and pointed her wand at Ron's neck, "you are nothing but foul Ronald Weasley; I thought you were Harry's friend, but you stab him in the back. And, for your information, Harry told me everything and I accept him and love him for who he is. He is a Lord of Ancient Magic and the head of three families; Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans is a real example of courage and heart, unlike you Weasley."

Ron was dumbstruck as he tried to speak, "b...but he lied to you H...Hermione, doesn't that mean anything?"

"It does," replied Hermione, "but Harry has a true heart and it doesn't bother me that he lied. He could have told me and then wiped my memory, but he didn't. You know what he did Ron, he kissed me, and I mean really kissed me; he is a teen of truth and power and I will stand by him to the end."



Harry took this news to heart as he asked, "does that mean you made your choice?"

Hermione turned and kissed him passionately, "does that answer your question?" she grinned when they had parted.

Looking to Ron, she added, "now you know the truth Ronald, you have to ask yourself: who do you stand with?"

Ron was about to answer when he saw Ginny and Neville seat themselves either side of Harry and Hermione; with his voice still hesitant, Ron answered, "I stand with Dumbledore; I'd rather stand with him and win than be with a freak like Harry and be dragged through shit like some kind of skivvy."

"If that is your choice," sighed Harry, before he pointed his wand and commanded, "Depulso!"

Ron's body flew from the compartment and crashed into the wall as Harry stood in the doorway; spitting blood, Ron laughed, "now you're in trouble Harry. I expect Fudge will probably send you and that psychopathic godfather of yours back to Azkaban for this." he folded his arms smugly, but, after a few minutes, his face paled and he asked, "Where's the owl saying you're suspended?"

"It isn't coming," replied Harry, "or did I forget to tell you that my lordship came with the removal of The Trace? So, unless you want to spend summer as Salazar's chew toy, I suggest you get your red-headed, pimply-faced, weak magic-casting ass out of my sight."

Ron stood and brushed himself down, before he nodded to Ginny and said, "Come on Ginny!"

"No," replied the youngest Weasley, "I stand with Harry to the end, unlike some of the friends I know: I didn't tell you Harry that Ron didn't swear with a real wand; it was one of Fred and George's silly fake wands, so that's how he escaped punishment, but I stand with you and Hermione to the end."

“Me too!” added Neville, “We serve you Harry, as your friends and allies. We won't abandon your trust or your destiny; we stay with you to the end.”

Marching away, Ron cast one lasting look at the Tri-Lord and mouthed a threatening statement:

This...isn't...over!

After he had gone, Harry turned to Neville and Ginny and asked them, “are you both sure of this?”

“Yes!” they chorused.

Looking to Hermione, who was calming Salazar with a few treats, Harry sighed and told them, “then there's another thing I need you to do for me...”

After binding Neville and Ginny with the same spell he'd used on Hermione, Harry asked for some time alone with his new girlfriend and, after the two had left, he turned and kissed Hermione, his eyes closed as he savored the moment, his heart racing and his emotions heightened.

When they parted, Hermione looked to the Tri-Lord and asked, “Did you tell Sirius the truth?”

“What about?” asked Harry, his arm around her shoulders.

“That, with your inheritance and changes, you are now officially an adult.”

Harry looked to the window as he sighed, “when I tried to explain this, he hit me with the promise he'd made to Mum and Dad; he said, and I quote, ‘adult or not, you are still my godson and my responsibility. Lily and James would have my head if they found out I let you go back to those pathetic Muggles.’ Of course,” he added, “I did explain that I would be sending Hedwig to Privet Drive with a message saying I would never again set foot in that house. I imagine that they're pretty

cheesed off with me as it is now that they're no longer receiving payments from the old man."

"Do you trust him again?" asked Hermione, but she flinched when Harry looked her dead in the eye, his crimson serpentine eyes almost flaring with anger.

"I will never trust that thieving bastard as long as I live; I will, now and forever, hate Albus Dumbledore for what he has done to me. I have agreed to stay at Hogwarts until I decide to leave, another of the perks to being an adult, but until then, I still won't trust him." Harry fell silent as Hermione leaned against his black-scaled shoulder, her mouth smiling and her eyes closed as she suddenly found herself sleeping next to her boyfriend, the rhythmic beat of Harry's heart soothing her.

Looking to Hermione, Harry looked ahead and stroked Salazar as the train continued its journey back to King's Cross.

G.S.R.H

When Harry and Hermione got off the train, Harry was surprised to see Kathrakh and Sirius stood there waiting for him, most of the witches and wizards giving the former Azkaban prisoner a wide berth, but, when Harry saw Ginny re-join the Weasleys, his happiness at seeing Sirius turned into anger as he saw Mrs. Weasley slap Ginny across the cheek, the youngest Weasley in tears.

Untying himself from Hermione's arm, Harry stormed over to Mrs. Weasley and stared her in the eyes, "what the hell was that for Mrs. Weasley?" he asked, his voice almost deep and thunderous.

Looking to Harry, and noticing the changes in him, Mrs. Weasley replied, "So it's true! Ron told me everything Harry and I am ashamed in my own daughter siding with you instead of her family. I have always thought you a sweet boy Harry, but the way you treated Ron has made me see things differently; and as for that harlot," she nodded to Hermione, "she isn't worthy to be friends with any of my family."

“But Ginny’s family,” Harry retorted, his left hand holding back Salazar, “and she stands with me.”

Turning to her daughter, Mrs. Weasley seemed even angrier than Harry had known as she asked, “Is this true Ginny?”

“Yes,” replied Ginny, her cheek heavily bruised as she looked from her mother to Harry, “and I like Harry for who he is: he is the lord of three families and a very good friend. He saved Sirius from a grim fate, cleared his name and defeated over 100 Dementors; and what did Ickle-Ronniekins do? He sat on his fat ass and threatened to reveal Harry’s identity, which he did.”

Turning back to Harry, Mrs. Weasley asked, in a much calmer voice, “Why did Ron reveal your secret?”

Looking to Hermione and then back to Mrs. Weasley, Harry sighed and suggested, “If you would allow me about half an hour of your time Mrs. Weasley, I will explain everything.”

Seeing the honesty in Harry’s eyes, Mrs. Weasley smiled and nodded, “very well Harry; I will listen. Where shall we meet for this explanation?”

“Sirius’ house,” suggested Harry, “Number 12 Grimmauld Place; come some time tomorrow and you will have all the answers you seek; you have the word of a Tri-Lord and the pledge of the Fueraco. Until then,” he pulled out his wand and pointed it at Ginny, his voice low as he added, “Vestigia Restrorsum,” a flash of light flew from his wand and made contact with Ginny’s bruised cheek, healing it completely.

Turning to leave, Harry rejoined Sirius and Kathrakh as they left King’s Cross, Hermione giving Harry a light kiss on the cheek for his kindness.

“I didn’t do it for that,” he explained, “I did it to get under Ron’s skin; while he may be against me, the other Weasleys all have their own opinion and, after I explain everything to Mrs. Weasley, I have no doubt that they will side with me.”

//My boyfriend is such a genius,// thought Hermione as she and Harry traveled deep into London.

G.S.R.H

Number 12 Grimmauld Place was a Gryffindor's nightmare, but, as soon as Harry stepped through the front door, he felt comfortable within the confines of the large house. There were portraits of witches and wizards everywhere as well as a row of heads that Harry immediately recognized as belonging to House Elves and there was a long emerald green carpet stretching from the door to the back of the house, the carpet turning to silver and eventually black as it reached the top of the large house.

//It's bigger on the inside,// thought Harry as he was lead, by Sirius, to a large lounge with four leather chairs and a very furry rug that Salazar immediately claimed by lying down on it, his wolven growls becoming a whine of contentment as he stretched out in front of an empty fireplace.

Seating himself on one of the leather chairs, Harry snapped his fingers and watched as the fireplace flared into life, warmth spreading through his body as he relaxed himself, his eyes watching as Kathrakh and Hermione sat either side of him, Sirius on the chair opposite – the chairs had been moved to allows Harry comfort – before Harry turned to his immortal guardian and asked, “what are you doing here, by the way?”

“I am here to watch over you my lord,” replied Kathrakh, “and to continue my promise that I will aid in your transformation, the next of which should be pretty soon and the final of these sometime around July 31st.”

“My 14th birthday,” nodded Harry, “now why does that make sense?” Looking from Kathrakh to Sirius, Harry asked, “How do you feel Sirius?”

“Free,” sighed his godfather, “thanks to you Harry, and you as well Hermione. You two have made me a very happy man and I couldn’t be more proud of you Harry.”

“With that in mind,” Harry spoke up, “I will need to leave soon Sirius; I have my own house to look in on. I also have business in Diagon Alley and I believe I have some unfinished business with regards to my newfound lordship, isn’t that right Kathrakh?”

“It is young lord,” replied Kathrakh, “there is one large side to your inheritance that I have yet to grant you and it comes into regard with your ancestor and his bloodline.”

“Who, Drékul?”

“No my lord, I speak of Count Vileous; his bloodline is now your bloodline and lordship; as such, you have yet to meet those of the wizarding community who are loyal to him, or rather you.”

“Then I will see to this business soon,” promised Harry, “for now I think I would just like to relax and explore my new home. You say it is in Romania?”

“That is correct Lord Evans,” replied Kathrakh, “and, if you would like, Miss Granger and Mister Black may come with us as well.”

Hermione immediately agreed, but Sirius declined, suggesting, “you go and see this new place Harry; I will see to it that you have a meal fit for a king ready for your return.”

“Thanks Sirius,” smiled Harry, before he turned to the fireplace and, pointing his wand, commanded, “Florusta,” which caused the flames to rise, their orange light turning green as Harry stepped forward, his voice clear as he declared the name of his new residence.

“Dracul Manor!”

G.S.R.H

When Harry, Hermione, Kathrakh and Salazar emerged from the fireplace, Harry's jaw dropped in awe: they were stood in a grandly designed living room with many crested swords and portraits lining the walls; the whole room was decorated in navy colours, a chandelier of enchanted light illuminating the walls and casting shadows behind the Tri-Lord and his guests. Walking through two large doors into the hall, Harry saw the same shade of navy now lining the carpet, the walls of the hallway shaded in crimson and scarlet, even more torches of enchanted light lining the walls, as well as a portrait frame that was empty.

Stepping towards this frame, Harry looked on either side of the golden frame before he laid his hand on the canvas, sudden warmth running through his fingers. As Harry watched, the canvas changed until it displayed an image that matched the image of Harry and the Basilisk in the Fueraco Complex.

Walking down the hall, Harry looked up a winding oak staircase lined with more portraits and plaques, as well as crested items that ranged from swords to crystals and even cloaks and, Harry having to double check, a Golden Snitch. The staircase banister was decorated with demonic images of serpents and other reptilian creatures, the mouth of a dragon at the top and bottom of the banister. The house itself went up four floors and, Harry looking out of a window, stretched enough to house at least 300 to 500 people as he found at least 20 bedrooms, 13 bathrooms, a training hall, a potions lab that was as grand as the Complex, a chamber that was solely designed for Floo transport and even a dungeon underneath the manor, several chains and items of torture littered through the dark hall. There was also yet another grand library, but this one was solely focused on books Harry had never seen, not even in the Complex; this library was focused on the Fueraco as well as the dark arts.

Kathrakh led Harry up to the fourth floor then turned and instructed, "Speak your tongue my lord and your chamber will open."

For a short second Harry wondered what Kathrakh meant until he realised that there was something above him, almost another floor and, if Kathrakh had spoken that Harry should speak his tongue, then surely he meant Parseltongue.

Looking to the wall where they were stood, Harry calmed his mind before he hissed, Open.

The wall that they were looking at suddenly sprang to life as it seemed to melt before their eyes, revealing a room that was almost as large as the floor itself: there were three large wardrobes as well as a study desk and open window that led out to a balcony overlooking the garden of the manor. Harry also noticed a well designed shower and bathing area in a separate room as well as a king size bed that was decorated with serpentine and draconic images and craftsmanship. Sitting on the bed, Harry smiled as he realised, just like when he'd been back in Diagon Alley that all this was his to use and do with as he desired. Looking to Kathrakh, Harry gave his guardian a nod of approval before he looked to the balcony and stepped out towards the garden, his serpentine eyes taking in the grand sight before him.

The garden was as large as five of the Hogwarts Quidditch Pitches and filled with topiaries and an open meadow filled with flowers and trees making up what looked like Harry's own personal forest as well as a large labyrinth on the far east side of the garden. Looking back to the woodland, Harry allowed his dracolisk instincts to see beyond human levels and his eyes widened as he turned back and gasped, "This place is amazing, and its on the edge of the Carpathian Mountains; that puts us near the legendary castle of Vileous' descendant."

"That's right my lord," replied Kathrakh, "Castle Dracula, the home of Vileous heir, Count Dracula, lies around 60 to 80 miles from here and, just like this estate, is left to you my lord."

"I hope I never have to," Harry began, "but, in the unlikely event I take prisoners, then that is where I shall keep them. It will also act as a second guest house linked with this one, understood?"

"As you command Lord Evans," replied Kathrakh.

As Harry left the master bedroom, he turned to Kathrakh and asked, "How does this place stay so perfect?"



“How do you think?” asked Kathrakh, “there are a bunch of House Elves working here; every one of them loyal to their new master. The leader of their assembly is called Kira; shall I summon him, my lord?”

“Why can’t I?” asked Harry.

“Because this is your first visit to Dracul Manor, you have not been recognised as the new master of the house; with my command that will be so.”

Harry nodded with understanding as he said, “do it.”

Kathrakh raised his voice as he called, “Kira!”

There was a pop and a house elf stood before the trio; he was very different from Dobby as he was almost taller and had clothes! Or at least he was wearing a ragged top that bore the Crest of Vileous – the twin serpents linked to the black letter V – and he had pointed ears and kind blue eyes as well as almost muscled arms and hands that looked strong enough to lift great weights.

Kathrakh spoke to the creature, “Kira, I am here to present the new master of Dracul Manor,” he nodded to Harry, “this is Fueraco Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Potter, but you will address him as master or as Lord Evans, understood?”

“Kira understands,” replied the elf in an almost child-like voice, before he turned to Harry and bowed, “welcome Lord Evans, how can Kira serve you?”

Harry looked confused until Kathrakh whispered some instructions into the Tri-Lord’s ear. With a nod, Harry instructed, “just carry on with your regular duties and do not fail to serve me and my guests, understand?”

“Yes Lord Evans,” replied Kira before he vanished with a pop.

Once he was sure the house elf was out of earshot, Harry turned and asked, “Why did Kira look different to other house elves?”

“One of your ancestors my lord, attempted to improve a house elves capabilities and ended up making Kira stronger, taller and more obedient than most house elves. And, before you ask about the top, the house elves are free in this house, but, by their own dark past, they are bound to live in this house for all generations.”

//That makes sense,// thought Harry as he made his way back downstairs and back towards the lounge.

As Harry was about to re-open the Floo gateway, he decided to do some more in-depth research to his inherited DNA. Heading back up to the first floor of the estate, Harry made for the library and began to search the shelves. As he looked, Harry began to feel a familiar itching in his spine and shoulders; rubbing them softly, Harry was surprised when he pulled his hand away and found scales slowly drifting to the floor.

With a resigned sigh, Harry called, “Kathrakh, Salazar, Hermione, can you come and help me?” before he couldn’t hold it in. Summoning his claws, Harry began to feverishly scratch at the black scales, his voice screaming and the floor of the library becoming stained with black blood and black scales, the white strip that had lined his collar was peeling like banana skin and his black scales were chipping away like rock.

When Kathrakh reached the library, he gasped in shock as he found Harry knelt on the floor, his scaled body covered in scratch wounds and bleeding sores. A wide array of black and white scales were strewn around the floor and, as Hermione caught up with him and Salazar raced past and began nuzzling his master, Kathrakh could only gasp in shock.

//This is impossible,// he thought, //a dracolisk only sheds its skin twice and, looking at Lord Evans, I thought he had: the first was when his human form became red scales and the second was when red became black, but three times? Could it be that I was wrong? Could it be that Lord Evans isn’t a dracolisk, but something...more?//

Looking to Hermione and Salazar, who were both helping Harry to his feet, most of the wounds still seeping blood, Kathrakh shook his head in disbelief, //and that's another thing: dracolisk blood isn't black, it's red like humans. What is the Lord becoming?//

Looking to Kathrakh, Harry asked, "Tell me honestly, how do I look?"

"Still handsome," remarked Hermione, before she pointed to a mirror near the door of the library, "See for yourself."

Harry staggered through the aftermath of the pain and stared upon his body, another gasp of awe and wonder escaping him. His body, from his neck to his feet, was covered in scales that were deep cobalt blue, their almost sparkling sheen glistening in the light of the torches in the library; Harry also noticed his hair had changed again as the blue streaks had been replaced with deep scarlet streaks, his crimson eyes making him complete and, as he opened his mouth, Harry saw his fangs and forked tongue lining his jaws. His face itself was pale skin and the palms of his hands were almost as pale.

Turning to Hermione, Harry smiled and asked, "This is handsome? I think you need..." he was about to finish when he noticed his back. Where his spikes had been was now a long streak of white scales running from his neck to his waistline and there, folded against his back were two darker blue silhouettes. Harry looked as he fanned the appendages and gasped as he realised what they were.

"Hermione," he whispered, "I've grown wings!"

"I know," she smiled in reply, "and you look handsome with them and without; not to mention you look more powerful than ever."

"I know," replied Harry, "I feel it."

Closing notes: Harry is fully changed, but he still has one more change to undergo, find out what that is soon.

Also, for those who wonder why Sirius believed Harry needed saving it was because he didn't know about Harry becoming an adult and, as for why Ron "betrayed" Harry, it is because he didn't go with Harry

and Hermione back in time, so he didn't know that Harry had told Hermione the truth.

Following Chapter: What is the Draconis Nocturnia? The Tri-Lord meets some unknown allies; The Tri-Lord is invited to the Quidditch World Cup, Visions of Voldemort.

Chapter 16: Aftermath of the Quidditch World Cup and Varnya Alley (OC). Also, Harry gains a new friend to stand by the side of the broken band member: a VAMPIRE!

Chapter 17: With one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side. Also Alastor Moody; The Tri-Wizard Tournament is announced and Harry shows his new ally around the COS.

A/N

## OC SPELLS

Vestigia Restrorsum is taken from Spells and Creatures

Florusta: Creates a Floo Portal without Floo Powder.

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry's side.

THANK YOU EVERYONE AS I AM ALMOST AT MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 15: The Trinity Lord

Back in the lounge, Harry sighed with wonder as he fanned and folded his wings, his eyes calm despite the aches that troubled his shoulders and his skeleton, his mind asking one question; now that he was changed physically, what else was there about him that needed to change? Was it something to do with these followers Kathrakh had told him about?

//Technically that's two questions,// thought Harry with a smile as he heard the door to the lounge open and someone sit in the leather chair to his left.

Opening his eyes, Harry saw Kathrakh sat there, a look of triumph and discovery in his eyes.

"Kathrakh, what is it?" asked Harry as he leaned forward, his eyes taking in the leather-bound tome in Kathrakh's hands; tilting the book up slightly, Harry read the cover, "The Darkness of Ancient Dragonology by A.M Darkus; hey that's the same author who wrote Legends of the Mystic World," he noticed, his eyes narrowed in curiosity, "why have you brought that down?"

"I saw you shedding your skin," explained Kathrakh, "but a dracolisk only sheds his skin twice and you shed yours the first time when you went from human to red scales and the second was when you went from red to black. So I did some research and have found this," he tapped the book and turned it so Harry could see the page.

"The Draconis Nocturnia," read Harry, "what is that?"

"Draconis means Dragon Lord or Dragon Master," explained Kathrakh, "and Nocturnia means Of the Night or Of the Shadows, so put them together and you get Night/Shadow Dragon Lord. In other words, the Lord of Dragons and Shadows. However, Draconis also means Reptile Lord the same as dracolisk or Fueraco. So, judging from what I've read in this book, I believe you to be the last of this rare kind: the last Draconis Nocturnia; the last Lord of Reptiles and Shadows as well as a lord of Ancient Fire Magic and the Lord of your

family; almost like the Tri-Lord is literally a Tri-Lord, or to be more precise, a Trinity Lord.”

Harry looked from Kathrakh to the book in his hands as he asked, “And why wouldn’t the Complex Library hold this information?”

“This is a book about creatures who are pure darkness my lord; the Ministry banned all copies of it from the UK, so its likely that Count Vileous or one of his descendants kept one of these aside for such a case. Perhaps, when Vileous found out about Drékul’s blood curse, he believed that such a dark creature would be one of his genetic successors.”

“That reminds me,” Harry suddenly cut in, “I found a letter from my Mum and it told me the real truth Kathrakh, so why didn’t you?”

“What truth would that be my lord?” asked Kathrakh, trying to hide his fear, but Harry could taste it.

“That Vileous was the one who craved power and that Drékul’s dark behaviour was because he wanted to find a way out of this power? Or how about the fact that Vileous tricked the council into trapping Drékul and that it was in fact Vileous who cast the Bloodline Curse on Drékul and, through forceful magic, the Dark Lord Drékul absorbed the power? Why didn’t you tell me?” Harry’s anger was off the scale as he tried to keep his cool, the flames of the lounge fireplace rising ferociously with the Tri-Lord’s emotions.

“I was told the truth that I told you my lord; I had no idea of the real truth, I hope you can forgive me,” Kathrakh lay the book aside and knelt before Harry, his eyes downcast and his body still as he awaited his punishment.

Harry was about to cast some sort of curse when he realised that Kathrakh was speaking the truth; calming himself again, Harry looked to the book and asked, “What does it say about me? About the Draconis Nocturnia?”

“Apparently,” answered Kathrakh, seating himself once again and looking back to the book, “someone born as a Draconis Nocturnia or

inherited in this case will become the same transformation as a random reptile, so in this case, it was a dracolisk. When the third shedding takes place, the being's wings will sprout and he will be stronger and faster than normal. Also, he will have an affinity with an elemental power, but that doesn't come for at least two months after the change."

"Well that's something to look forward to," remarked Harry as he looked down at his cobalt body.

"Afterwards," added Kathrakh, "other hidden skills will reveal themselves including...oh..." he trailed off and Harry looked over the head of the book, his eyes wide with shock.

"An affinity with the dark arts...are you saying that the chaos powers that the dracolisk held will still become real inside me?" he asked incredulously, "Are you telling me that, no matter what I do, I'm still destined to be a dark wizard?"

Kathrakh nodded with a dark expression, his eyes taking in the Tri-Lord's fury and disbelief; after all, no-one liked to hear that they were destined to be the Lord of Darkness.

"However," Kathrakh put in, his eyes brightening, "it says here that the powers of chaos won't appear until the time of maturity in the being's life, which, for a human such as you my lord, would be your 15th or 16th birthday; up to two years from now, so we have time to train your body against the darkness of your powers."

Harry smiled at the information before he looked to an ancient clock and spoke, "come on, we're meant to be back at Grimmauld Place before 7pm. Let's fetch Salazar and we'll head back."

"As you command Lord Evans," remarked Kathrakh, before he looked into Harry's eyes and asked, "By the way, my lord, will you be choosing a new familiar to replace Godric?"

"Not yet," answered Harry, his crimson eyes playing back the scene of Godric's death, "I owe his memory that much at least. No, for now I

am happy with Salazar by my side; I will create a new familiar when I am ready.”

As Kathrakh patted Harry on the shoulder, he saw the Tri-Lord's eyes almost dampen as the memory hit him hard, “I know my lord,” Kathrakh said in a low voice, “I miss him too.”

G.S.R.H

Harry awoke the next morning feeling refreshed and a lot stronger; his body was alive with energy and, as he fanned his wings, he felt himself almost leap into the air with an elation that he had never experienced before; maybe it was because he had spent the first night of his summer, for the first time, in a house that wasn't the Dursleys, or maybe it was because he was transformed and more powerful, or maybe it was something else; something he couldn't understand.

//Whatever it is,// thought Harry as he dressed in a set of dark clothes under a scarlet cloak, //I like it.//

When they'd returned to Grimmauld Place the night before, Sirius had presented, as promised, a meal fit for a king: a full roast meal complete with vegetables and dessert and, for the first time, Harry had gone to bed with an aching stomach and contented smile. Harry couldn't believe how well his godfather could cook, until he found out that it was the work of a loathsome house elf named Kreacher. Unlike Kira, Kreacher despised anyone who wasn't on the side of evil and made himself known by muttering curses under his breath; even doing the one thing that had caused Harry to wallop him so hard he had left a large bruise on the house elf's back – he'd called Hermione a Mudblood.

As Harry made an attempt to spike his hair and show his streaks, he noticed how he'd grown in the past year; last summer he was small and scrawny, but now he was tall and muscular, his cobalt scales shining in the morning light. He also noticed that his skin, as pale as it was, now held structure and poise; his biceps and triceps bulged with muscle, his neck and head was almost elf-like in appearance and his



body was slim, but strong, his scaled body was, as Hermione had noted, really, truly handsome.

As Harry was admiring his reflection, he heard a knock at the door of his room and, turning away from his reflection, he spoke up, "who is it?"

"Just me Harry," replied Sirius, "I came to tell you that Molly and the others will be here in about an hour. Also, Kathrakh has asked me to tell you that he would like you to meet him in Gringotts at 3 this afternoon."

"Thanks Sirius," replied Harry, his neck rotating his head as he tried to work the usual morning stiffness out of his body.

Walking to the window of the room, Harry threw open the curtains and looked out across the street, noticing how sunny it was and, through his serpentine tongue, Harry could swear that he could taste a storm on the air, a very fierce and thunderous storm.

As he turned from the window, Harry caught sight of another figure sleeping in his bed and, as if he'd been struck by lightning, Harry's face paled even further as blood drained from him; the figure in the bed was Hermione and Harry could only guess why he was feeling so good that morning.

//Oh,// he thought, //shit; I hope we didn't do what I think we did.//

He walked over to the bed and sat next to the sleeping Hermione, his eyes looking at her in calm love; he knew that she loved him, but surely he would remember if they did...that! Looking at Hermione, Harry leaned in and kissed her, causing her body to stir and look at the 13 year old Tri-Lord in happiness.

"Don't worry," she smiled, her voice sleepy, "we didn't do it...we just kissed."

Harry's sigh of relief could have been heard throughout the house as he smiled and explained, "Kathrakh wants to meet me this afternoon,

but this morning the Weasleys are coming here. Would you mind sitting in? Just to make sure I don't accidentally kill one of them?"

Hermione nodded sleepily before she drew Harry into a good-morning kiss.

"Harry," she suddenly said, "Is something wrong?"

"No," answered the Tri-Lord, "why do you ask?"

"Last night," Hermione explained, "you were moaning and screaming in your sleep; I had to cast an Obliviate with your own wand and then keep you company: was it a nightmare?"

Harry then noticed how his wand wasn't by his bed where he'd left it; instead it was tucked into the pocket of his black robes; remembering his studies in the Drékul Vault, Harry began walking over to his robes and pulled out his wand calming his mind, before he pointed his wand at his head and spoke, "Conscius Revealo." A silver stream of liquid suddenly linked his wand to his head as Harry pulled it from his temple; holding the thickened string aloft, Harry asked, "what did I dream about last night?"

The silver string suddenly began to hover in the air, before it started to spell out a word that made Harry's blood run cold.

V...O...L...D...E...M...O...R...T!

"Voldemort?" asked Hermione, "why would you dream about him?"

"I don't know," replied Harry, before he pointed his wand and commanded, "Obliviate Reveratus."

As the words left his lips, Harry clutched at his scar in pain (A/N: Yes he still has the scar...for now) before he looked to Hermione, her eyes wide with fear and her lip trembling, and explained, "I dreamt of a death: Voldemort is planning something; I think Wormtail is with him, but, in the dream, he tortured Wormtail and there was this other man...I don't know who he is, but he has been given a job, something to do with something called the Quidditch World Cup! Hermione," he

seemed to tremble as he added, "I hate to say it, but I think..." he gulped as he spoke the next words, "...I think Voldemort may be planning to come back!"

Hermione didn't reply as Harry massaged his pale head, the pain in his scar subsiding.

G.S.R.H

When the Weasleys turned up at Grimmauld Place, Harry was surprised to see all of them were there: Fred, George and Ginny were giving him a wary but friendly look, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were nodding politely to Sirius and smiling at Harry, Bill and Charlie, who Harry was surprised to see, were eyeing Grimmauld Place, almost as if they knew the place, before Charlie gave Harry a stunned and almost awed look as he noticed Harry's near draconic appearance.

//I should have expected this,// thought Harry, remembering how Ron had told him that Charlie studied dragons, not to mention how Charlie had helped them take Norbert away from the castle.

As Harry's eyes scanned the other way, he noticed Percy eyeing Harry with an almost sceptical expression, his usual school robes now replaced with a suit of black robes bearing the Ministry of Magic symbol. Finally Harry came to Ron and, as soon as the two sets of eyes met, Ron gave Harry a courteous nod, but once his parents weren't looking, he gave Harry a slow and very meaningful cut-throat gesture; clearly, this little rivalry wasn't over.

"Mr. Weasley, Mrs. Weasley, thank you for coming," Harry spoke in his most polite voice, despite the demons eating away at him, "if you will please come with me, I think Kreacher has set food and drink for us all and then we'll have a chance to talk," as everyone passed him, Harry caught Ginny's arm and asked, "what's wrong with your three brothers?" he pointed to Bill, Charlie and Percy.

"Percy just got a job at the Ministry," explained Ginny, "assistant to some big-shot named Barty Crouch; apparently he is as high up as Fudge, but when Percy found out that even Fudge stands aside for you, he went into a rage. As for Bill and Charlie, well they haven't

seen you for some time and I think Charlie's just surprised because you're well, close to a dragon in appearance."

Looking to the short, stocky Weasley, Harry snorted with laughter, "well, he tries to examine me and I'll make him eat dragon shit."

Ginny laughed as the two, with Hermione holding Harry's arm for support, joined everyone else in the kitchen.

Harry took a seat at the head of the table, Sirius on the left and Hermione on the right as everyone else took their seats; but just as Harry was about to speak, there was a silent knock at the door and Sirius got up to leave. Seconds later, everyone was surprised when Remus Lupin entered, looking worse for wear, but still obviously outraged at the treachery of Ron against Harry.

"Thank you for coming Remus," Mr. Weasley spoke up, "I know you can hereby speak for Harry and Ron, having being at Hogwarts last year."

"More like take his side," mumbled Ron, but fell silent as Mrs. Weasley gave him a cold venomous stare.

Remus sat between Harry and Sirius as the Tri-Lord finally spoke, "first off I would like to thank you all for coming today; I know that, in light of recent events, I am probably the last person you want to see. Before we begin, I would like it greatly, and to ensure there are no misunderstandings, if Mrs. Weasley could apologise to Hermione for her insult."

As Ron began to give Harry his cold stare, Mrs. Weasley gave her apology and said she was only upset because of what Ron told her; in truth she had no problems with Hermione and Ginny being friends.

"Excellent," remarked Harry, "now, I want to address the fact that, at the start of last September, a young Gryffindor, who shall not be named, swore to keep my secret, no matter what happened. Then, later in the year, said Gryffindor betrayed that trust and oath by revealing my secret about my changed appearance. All I'm going to ask is...why this Gryffindor did it?"

"Because you didn't tell her your secret about your relationship," Ron said icily.

"Actually, he did," replied Hermione, "and as I said, I love him for admitting it, instead of trying to ensure I forgot it, he kissed me and declared his love. So you have no real reason to have betrayed Harry."

Mrs. Weasley leaned to Harry and asked, "What does he mean the truth Harry?"

In short sentences, Harry explained everything and, after he was done, admitted, "It was all meant as some form of vengeance for what Hermione had done, but I couldn't hide my true feelings for her."

"Well I think it's generous of him to admit it," remarked Arthur Weasley, "as Hermione said, Harry could have wiped her memory, but he didn't he kissed her and confessed his love was real."

"Does no-one see the lie within the lie?" asked Ron incredulously, "Harry has turned my own sister against me and has gotten away with it and why? Because he's some sort of lord," he snorted as he looked at Harry venomously, "I will never stand with some freak of nature like him! Look at him would you: those wings, those fangs, those scales, Harry's not human and he's not nice; he is a cold, heartless freak of a bastard and he may as well be a Mudblood for all his..." he was cut off by Harry suddenly standing, his wand pointed across the table, Salazar growling under the table at Ron.

"What...did...you...call...me?" he asked, his voice deep and monstrous.

Ron gulped as he played his word back in his mind, before he smiled coldly and said, "I called you a Mudblood! You living with those Muggles and pretending you're some helpless orphan: you're only famous for surviving You-Know-Who! It was nothing more than a fluke: and I will be damned the day that I am friends with some weakling who can't even die right!"

Harry's fists were shaking as he held his wand in his hand; Ron was pushing it and he was asking for trouble; raising his wand, Harry commanded, "Arachni Sorta!"

As everyone watched, Ron began to scream in terror as 1000 spiders suddenly emerged from the end of Harry's wand and began to scuttle and crawl over Ron's skin. Pointing at the spiders, Harry then added, "Engorgio! Venorio!"

Ron's eyes went wide with terror as he saw the spiders grow to three times their size and then open their mouths, their fangs glistening with venom.

Just as Harry was about to call the final spell, Sirius stepped in, "Harry, calm down and call off the spiders: Ron, after you're free, apologise to Harry."

With a shrug, Harry lazily flicked his wand and spoke, "Finite Incantatem." The spiders disappeared in a puff of smoke and Ron fell back off his chair, his face white as marble and his heart pounding.

"Now," repeated Sirius, "apologise!"

"N...Never!" snarled Ron, "I h...hate Harry P...Potter forever!" and with that, Ron stood up and ran from the room, his face quickly going from frightened white to anger-driven red,

Looking to the Weasleys, Harry asked, "I suppose if he's not my friend then I'm no longer in your good books either?"

Percy didn't answer as he simply joined his brother outside; Fred and George shook their heads, adding that they were friends to the end with Harry and that they didn't think him a freak; Ginny said that she was already Harry's friend and Bill said that Harry didn't bother him no matter what he was. Charlie, on the other hand, stood up and went to Harry, before he held out his hand and shook Harry's saying that he would be there to help Harry with anything he didn't understand about his changes. Which just left Molly and Arthur, but both of them simply smiled and told Harry that he was welcome anytime and he was, as far as they were concerned, the same Harry

Potter they'd housed before the second year and that Ron was just acting like an idiot.

As Harry leaned back with a sigh, Mr. Weasley added, "That reminds me Harry; I have a spare ticket going for the Quidditch World Cup and was wondering if you'd like to come."

//The World Cup?// thought Harry, memories of his dream coming back; regardless of the fear inside, however, he simply smiled and replied, "I'd love to Mr. Weasley; can Hermione come?"

"We'll all go," replied Sirius, "Remus and I will pay for her ticket and we'll see you there."

With a nod, Harry checked his watch and then coughed politely, "Excuse me," he said calmly, "there's somewhere I need to be."

As he left the group, Remus turned to Sirius and nodded, "you were right Padfoot, he is more like James; keeps a cool head and leads by example."

"He has to be," Sirius explained, "if this year is going to be as dangerous as you say Moony."

G.S.R.H

Harry emerged from a Floo Portal into Gringotts and was immediately greeted by Kathrakh and Riklaus, both of them showing Harry to a private chamber that held no windows and no real form of light save for an enchanted light in a torch along the walls. Seating himself on a chair, Harry asked, "what was it you wanted Kathrakh?"

The immortal guardian bowed before he explained, "I am here to introduce you to the other who follow you my lord; first let me explain; as you are aware, Count Vileous led an army of vampires, but what you may not know was that he was also the source of two other clans of Nightbearers as they became known: the two clans were werewolves and demons. Now the demons, sad to say, were defeated and destroyed many years ago, but the werewolf and

vampire side of the Nightbearers still lives on. And that is why I have brought you here my lord; to meet the clan masters.”

Harry suddenly felt something very cold stand behind him; turning, the Tri-Lord came face to face with two wizards, both as tall as each other: one reminded Harry of Sirius as he was thin and almost menacing in appearance, but there was a kind air to this man. He was dressed in navy robes and held a sword at his belt, his eyes were as dark as night and his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow.

His companion, on the other hand, was tall and muscled; in fact, Harry thought he was looking at a future version of himself. This wizard was wearing silver-lined white robes and bore no sword or weapon of any kind, his eyes were as red as Harry’s and his hair was shoulder length and almost bronze in colour.

Kathrakh patted Harry on the shoulder as he spoke, “my lord, may I introduce Clan Master Ursus (the navy-robed man) and Clan Master Magnus; Master Ursus is a vampire and Master Magnus is a werewolf.”

The two bowed to Harry and Magnus spoke, “my lord, it is a great honour to be stood before the descendant of Lord Drékul once again,” his voice was almost thick, but kind as he addressed Harry.

Ursus spoke and Harry noticed a clichéd tone of the Eastern Lands, “Master, I promise that my kind will serve you until the end; we will die for you and we will honour your ancestors by protecting and serving your every command.”

“Wow,” gasped Harry, before he amended himself, “I am honoured to have your services; I hope that, when I need you, you will do as I command.”

“Yes Lord Evans!” bowed the two Nightbearers.

//I’m in charge of vampires and werewolves,// thought Harry, //this is going to be an interesting year.//

He had no idea how right he was...



Closing notes: So Ron is now gone from the band and Harry has new allies and soon-to-be new powers; but how will he cope with the challenges of the year? Find out soon.

Following Chapter: The World Cup: The Dark Mark: Aftermath of the Quidditch World Cup and Varnya Alley (OC). Also, Harry gains a new friend to stand by the side of the broken band member: a VAMPIRE!

Chapter 17: With one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side. Also Alastor Moody; The Tri-Wizard Tournament is announced and Harry shows his new ally around the COS.

Chapter 18: The Unforgivables: Durmstrang; Beauxbatons; Harry is chosen as champion and is given an “interesting” pep talk by Mad-Eye Moody.

A/N

## OC SPELLS

Venorio: Turns an animal's bite/scratch into a venomous attack

Arachni Sorta is taken from Spells and Creatures

Obliviate Reveratus: Reverses Obliviate

Conscius Revealo: Summons a stream of consciousness that will answer one question from the caster

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry's side.

THANK YOU EVERYONE AS I AM ALMOST AT MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 16: The Dark Mark

The day of the Quidditch World Cup arrived and Harry and Hermione were both happy and excited to be attending a famed event; not to mention the fact that it was, as the tickets said, the final of the World Cup, which meant that they were in for quite an adventure. Since meeting the Nightbearers, Harry had been introduced to many more of the loyal clans and, just like their masters, the clan members had shown Harry every ounce of respect he deserved.

When Harry and Hermione awoke side-by-side again, the Tri-Lord smiled as he thought about how the summer had changed him so far: the fact that Ron had disbanded from their trio of friendship was no big loss to the Tri-Lord, not to mention how it was that, despite the fact they were obviously worshippers of Dumbledore, the rest of the Weasley family, save for Percy, were with Harry all the way. There was also a fact that made Harry smile; against his wish, which he was partially glad for, Hermione continued to sleep by his side at night in case Voldemort should try and send Harry another warning dream about his return, but, despite their fears and Harry's worries there were no further dreams disturbing Harry's sleep.

Another way that the summer had changed him was in his power; with his 14th birthday approaching, Harry had felt his magical essence growing in strength both with spells and with wandless magic. However, there was no sign of any clues that would reveal what Harry would master as far as his Elemental Magic was concerned.

As Harry dressed in his favoured black robes and crimson cloak, he found himself suddenly worried: he had been told that there would be fans in their hundreds attending the final and that gave Harry a sense of worry; what if someone singled him out just because he wasn't human? Or worse, Harry's fists clenched tight as he thought on the alternative, what if that treacherous scumbag Weasley spilled the beans and told the world Harry's secret? It was hard enough just passing a wizard street without being praised as the Boy-Who-Lived without the world looking upon him as a monster and a rare thing.

//I could use the Restrictum spell,// he thought as he proceeded to spike his hair, //but Ron could try and reverse it; what I need is a spell that is immune to reversals and allows me to look and seem human, especially if the rumours I've heard are true and that blond haired git Malfoy will be attending.//

Turning to the bed, Harry saw Hermione sat up and looking at him; explaining the situation, the Tri-Lord was surprised when Hermione produced a vial filled with blue liquid and handed it to him.

"What's this?" asked Harry, eyeing the blue liquid with a sense of distaste, his serpentine tongue tasting an aroma of blueberries mixed with something that tasted to Harry like eggs; this was going to be a potion he wouldn't like taking.

"It's a vial of a potion I found in Sirius' study," explained Hermione, "I asked him and Remus and they told me it was a potion that, when consumed, showed anyone looking what you want them to see; I think they called it Deception Potion."

"Deception Potion?" asked the Tri-Lord with a laugh, "well, alright, if you're sure it's going to work," with a grimace, he gulped the vial down and hissed as he tasted what he feared; a fruity taste mixed with eggs, "Blech!" he gagged as he felt a tingle run through his body, looking at Hermione, Harry asked, "how do I look?"

"Like Harry Potter," she replied, but when Harry looked in the mirror, confusion hit him; he looked exactly the same, which could mean that, to his eyes, he would look the same, but, to everyone else he would look like the same old Harry Potter they knew.

"This won't fool Ron," Harry explained, "he's seen me in my true form and will know that something's up."

"Leave him to me," Hermione replied, a sly smile on her face.

As Harry left the room, he smiled to himself, an equally sly thought running through his mind, //I think some of my chaotic influence is

rubbing off on her, // he shook his head as he went down to the lounge.

G.S.R.H

Sirius and Remus informed Harry and Hermione that they would be travelling to the site of the Quidditch World Cup by Portkey, which made Harry's stomach churn with discomfort; he had experienced the imminent discomfort that came with magical transportation. Tying his cloak around his waist, Harry held out his hand and found himself confused when Sirius handed him a simple rusted Muggle key. With a shrug, Harry held onto Salazar's fur as he gripped the key and gasped as he felt the ground disappear below him.

As the Portkey's magic took effect, Harry felt his mind spin as much as the scenery around him, his stomach doing somersaults and it was then he was glad that it was empty. As the scenery changed, Harry looked over to Hermione, concentrating on her beauty as he felt himself almost tremble with fear, but he supposed that it was just the adrenaline inside him.

His attention was suddenly distracted when Sirius yelled, "let go kids."

"What?" Harry and Hermione chorused, before they loosened their grip on the key and began plummeting towards the ground; looking to Hermione, Harry yelled, "grab on!"

Hermione gripped his hand tight before the Tri-Lord allowed his wings to fan out and catch the updraft that came with the rapid descent; feeling the air tug at his wings, Harry evened himself out and slowly glided to a kneeling position on the ground, Hermione almost trembling as much as he was; now, however, they were trembling out of excitement instead of fear.

Hermione looked to the Tri-Lord in shock, her voice weak and shaky, "H...Harry, since when c...can you f...fly like that?" she asked, her voice stammering with the excitement.

"To be honest," replied Harry, folding his wings around him, "I didn't, but there's a first time for everything; I've been researching on how to

use my wings and it was a spur of the moment thing really; I just wanted to protect you Hermione,” he leaned down and kissed her gently on the forehead, “I hope I didn’t scare you.”

“Well, you have to remember that I can’t see your wings thanks to the Deception Potion, so it was pretty scary,” admitted Hermione, her body calming as she listened to the steady beat of Harry’s draconic heart.

“I’m sorry,” whispered Harry as he hugged her closely, his eyes catching sight of Sirius, Salazar and Remus landing with agile balance, Sirius cheating as Harry saw him in his Animagus form. When he was sure that Hermione was alright, Harry stood and turned to his companions with a slow smile, “next time you want me to do something so reckless, make sure I’m in my true body and everyone can see me.”

“How is she?” asked Remus, noticing Hermione wrap her arm around Harry’s, the Tri-Lord’s face holding a clear smile of relief.

“I’m alright Remus,” replied Hermione, “but Harry’s right; unlike him, we can’t see his body, so when he glided like that, it did scare me.”

Harry suddenly began to chuckle, which then evolved into a laugh as he thought on what he’d just done, and how he hadn’t actually noticed it until now.

//I shouldn’t get cocky,// he thought, still laughing as he walked across the field where they had landed, //it was most likely beginners luck; but...I just flew! And it felt...awesome!//

Sirius and Remus led them up to a field packed with tents and many different witches and wizards, Harry’s mind buzzing as his superhuman hearing and serpentine sense of smell adjusted to the array of sounds and smells. Slowly walking through the field, Harry noticed a familiar sight ahead of him and a tall red-haired man waving them over; turning to Sirius, Harry whispered, “please tell me you didn’t double up our booking.”

“Alright,” replied his godfather cheekily, “I won’t tell you.”

As everyone greeted everyone else, Harry saw Hermione pull his wand from his robes and aim it at Ron, whispering a spell that flashed a red light in Ron's eyes. When Hermione pocketed Harry's wand, he looked from her to Ron and, in as much of a forced tone as he could muster, Harry smiled and spoke, "alright Ron; hope you have fun."

"Thanks Harry," replied Ron, and the Tri-Lord could hear the forced kindness in his now-enemy's voice, "I need to speak with you when you have a moment."

Lowering his voice, Harry whispered in Ron's ear, "if you're hoping to rekindle our friendship, you can forget it; you not only betrayed my trust, but you insulted the one I love and forced me to use a spell I'd rather not have used upon you. You are no friend of mine Ronald Weasley, and you never will be."

Ron's mouth dropped in awe as Harry nodded and followed Sirius into their tent, Hermione gasping when she noticed that their tent, though small on the outside, was enchanted on the inside to fit four people as if it was a caravan and not a tent. Looking to Hermione, Harry asked, "What did you do to him?"

"I used a spell that I read about in Dracul Manor. I hope you don't mind," she replied, her eyes full of apology.

"What was the spell?" asked Harry.

"Visonia Imperus, it's a spell that forces the victim to see only what you want them to see and, if they know the truth of your form, then they are made to forget the truth until the spell is lifted."

"Sounds more like a curse to me," Harry muttered, his eyebrows raised in both curiosity and an impressed air.

Hermione blushed as she helped Sirius and Remus unpack; looking down, Harry saw Salazar by his side and kneeled down to his familiar, "she's changing boy," he whispered, stroking the wolf's fur, "and she's changing fast; I think it's about time I did accept who I am; but one step at a time."

Salazar whined in reply as Harry explored their tent.

G.S.R.H

Harry, Hermione, Sirius, Salazar and Remus all followed the Weasleys up a large flight of steps towards the higher stands of the Quidditch Pitch, Harry wondering why they were so high up.

Ron echoed his thoughts as he gasped, "Blimey Dad, how far up are we?"

"Well put it this way," a familiar cold voice taunted from below, "if it rains, you'll be the first to know."

Looking down, the Tri-Lord came face-to-face with Lucius and Draco Malfoy, the elder Malfoy's sneering face eyeing Harry and Hermione with interest, Draco's face a picture of insult as he looked at Harry, obviously seeing what the Deception Potion wanted him to see.

"Well Mr. Potter, we meet again," remarked Lucius, "and I see that someone of your class has finally fallen for your poor boy routine."

"I wouldn't know about poor Malfoy," replied Harry, his voice as icy as the elder Malfoy, "didn't you hear; I just became lord of three families; not just my own, so if I were you, I'd shut up and get to your bribed seats."

Lucius' face went rigid at Harry's words, but not before he seemed to examine Harry and his eyes widened with shock, "I see, so you have become what you're pathetic parents failed to be...you've become successful."

"I'll become your worst nightmare if you don't move it," growled Harry, his left hand fingering his wand like it was the hilt of a sword.

Hermione tugged at her boyfriend's arm, "come on Harry, let's go."

As they turned away, Lucius held his cane against Harry's free arm, "do enjoy yourself won't you? While you still can," with another icy smile, Lucius departed, Harry watching him with cold crimson eyes.

"I swear," he whispered to Hermione, "if that weasel gives me any bullshit this year, I'm first going to use him for target practice and then feed him to Varek."

"Who's Varek?" asked Hermione.

"I'll explain later," Harry promised before they followed the Weasleys, Sirius and Remus up to their seats.

G.S.R.H

Meanwhile, below Lucius Malfoy looked up to Harry and shivered, a motion he wasn't used to; turning to his son, Lucius whispered, "Draco, listen to me very carefully; I want you to do something for me."

"What is it Father?" asked Draco as they took their special seats next to the Minister of Magic.

"I want you to help Mr. Potter," Lucius commanded, "help him to see his inner demons and then you will force him to unleash them, is that understood?"

"Yes Father, but why?"

"If you do this," Lucius explained, "You will find the answers to that question..."

G.S.R.H

The match was pretty eventful, especially when the Golden Snitch was grabbed by the losing side after the winning team were more points ahead. As Harry and the others celebrated, the Tri-Lord caught Ron eyeing him with as cold a glance as Lucius Malfoy. Parting himself from the chants and cheers, Harry sat down and asked, "So, seeing as how I am in high spirits; what did you want to talk about?"



"I keep having nightmares," Ron explained, "of that spell you placed on me; the one with the..." he shuddered before he finished, "...the spiders."

"Well, you deserve it," Harry laughed, "you betrayed me and you turned your back on your friends."

"That's not the point!" snapped Ron, "After the nightmares, I keep waking in a cold sweat and I find my body covered in bite marks; bites similar to spiders; you told me that I would be haunted if I broke the pact, so I want to know whether or not this is the haunting?"

"That's right," laughed Harry, "but I thought you switched wands?"

"That's what I told Ginny to tell you, I thought you'd fall for it or that the punishment was a bluff; obviously I was mistaken: what I want to know is, can it be reversed?"

Harry gave a feigned sigh as he explained, "I've never heard of a reversal spell, but, if you can ease up on the insults and redeem yourself in my eyes; then, or should I say, if I feel like it, I might find a way to undo the nightmare. Until then, you suffer," he stood up and left Ron, a cold smile on his face.

As Harry re-joined the festivities, he felt his scar begin to burn and, rubbing the sore area, Harry turned and spoke to Hermione, "something's wrong."

"What do you mean?" she asked, noticing his hand rubbing his forehead.

"My scar," he groaned, "it hurts; I think there's..."

He was cut off when Sirius and Mr. Weasley suddenly burst into the tent, both of them looking worried, "stop whatever your doing and follow me," Mr. Weasley instructed, his face pale with worry.

As they left the tent, they found the camp in a state of complete panic and uproar; witches and wizards were running around in blind panic;

as Harry listened, he heard one wizard cry out, "run; get out it's the Death Eaters!"

Sirius looked around, his eyes wide with terror as the cry echoed through the camp, "get to the Portkey and stick together!" turning to Harry, he asked, "Can I borrow Salazar?"

"Yes," replied Harry, before he followed his friends and Remus through the terrorised encampment; suddenly, Harry stopped, his scar burning with fire and his body aching with an unknown pain. Looking up through bleary eyes, he saw Hermione try and get back to him, but she was cut off by the Weasleys and Remus taking her to safety; looking round, Harry's eyes widened as he saw several black hooded figures marching through the camp, their wands firing several fiery spells and hexes that caused destruction.

Harry turned and followed his ears, listening for Hermione's voice, but he had barely gotten ten steps when something knocked into his back and forced him to the ground, the impact sending him into a state of unconsciousness.

The last thing he heard was Hermione's voice crying out, "Harry..."

G.S.R.H

The Quidditch Camp was wrecked, debris and broken tents lay everywhere, smoke rose from ashen piles and, in the midst of this apocalyptic scene, a tall figure strode with confidence.

Kicking aside a piece of debris, the figure stopped and surveyed the ruins, his eyes glinting as he saw how chaotic things had become, he knew that his master would be pleased.

Looking to the air, the figure raised his voice and, pointing his wand to the sky, commanded, "MORSMORDRE!"

A flash of green light erupted from his wand and flew up to the sky, exploding into a strange shape; a large green skull with a serpent coiling from its mouth.

With a slight grimace of discomfort, the figure looked at his arm where a smaller version of the symbol was branded into his forearm; it was then the figure looked up, his eyes dark as he seemed to notice that he was being watched.

Yes...there...in the midst of the debris, a tall, muscled figure was watching; a figure that seemed to look upon the first figure with confusion.

//It's him,// thought the figure, //my master will be pleased when he hears I have killed Harry Potter.//

Harry, meanwhile, had seen the figure walking towards him; his energy was depleted from the chaotic flight from the Death Eaters and his wing muscles were slightly sprained, his magical energy almost depleted with fatigue; all he could do was run.

As Harry stumbled over the debris of the wrecked encampment, he heard two familiar voices calling out to him, "Harry, where are you?" yelled Sirius.

"Harry!" called Hermione, "is that you?"

Standing by his side, Hermione and Sirius emerged from the smoke of the camp before they stood side-by-side with the Tri-Lord.

Looking up to the sky, Harry noticed the strange symbol and asked, "What is that?" whatever it was, it was making his scar burn with dark energy and the very sight of it was making his blood boil and the Draconis Nocturnia blood within him was unleashing a dark growl of power, as if it craved the darkness of that symbol.

Suddenly, Harry, Hermione and Sirius had to duck as a group of voices called out, "Stupefy!"

Red light burned from all around them as Harry stood again, looking into the eyes of at least ten wizards, a shaken, tall, authority-driven man stepping forward, his wand held out.

“Stop!” yelled a voice and Harry smiled as he recognised Mr. Weasley, “that’s not the one!”

Harry shivered with a strange fear as the tall man stepped forward, “which of you did it? Which of you conjured it?”

“Crouch, you can’t be serious!” Sirius insisted, “Barty, see sense!”

“It’s a lie! You’ve been discovered at the scene of a crime!” Crouch was driven by fear as he switched his wand from Harry to Hermione and finally to Sirius.

“What crime?” asked Harry.

Hermione tugged on his sleeve as she explained, “it’s the Dark Mark Harry, it’s his mark!”

Eyes wide with realisation, Harry gasped, “Voldemort?” Several of the figures shivered at the mention of the name as he continued, “those people tonight; the ones in the masks: they were his too weren’t they? His followers?”

“Death Eaters,” nodded Sirius as Crouch began to order a search.

Remembering the figure, Harry added, “there was someone else; a man,” he pointed into the mist, “there.”

As Crouch led the team of wizards away, Harry felt a familiar furry figure at his heels and he smiled as he stroked Salazar, glad that his familiar was safe.

“A man Harry?” Sirius asked, “Who was it?”

“I don’t know,” replied Harry, “I never got a look at his face.”

As Harry continued to stroke Salazar, the Grey Wolf whining with concern for his master, Harry looked up to the Dark Mark and a thought burned away at his mind, //first the nightmare, then the figure and now the Dark Mark; I don’t think this is a coincidence; he’s up to something and, when he reveals what that is, I have to be ready.//

Looking to Sirius, Harry slumped against Salazar as he asked, "Can we go home? I'm tired."

Sirius nodded with a smile as Harry followed them back to the Portkey, his arm around Hermione and his body kept upright by Salazar; if he was going to go up against whatever it was Voldemort was planning then he would need allies, and luckily, he had two clans of them ready to obey him.

//Looks like I'm going to the heart of the Nightbearers,// he thought as the Portkey dropped them off back at Number 12 Grimmauld Place, //it looks like I'll finally be going to Varnya Alley.//

G.S.R.H

Harry awoke in his master bedroom in Dracul Manor, Salazar slumped over his legs and Hermione fast asleep by his side; rubbing his eyes, Harry tried to get the memories of the day before back; they had returned to Grimmauld Place and Harry had summoned Kathrakh to take him home to Dracul Manor. Once that was done, his guardian had sent an owl to Varnya Alley's Nightbearer Council and told them that Harry would be coming to the alley sometime after midnight; the guardian explaining that the gateway to Varnya Alley was only open between the hours of sunset and sunrise, which kind of made sense to Harry. After all it was the home of Nightbearers, who basically lived in the darkness.

Harry sleepily looked at the clock and saw that it read quarter-to-one in the morning, which made sunrise in about three to four hours; he would have to work fast. Shuffling his arm from under Hermione's head, Harry changed into his black silk robes and spiked his hair, noticing as well how the Deception Potion had worn off and he now stood as normal, albeit a strange bruise on his shoulder where he had come into contact with the ground back at the camp.

Remembering Kathrakh's instructions about his draconic regeneration ability, Harry pressed his hand down hard on the bruise and, after he had removed his palm, he saw the wound was gone, completely healed by his inner power. Travelling down to the Floo

Chamber, Harry found Kathrakh waiting for him, as well as the Vampire Master Ursus standing before him, but as soon as Harry entered, the Master Vampire bowed to him, his eyes shining with some form of honour at this time.

“My lord,” he spoke, his Eastern accent ringing in the almost empty room, “I am honoured that I am the one who will see you safely through the streets of Varnya Alley. Is there anything you need to do before we go, my lord?”

“No,” answered Harry, “let’s just go; the sooner I address the council of Nightbearers, the sooner I can return and...” he paused for a yawn, “...get a goodnight’s sleep.”

With a bow, Master Ursus turned to the fireplace and threw some powder into the hearth, before he turned and spoke, “after you my lord.”

Harry shook his head feverishly before he approached the fireplace and called out, “Varnya Alley!”

As he watched, the usual green flames that came with the Floo Powder Portal turned a dark shade of violet and a howl could suddenly be heard echoing through the hallway. Stepping forward, Harry felt his body become sucked into the Floo Portal and, seconds later, he emerged into a dimly lit room, his eyes and ears straining after travelling through the portal. Seeing that there was no chance of the room becoming brighter, Harry allowed his Darkvision ability to kick in and he gasped as he saw two rows of stands either side of him, each seat of the stands occupied by men and women who seemed as mystically changed as Harry and Master Ursus.

Harry turned as he heard the Floo Portal flare up and Master Ursus stepped out, brushing dust off his navy cloak, before he bowed again to Harry and declared, “My Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans, I, Vampire Master Ursus, sire of our ancestor Count Vladimir Dracula do welcome you to the Varnya Alley Council of the Nightbearers.”

All of a sudden, Harry turned as every member of the assembled group all spoke in unison, “All hail Lord Evans!”

Master Ursus helped Harry up to a black throne where he seated himself before the stands, every one of the heads watching him. Then, Harry gasped as the throne he was seated upon rose higher than the stands, which meant that the council members would have to look up to see him, a smile tugging at Harry's face as he felt authority and power rush through his veins.

Snapping his fingers, Harry saw balls of enchanted light fill the room and, after switching off his Darkvision, Harry looked upon the council. There were men and women of all ages and there were also children and teenagers, every one of them looking up to Harry with an air of respect.

Rising from his throne, Harry addressed the council, "thank you for allowing me this audience councillors, I know that Varnya Alley is only accessible by night so you must have things you need to do."

"Nonsense my lord," Ursus spoke, "we of the council are at your beck and call; anytime anyplace, we will gather for your audiences."

Harry shrugged as he continued, "I summoned this audience because I believe we of the wizard world are about to meet our greatest fear: I believe that the Dark Lord Voldemort is returning." Harry paused, expecting a collective shudder, but, when it didn't come, he turned to Ursus and asked, "I'm guessing you don't fear his name?"

"We don't fear him, my lord," Ursus answered, "the only Dark Lord, or Lord as the case may be, which we fear and respect, is you Lord Evans."

Harry smiled as he explained, "I take it you have heard of the chaos at the Quidditch World Cup? Well, I have come here tonight to ask a favour of the council. I ask of the council that one of your younger clan members comes with me to Hogwarts this year and helps me keep an eye on things."

There was a collective murmur before a tall vampire stood and addressed the Tri-Lord, "My lord, we are at your disposal; who would you request?"

Harry seemed taken aback at the question, but he closed his eyes and thought, before he answered, "someone who isn't afraid to get hurt or in trouble; someone who, as if believed about me, lives for danger and isn't afraid to break rules, and, most of all, I need someone trustworthy, seeing as how my last friend betrayed me!"

Again, there was a buzz of conversation before a young boy, the same age as Harry stepped forward and stood on a hovering platform of darkness, his body kneeling to the Tri-Lord. "My lord," he said, his voice low and obedient, "I request that I be the one to escort you this year."

Harry looked at the kneeling boy; he had shoulder length black hair and, when Harry had seen the boy stood before him, he saw electric blue eyes. He was as tall as Harry and slim, but that didn't mean he didn't have strength; after all, he had come from the vampire side of the council. The boy was dressed in an emerald cloak and a flowing set of black robes with a small dagger tucked at his belt.

Harry nodded with certainty, this was the one, "what is your name?" he asked calmly.

"My name is Dante, my lord," replied the boy, "Dante Ursus, son and sire of Vampire Master Ryuzaki Ursus, and I am at your command, my lord."

"Your wand, Dante," Harry commanded; when he held Dante's wand in his hand, he looked it over and noticed the air of power that surrounded it; yes, this was the one who would help put the band back together.

"Very well Dante," Harry nodded, "you may come with me to Hogwarts; gather your things and meet me at Dracul Manor on August 30th, no later, understand?"

"Yes, Lord Evans," replied Dante, his head bowed in homage to the Tri-Lord.



“One more thing,” added Harry, “while we are around our fellow students, you may address me as Harry, clear?”

“As you wish, my lord,” replied Dante.

Harry sighed before he turned back to the council and spoke again, “there will be times when I request the council, so stay alert at all times, understand?”

“Yes Lord Evans!” chorused the assembly.

“Council dismissed!”

Closing notes: Harry’s on his way to Hogwarts, but can he muster the next stage of his evolution and can he actually forgive Ron? Find out soon.

ALSO, PLEASE CHECK OUT MY POLL AS IT WILL HAVE AN IMPACT ON THE STORY – NAMELY THE OOTP SECTION AND ONWARDS. YOU HAVE UNTIL THE GRAVEYARD CHAPTER, WHICH ISN’T FOR SOME TIME, SO VOTE NOW!

Following Chapter: With one year passed since his transformations started, Harry begins to embrace his darker side. Also Alastor Moody; The Tri-Wizard Tournament is announced and Harry shows his new ally around the COS.

Chapter 18:The Unforgivables: Durmstrang; Beauxbatons; Harry is chosen as champion and is given an “interesting” pep talk by Mad-Eye Moody.

A/N

OC SPELLS

Visionia Imperus: Forces the victim to see what you want them to see

OC POTIONS

Deception Potion: Shows your body as whatever you want people to see, but still looks the same to the drinker.

Also, with regards to the following reviews: here are your questions and points answered:

ginny75: You'll have to wait and see.

Centaurious: Thanks for pointing out the flaw, but, as you can see, it is explained in this chapter.

Also, with regards to anyone who doesn't like the fact that Ron and Harry are enemies: sorry, that's just part of my fanfic. If you think it should change, please see my poll.

Also, I have decided to keep Hermione by Harry's side.

THANK YOU EVERYONE AS I AM ALMOST AT MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 17: The Inner Sanctum

Harry spent most of the summer following the Nightbearers council honing his inner power; his magical power growing with each day, his control over his instincts and his darker influences almost evolving with each decision the Tri-Lord made. With the knowledge that Dante would be joining him at Hogwarts, Harry made sure that he would be ready for his vampiric companion and spent the majority of his time trying to find a way to overcome Dante's mortal weakness of the sunlight. With Kathrakh and Sirius' help, the young Tri-Lord made every opportunity to try and seek a way around the vampiric wizard's only true defence, especially since Harry had been told by Master Ursus that Dante would, as a vampire, have open access to Varnya Alley whenever he needed to feed.

Harry's 14th birthday came and went and Harry still didn't understand the inner power of the Draconis Nocturnia; despite Kathrakh's warning, there had been no sign of any dark influences or elemental magic. On Harry's 14th birthday, Sirius, Remus, Kathrakh and the Weasleys, save for Ron and Percy, threw a party for the Tri-Lord and Harry then made the announcement.

Standing at the head of the grand table in Number 12 Grimmauld Place, Harry raised a glass and spoke to the assembly, "despite Dumbledore's apparently kind words, I have decided to return to Hogwarts for my fourth and fifth years. Once my OWL's are out of the way, then I will make my choice about my future and I hope that, no matter what I decide to do, you will stay friends and family with me."

Sirius, Remus and Kathrakh nodded in reply, Salazar gave Harry a confirming lick on the cheek and Hermione hugged her boyfriend close, whispering that she would uphold the promise she'd made and, no matter what path Harry chose, she would stand by his side, until the end. Mr and Mrs Weasley on the other hand, didn't answer the Tri-Lord's question as Harry looked from them to the rest of the table, his eyes almost shining with purpose as he thought on how his future would change.

One week before his return to Hogwarts however, Harry found out how much his training and his destiny would be affected.

G.S.R.H

Harry awoke in his room in Dracul Manor with a calmer attitude than what he usually woke with; his room was strewn with open books and the remnants of training dummies as Harry had recently taken to practising his unarmed combat and wandless magic, in case the situation called for it. Looking to his left, Harry smiled as he saw Hermione lying there next to him, her face almost glowing in the morning sunlight.

//She still appreciates me,// thought Harry, //it's amazing really; I mean last year she was out for my blood and now all she wants is to make me happy.//

As Harry stretched tall, he felt his draconic body almost strain with fatigue as Harry worked his muscles: ten star jumps – and almost leaping 8ft into the air – followed by ten push-ups and an array of stretches and wing exercises and Harry was ready. Dressing in white robes and a long black cloak, the Tri-Lord admired his reflection and it was then he noticed it; his usually crimson eyes were almost glistening in his reflection; their colour no longer red and powerful, but almost icy blue and mystically changed with an almost serpentine appearance, his black pupils now slitted and narrow, making him look like...Harry gulped at the realisation, //like him.// he thought with a shudder, remembering how Voldemort's dark eyes had been cold and slitted like a snake every time Harry had seen him in his nightmares.

Travelling out of his master bedroom, Harry raised his voice and commanded, "Kira!"

There was a crack and his loyal House-Elf stood by his side, before he bowed to the Tri-Lord, "Lord Evans summons Kira, how can Kira serve my lord?"

"Can you see to my breakfast? I'll take it out on the veranda," instructed Harry as he made his way downstairs. When Kira vanished with another crack, Harry stepped out of a large set of double French Doors onto a veranda that overlooked his vast garden; in the Tri-Lord's opinion, this was his most favourite spot in the whole house: it

was decorated with two water fountains; one made of stone and the other was made of pure crystal; both of them showing mystical symbols: the stone fountain showing a three-headed dragon with the water coming from its mouths and wing tips whereas the crystal fountain was decorated with the four animal signs of the four Hogwarts Houses: Gryffindor's Lion, Slytherin's Serpent, Hufflepuff's Badger and Ravenclaw's Eagle, all four of them spewing water as clear and pure as the crystal that the fountain was made from.

Seating himself on a swinging chair, Harry looked out over the scenery and saw Salazar racing through the woodland near the Manor, his mouth stained red with blood and his eyes filled with excitement. As Harry watched, Salazar leapt the 15ft height up to the veranda and nuzzled against his master, his red-stained mouth wiping against Harry's white robes.

"Hey Salazar, stop that!" laughed Harry as he pressed his hand against his familiar's head. As Harry watched, Salazar's mouth was instantly cleaned and then, after waving his hand across the stains on his robes, the Tri-Lord repeated the wandless spell, returning his robes to clear perfection once again.

Harry's attention was distracted by a loud crack and Kira appeared with two other house elves bearing two plates of English breakfast and the third bearing a bowl of doggy treats, which Harry guessed were meant for Salazar. As he began to inquire about the second plate, he felt something soft brush against his cheek and a familiar voice whisper, "good morning handsome," Harry smiled as he recognised Hermione's voice and, turning to her, he returned the kiss with more intention than a simple good morning.

As the two began to tuck in to their breakfasts, Harry complimenting Kira's cooking skills, the Tri-Lord then noticed that, as he was eating, something inside him was wrong. It felt like a strange tingling, as if his arm or his hand had gone to sleep, but then the confusion increased as Harry felt the tingle spread up through his arms and began to burrow deep into his chest, causing Harry to drop the fork he was holding.

Hermione and Salazar looked up from their meals as Harry stood and began to wander to the edge of the veranda, his eyes focused on the darkness of the woods, almost as if he was hypnotised. "Harry," Hermione's voice was almost distant to the Tri-Lord, "are you..." she was silenced by a hand on her shoulder; looking up, Hermione came face to face with Kathrakh, who put his finger to his lips and whispered for her to remain silent.

"This is the time," he explained, "we are about to see what Elemental Power Lord Evans has been born with as the Draconis Nocturnia."

"Will it hurt him?" asked Hermione, her eyes watching the Tri-Lord as he leaned against the rail of the veranda, his icy blue eyes still fixed on the woods.

"No," replied Kathrakh, "any minute now, Lord Evans will speak in Nocturisk; the language of the Dragons; then his element will appear to him as a spirit. His power will grow Hermione, I wouldn't worry, but he will be focused solely on the power for about ten minutes; after that, he will seem fatigued, so I will go and prepare a Restorative Draught to help him recover. In the mean time, do not disturb his focus for if you do, he may be severely wounded by the after-effects of the Draconis Nocturnia's Elemental Infusion."

Hermione nodded slowly as Harry climbed up on the edge of the rail and fanned his wings, his cobalt body glowing in the morning sunlight; underneath him was an almost 15ft drop and, even if his instincts kicked in to save him, Harry would possibly be injured in some other way.

As Hermione watched, Harry's lips began to move and she suddenly stared in awe and wonder; the tongue rolling from Harry's mouth sounded like a siren song of growls and hisses, similar to Parseltongue, but Hermione knew that Harry was speaking the language of Dragons, what had Kathrakh called it? //Nocturisk,// she thought, //well done Harry, now find your true power.//

G.S.R.H

As Harry stepped up onto the rail, he felt the tingle reach up and wrap itself around his mind, before words of a language he never knew before seemed to awaken from within him. Looking to the woodland and beyond, Harry began to speak:

I am one of draconic blood; blessed and inheritance of the Draconis Nocturnia; my name is Harry Drékul Vileous James Evans, Lord of Reptiles and Shadows. Show me my spirit so that I may claim my power. I command of the Elemental Spirits to find me my chosen power and infuse it with me. Let me feel my power; let me know my strength; let me be that which I was born to be.

As Harry finished his speech, he felt a sudden burn possess his heart and, as he watched through bleary eyes, he saw four orbs of light rise from the ground; one brown, one red, one blue and one gold. Then, as Harry watched, the four orbs were joined by a fifth orb, this one was as black as obsidian and, as the Tri-Lord stared, he saw the four orbs almost fuse with the fifth orb, turning the black orb into a strong shade of silver.

//Silver?// thought Harry, //wonder which element that is?//

As he watched, the silver orb began to float towards him, its pulsing glow providing Harry with a sense of strange power that threatened to consume him if he didn't contain it. Holding up his wand, Harry watched as the orb seemed to fuse with the end of his wand and slowly trickle up the holly base, the silver light travelling through his wand, up his arm and filling him with an energy more powerful than he'd ever felt before.

Lowering his wand, Harry turned to Kathrakh and saw that his guardian's eyes were wide with shock, Hermione stood by his side before she began to step towards the Tri-Lord. Harry gave a weak smile before he felt his legs wobble and he fell to the floor, the furlined body of Salazar stopping him from hitting the floor.

Staggering back to his feet, Harry patted his familiar on the neck before he looked to Hermione, "I've never felt so much power," he gasped, his voice weak with fatigue. Slowly stepping away from the edge of the veranda, Harry resat himself on the swinging chair and

looked to Kathrakh, his eyes, as weak as they were, filled with curiosity, "what's wrong with you?" he asked, a slow smile crossing his face.

"Your...your energy my lord," replied Kathrakh, "The colour of your infusion; I've never seen it so easily accepted."

"Which reminds me," Harry added, groaning as he made himself comfortable, "what elemental was it?"

"Not element, but elements!" Kathrakh explained as Hermione sat by the Tri-Lord, her head resting on his chest, "for the first time in your family's bloodline, and by that I mean the Evans side, not the Vileous/Drékul side, a descendant of Count Vileous has been infused with not Base Elemental Power, but a Core Power."

"What's the difference?" asked Hermione as she looked from Harry to Kathrakh.

"The Base Elementals are the four key elements of life: Earth, Wind, Fire and Water; however, the Core Elementals, or the Core Powers, are the four advanced Elementals of life: Ice, Lightning, Light and Darkness. Usually, if a Core Power is gifted, the element is either Ice or Lightning, but this time, I am shocked, and a little afraid, to admit that you, my Lord Evans, have bonded with the Core Power of Darkness."

"Darkness?" gasped Harry before he was forced to lay back, Kathrakh handing him a goblet of red liquid. Drinking the liquid, Harry felt his strength slowly return before he asked, "what does this mean for my inner powers?"

"The Core Powers of Light and Darkness are strong," explained Kathrakh, "so powerful in fact because they are a complete infusion of all four Base Elementals. As the bearer of Darkness, my lord, you will be able to wield the powers of Black Lightning – Air; Black Ice – Water; Black Fire – Fire; and Blackstone – Earth. I will see to any hints about your training, my lord, but please, I ask that you do not fear this power, rather embrace it. The reason that I tell you this is because, in the past, your ancestors have tried to run from their



Elemental Infusions and come close to death as a result of this power.”

//Then I guess I have no choice,// thought Harry, but as he looked at his cobalt body, his pale face slick with sweat, he couldn't help but allow another thought into his mind, //on the other hand; all this power, why would I want to let it go? I have already admitted that I am Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans, heir of the Fueraco, so why should I fear their power?//

The dark thought stayed with the Tri-Lord throughout most of the week, his Draconis Nocturnia blood almost accepting, as slowly as he was, that this was to be his destiny; his future; his power.

G.S.R.H

On the 30th August, Harry met Dante in the lounge of Dracul Manor, the vampire bowing to Harry as the Tri-Lord closed the portal to Varnya Alley, before Harry spoke to his newest ally, “I have something to ask of you Dante.”

“How may I serve you my lord?” asked the vampire, his head bowed as he knelt before Harry.

“I want you to act like a normal teenager,” laughed the Tri-Lord, “all this my lord stuff at Hogwarts will attract attention and, after my last acquaintance betrayed my secret to the school, I don't really need another reason for them to look upon me any different. So please, I beg of you, act like a human friend would; laugh with me, argue with me, stand up for your friends, but don't, please don't call me by my inherited title.”

“All right Harry,” Dante replied, his voice becoming casual and friendly, “but can I still look upon you as my superior?”

“You think I'd tell you not to?” asked Harry with another light chuckle, before he added, “by the way; I've organised with the Ministry so that Dumbledore sees you as an exchange student who will be sorted into fourth year Gryffindor, the same as Hermione and I. During our first night, there is something you both need to see.”

“What is this place Harry?” asked Dante, his body now calm and relaxed, “some sort of passageway.”

“Not exactly,” replied the Tri-Lord, “it's a place I will, from this moment, call my own place; it's called the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Then I can't wait to see it,” Dante laughed, “I bet it will be awesome Harry; and it'll be daring because we'll be acting like our true selves, plotting the downfall of anyone who crosses us, and the funny thing is that it will be all happening right under the old fool Dumbledore's nose.”

//He'll fit in perfectly,// thought Harry, //and so will I; if anyone gets in my way, I will make them regret crossing me!// he suddenly stopped and turned to the window as they passed through the hallway of the manor, //Whoa,// he added, //where did that come from?//

G.S.R.H

As always, Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$  was packed with students and parents, but Harry, Hermione, Dante and Salazar all found themselves easily passing through the crowds and finding an empty compartment, the Tri-Lord grimacing as he received many a dark and suspicious stare as the majority of the students all took notice of his cobalt body and his dark folded wings. Finding the empty compartment, Harry sat down and slowly unfurled his wings, resting them either side of his body, his icy blue serpentine eyes closed as he tried to calm himself, his mind reeling with the hatred he suddenly felt towards everyone.

As Harry leaned his head back, he heard Hermione perform locking and silencing charms on the door, before he also heard Dante move, his hand withdrawing something; Harry assumed it was his wand.

Opening his eyes, Harry raised an eyebrow as he looked upon a wand that was about the same size as his yet the Tri-Lord had to grit his fangs as he sensed a strong air of power within it. Looking to his vampiric friend, Harry asked, “what's your wand made from Dante?”

“Hawthorn, 8 ½ inches with wolfsbane, phoenix feather and nightshade.” explained Dante, handing his wand to the Tri-Lord, “A powerful and rare combination, but a dark element is essential for any Nightbearer to control his magical essence.” Dante looked to Harry's wand as he continued, “of course, not even the combined powers of the Nightbearers can match Fueraco Magic Harry. I admit defeat when I am near such power,” he laughed as if making idle conversation, before Hermione joined in and Harry sniggered to himself. The Tri-Lord could sense an air of power and he assumed that it was coming from the wolfsbane, which, by human standards, was both unstable and nigh uncontrollable as wand materials.

Pulling out his own Fueraco-advanced wand, Harry thought to himself, //I wonder if I can improve the power of my wand somehow; if my visions and the Dark Mark are anything to go by then I know that I am going to need all the power I can get.// he looked up with interest as the train began to pull out of King's Cross.

As the cityscape of London became the landscape of the countryside, Hermione looked up from the books she was reading and spoke to Harry, “I heard that you told Ron that you were thinking of forgiving him for his betrayal, is it true?”

“No,” said Harry flatly, “at least, not yet anyway. Ron Weasley has to learn that betrayal comes with a price; a price that he is paying with these nightmares. His family, save for that pompous git Percy, are on my side and I can use that to my advantage, but for now, I will make him suffer like never before. Especially when I have been looking up on a band of spells known as Chaomancy, which apparently focuses on nightmares and fears and, with the right words and enough power, can make nightmares come to life.”

“You know Harry,” said Hermione, her eyes wide with surprise, “you're turning into a real cold-hearted teenager.”

“Are you saying you don't like it?” asked Harry, “because Hermione, I don't need another of my friends stabbing me in the back.”

“I'm saying,” she paused as if she was about to yell at him, but instead, she pulled Harry's arm close and forced him into a kiss, “that

I love it! This is who you are: the Lord of Dragons and Shadows and it is starting to show in your attitude; as promised, I will be there for you all the way."

Returning the kiss, Harry smiled and nodded his approval, "thank you Hermione; I love you."

"And I love you Lord Evans," remarked Hermione.

"Get a room!" laughed Dante, before Harry turned to him, a smile on his face.

"Oh be quiet Dante," he laughed, "after all; you can't deny that you're drawn to this darker side of me either."

Dante nodded in response, adding that he liked Harry's darkness and Harry himself as a friend and loyal warrior.

When Harry sat back down, he looked down at Salazar and asked with a smile, "and I suppose that you're staying by my side as well?"

His Grey Wolf familiar whined in reply before he licked his master's hand; showing that he would be there for the Tri-Lord even until death.

As Harry leaned back in his seat, he felt someone touch his consciousness and a voice speak through a mental link, My master, you have returned.

Sethrym! Gaspd Harry, berating himself for not checking on his Scorpent ally, have you been all right? Have you hunted well?

I am fine Fire-God, replied Sethrym, and I have grown and hunted very well; the creatures near this place have been providing a tasty treat for me. However, I have missed you Fire-God.

And I have missed you, but don't worry, I have a special present for you.

I am honoured to receive any gifts you present to me Fire-God, may I ask what it is?

A new home; a home where there is power and rodents enough for you to keep fed for a very long time; it is known as the Chamber of Secrets.

Through their link, Harry felt Sethrym's mind almost light up with shock; keeping his own emotions calm, Harry asked, what's the matter Sethrym?

The Chamber of Secrets is home to the Snake King, is it not?

Yes, Harry nodded, but he is dead. I should know because it was by his bite that I was transformed.

It was by the bite of the Snake King?

Yes; I thought I told you that when we first met. His venomous bite transformed me into the Draconis Nocturnia: the Lord of Reptiles and Shadows. A thought suddenly struck Harry as he asked, Sethrym; the Draconis Nocturnia is the Lord of Reptiles and Shadows; is he the reason you address me as Fire-God.

Yes, Sethrym answered, during your last year Fire-God, I knew about your true power, but didn't want to reveal it to you until I was sure. When Kathrakh left me here over the summer, I knew then that your transformation was inevitable and awaited your return. Now you are re-born Fire-God and I am yours to command for all time.

Then will you allow me to make your nest in the Chamber of Secrets?

I would be honoured Fire-God.

Severing his link with Sethrym, Harry looked to Hermione and Dante before explaining what he'd been discussing with Sethrym. To his not-so-big surprise, Hermione spoke her mind, "do you think Sethrym didn't mean the Basilisk when he spoke of the Snake King?"

"Who could he have been talking about?" asked Dante as Harry looked from them to the window; a sudden downpour of rain slashing against the windows.

"Think," Hermione told them, "who do we know that practically ruled snakes and designed the Chamber of Secrets?"

Harry looked back at her with a surprised expression, "you don't mean..." he nodded to his familiar and added, "...surely not Salazar Slytherin."

"Think about it Harry," replied Hermione, "Slytherin built the Chamber and yet all you found was a giant head, a Basilisk and a long passageway of serpent statues. Just think for a minute; maybe Slytherin created something more; something only a true Slytherin, or a Parseltongue, could get to. Then, add the possibility that he left the Basilisk there to guard this...this Inner Sanctum. Who do you suppose he believed would defeat it and inherit the title of Snake King?"

"Draconis Nocturnia!" gasped Harry and Dante.

"Exactly," Hermione smiled, "I wonder...and it's a stretch, but I wonder: what if Salazar Slytherin was the previous Draconis Nocturnia?"

Harry looked at her in stunned silence, before he smiled and kissed her again, "that's why I love you," he smiled, "because you have a knack for being such a genius."

G.S.R.H

When the Hogwarts Express pulled into Hogsmeade Station, Harry, Hermione and Dante slowly made their way to the carriages when Harry heard a familiar drawling voice call out to him, "Potter, finally you accept that the Weasel was holding you back, but why are you still with the Mudblood?"

Turning, Harry found himself face-to-face with Malfoy, his thuggish cronies Crabbe and Goyle laughing as their boss insulted Harry. Malfoy, seeing that he was getting to Harry, continued, "or maybe she was just feeling sorry for you: after all, who'd want to be friends with a freak like you? You look like a Christmas Ornament and you're not even worthy to call yourself human."

With that remark, Harry fully rounded on Malfoy, his wand unsheathed like a sword, his ears picking up the sound of hissing as Dante stood by his master, ready to be the friend he was commanded to be. Looking to Dante, Harry saw his new ally's eyes glow with a scarlet sheen and his fangs slowly slide from their sheaths as his anger boiled over; Harry tasting it in the air with his serpentine tongue.

Turning from Malfoy to Dante, Harry whispered, "calm down; I will deal with him."

Obeying the command, Dante took a few deep breaths and slowly began to return his features to human; however, Harry could still feel the blood-lust within the vampiric wizard. Malfoy must have also noticed as he asked, "who's this ass hole? Some freak of nature who thinks he's big enough to tackle me?"

Seeing an opportunity, Harry smiled coldly and replied, "Draco Malfoy, allow me to introduce Dante Ursus, son of the Vampire Lord Ryuzaki Ursus and, if you cross him, your worst nightmare Malfoy. Now get out of my sight before I allow him to feed on you!" At the last word, Harry's eyes began to glow with an electric blue sheen and his claws extended unconsciously from his hands, a sudden cloud of violet air enveloping the Tri-Lord.

Seeing this unknown power, Malfoy turned to his thugs and commanded, "come on, let's leave Potter to his worthless friends."

After Draco had left, Harry focused on his inner power and summoned an orb of silver energy, his eyes flared with anger, "I swear," he hissed through his fangs, "if Malfoy tries to insult us again...I'll...I'll," he screamed with rage and threw the orb towards a distant tree where three things happened at once: first the bark of the tree became enveloped in black ice before the whole tree burst in flame and finally disintegrated into dust before Harry's eyes.

Looking round, Harry turned to Hermione and Dante, his eyes calm again, as he told his vampiric ally, "I was proud of you back there; you did well, but I am going to tell you now; if you ever unleash your demonic form like that; I won't hesitate to drive a stake through your

heart, understood? You do nothing like that without my consent: is that clear?"

"As you command, my lord," Dante nodded before he smiled and joined the rest of the students heading up to Hogwarts.

The welcome feast was pretty normal and traditional; first the new first years were sorted, followed by the feast and general conversation, the majority of which was focused on Harry – the Tri-Lord could hear them with his superhuman senses – then a strange quiet descended over the hall as Professor Dumbledore spoke up.

"Now that we are all fed and watered, I feel that I should give a few start of term notices; the first years, and some of our older students, please note that the Dark Forest is forbidden to all students. Also, against my better judgement, I feel obliged to inform you that there will be no Inter-House Quidditch tournament this year."

"What?" yelled Harry, Fred and George in unison.

Most of the students echoed their enquiry as Dumbledore continued, "the reason that there is no Quidditch this year is because, this year, Hogwarts will play host to a legendary, and recently re-instated event, the Triwizard Tournament. Now for those of you unfamiliar, the Tournament brings together three schools for a series of dangerous tasks; the conclusion of which shall result in one winner and a grand total of one thousand galleons. Now let me clear on this, if chosen you stand alone and let it be known that this tournament is not for the faint of heart; if chosen, there's no turning back. But more on that later; for you see, our esteemed guests from the two other host schools will be joining us on Halloween; for now, can you all help me welcome our two newest members of staff."

Dumbledore indicated a man who looked like his face was carved from wood by an extremely untalented person, his cloak was ragged and almost ruffled as if he'd been stood in a tornado, he had wild grey hair and one of his eyes was replaced by a strange blue orb that swivelled all around. Harry also noticed that the stranger had one leg missing and his expression was one of near-paranoid levels combined with a sense of strain. As Harry watched, the stranger



removed a flask from his pocket and took a swig from it, his face shuddering from the taste. As the stranger seemed to put the top back on the flask, Harry's serpentine abilities caught a familiar scent on the air; something foul and near impossible to drink.

//It can't be,// he thought, //whoever this man is; what would he need with that?//

"Please," Dumbledore went on, "allow me to introduce our new Defence Against the Dark Arts tutor, Alastor Moody."

"Mad-Eye Moody?" Harry heard Ron whisper, "the Auror?"

"What's an Auror?" asked Dean, his eyes switching from Moody to the table, or more specifically, to Harry.

"A dark wizard catcher," replied Dante, "they say that half the cells in Azkaban are filled thanks to him."

When everyone had gone silent, Dumbledore indicated the door and, as Harry turned, the doors to the Great Hall opened and in stepped a familiar figure with serpentine features and wild, shoulder length brown hair, his robes presented as one of nobility and a long, flowing navy cloak.

"Now," continued Dumbledore, "this year, a selected bunch of students have been chosen to participate in a new breed of magic known as Spiricancy; the magic of Spirits. Here is the man who will be teaching that lesson; allow me to introduce Sebastian Kathrakh."

//Sebastian?// thought Harry, //I never would have guessed Kathrakh had a first name; in all honesty, I thought that was his name.//

As Kathrakh passed Harry, he slipped a parchment into the Tri-Lord's hand and, after the new professor had taken his seat, Harry opened the parchment and read:

This parchment entitles Harry James Potter to participate in the extra-curricular Spiricancy lessons to be taught by Professor Sebastian

Kathrakh. Please make note of which class Harry James Potter chooses to replace this one with.

//He's thought of everything,// thought Harry, //and as for which lesson; I wonder if I can drop Potions or worse, Divination?//

As the feast came to an end, Harry led Dante and Hermione up to the Room of Requirement, the Tri-Lord opening the door and sealing it with his own band of magic. Turning, Harry looked with both sets of his vision – normal and Darkvision – before he saw a large coiled figure sleeping in the corner of the room.

Approaching, Harry lay his hand on the creature's head and spoke, Sethrym, wake up; let's go.

Sethrym opened his eyes and Harry noticed, as the Scorpent towered over him, how much his loyal creature had grown: Sethrym now stood at about 5x Harry's height, his body still glistened with red and orange streaks, however his head now supported a hood similar to a cobra and Harry noticed how the Scorpent's fangs dripped golden venom onto the floor of the Room of Requirement.

Fire-God, you have returned; I am honoured to see you in your true form.

Thank you Sethrym; now I would like to introduce someone, nodding to Hermione and Dante, Harry turned back to Sethrym and added, this is Hermione Granger; you may remember her from last year; she is now my ally and my girlfriend...or mate as you would say. And this is Dante Ursus; heir to the Vampire Legions of the Nightbearer Council.

Welcome Mistress Granger, Welcome Prince Dante, I am honoured to meet you.

Hermione and Dante gasped as they heard Sethrym's words just as Harry would hear them; tapping her boyfriend on the shoulder, Hermione whispered, "how do we hear him?"

“Easy,” replied Harry, “I don't know how, but my inner power has allowed me to reach your minds and hear what I hear. Now you hear Sethrym in English, but you can't speak to him in Parseltongue.”

Turning back to Sethrym, Harry continued, let's go Sethrym; we have a Chamber to investigate.

As Harry was about to leave the Room of Requirement, he saw a basin appear similar to the one on the second floor; taking the hint, the Tri-Lord spoke in Parseltongue, Open!

The basin parted revealing the tunnel down to the Chamber of Secrets, Harry's evolved vision showing him just how far down the passage went. Turning to Dante and Hermione, Harry held out his arms and commanded, “hold on to me.”

Once they held his shoulders, Harry fanned his wings and glided down to the bottom of the passage, his muscles in his body and wings working together easier than when he'd flown at the Quidditch World Cup.

Reaching the bottom, Harry saw Sethrym slither past him, his red and orange scales the only colour in the dark tunnel. Taking the hint again, Harry concentrated on his inner power and summoned an orb of black flames, tossing it down the tunnel, he watched as once-dead torches flared into life, showing the way down to the bulk of the Chamber.

Harry approached the giant head of Slytherin and, turning to Hermione, spoke, “I see what you meant earlier Hermione; time to see if it's true.”

Fire-God, Sethrym's voice echoed in Harry's mind.

What is it Sethrym?

I am honoured that you brought me to the chamber of the Snake King; I feel his energy all around me; may I feast on it and make that energy my own?

All right, sighed Harry, but transfer some of that power to me and the others all right?

As you command Fire-God.

Looking back to the Slytherin statue, Harry calmed his mind, opened his draconic heart and spoke in Parseltongue once again, speak to me Salazar Slytherin; greatest of the Hogwarts Four.

As he watched, the mouth of the statue opened and Harry stepped forward, his eyes piercing the darkness beyond as he climbed into the mouth of the statue. On one point, Hermione had been right; there was more inside than outside, but it was blocked by a seal. Looking at the decoration of the seal, Harry spoke, Open in the name of Salazar Slytherin; greatest of the Hogwarts Four.

Nothing happened, but it was then Harry noticed a strange symbol in the heart of the seal: it was a tri-pointed flame with a large crown upon the crest of the flames. //Lord of Flames,// thought Harry, before it hit him: if Slytherin was the previous Draconis Nocturnia then he would seal something in that language: Nocturisk.

Calming his mind and opening the barriers around his instincts, Harry tried again:

I am one blessed with the blood of the Draconis Nocturnia; I request admittance to your chamber in the name of the Fueraco. My name is Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans, Lord of Reptiles and Shadows; Lord of the Evans/Drékul bloodline and master of the Nightbearers. I am the Trinity Lord and the master of the Darkness Core Power; admit me to your Inner Sanctum.

The seal began to creak and groan before the crowned flames began to part and align themselves with the ends of the seal, creating a sign similar to a triquetra, before the seal parted and Harry saw a room filled with treasures, tomes and weapons of all types. Then, he looked up as a voice spoke from above.

“Welcome Lord Evans, I have been waiting for you.”

Harry looked in shock as a man in silver and emerald robes seemed to float down from the ceiling; his eyes were similar to Harry's ice blue, except these were a darker shade, similar to midnight. His hair was long and black and his face was young, but showed power and experience; at his side was a nine-inch wand and inscribed on his robes was a triple serpent. There was also a real serpent coiled around his shoulders.

Harry wanted to ask what this place was, but the words got lost and he instead asked, "who are you?"

"I, Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans, am your predecessor." The stranger took a breath before he added a phrase that made Harry's blood run cold.

"My name is Salazar Slytherin!"

Closing notes: So Harry is transformed and his powers are evolving with each day, but what does that mean for Hogwarts and how will it affect the Triwizard Tournament? Also I know what you REALLY want to know; How can it be the founder of Slytherin and how is he a Draconis Nocturnia? Find out in the next chapter.

ALSO, PLEASE CHECK OUT MY POLL AS IT WILL HAVE AN IMPACT ON THE STORY – NAMELY THE OOTP SECTION AND ONWARDS. YOU HAVE UNTIL THE GRAVEYARD CHAPTER, WHICH ISN'T FOR SOME TIME, SO VOTE NOW!

Following Chapter: Slytherin's Tale; Harry's ancestry; yet another inheritance and an unexpected alliance; Also The Unforgivables: Durmstrang; Beauxbatons; Harry is chosen as champion and is given an "interesting" pep talk by Mad-Eye Moody.

Chapter 19: The school turns against Harry after he is chosen as champion; his darkness is fed and Harry discovers the First Task (MIGHT PUT THE FIRST TASK IN AS WELL); Lessons with Kathrakh

Chapter 20: Aftermath of the First Task, Harry continues to descend into evil; lessons with Slytherin on Elemental Mastership and Harry, Dante and Hermione figure out the second task.

Chapter 21: The Yule Ball; Harry takes a holiday with Sirius and Remus; another visit to Varnya Alley and another Voldemort nightmare. Also, Harry gets another “interesting” talk from Moody and gets help on the second task.

Chapter 22: The Second Task; Harry has suspicions; Ron approaches Harry and begs for forgiveness: will he give it?; Harry continues his Elemental Mastership.

Chapter 23: Harry receives news about Moody; makes a plan to cement his darkness and hears about the third task; also, he receives a visit from an unexpected character.

Chapter 24: The Third Task – preparation, the task and the aftermath; the graveyard scene and an unexpected twist to Voldemort's return; also, Harry makes his choice regarding Ron (POLL DEADLINE).

A/N

## OC SPELLS

Blackstone: Earth-Infused Darkness

Black Flame: Fire-Infused Darkness

Black Ice: Water-Infused Darkness

Black Lightning: Air-Infused Darkness

Nocturisk: The unique tongue of the Draconis Nocturnia.

Also, with regards to anyone who doesn't like the fact that Ron and Harry are enemies: sorry, that's just part of my fanfic. If you think it should change, please see my poll.

THANK YOU EVERYONE AS I AM ALMOST AT MY 100 REVIEWS  
TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 18: Dark Ancestry

Harry looked at the strange man in shock: had he just said his name was Salazar Slytherin? As in the Salazar Slytherin? One of the four founders of Hogwarts and first true Parseltongue?

“Yes, yes and yes,” replied Salazar, his eyes on Harry as he conjured a seat from nowhere and seated himself behind a desk in the centre of the sanctum.

Looking to the robed wizard, Harry asked, “how did you know what I was thinking?”

“Legilimency,” explained Salazar, “you need to learn Harry; I can teach you how to block your mind.”

“I have some questions, mainly about my powers.” Harry pointed out, his eyes not leaving Slytherin's athletic form.

“Of course you do,” replied Salazar, “and I will answer them, but, as I said Harry, I have been waiting for you and I can train you: you have so much to learn, Harry, so much to do with who and what you are. I am not here to criticise or insult you; I am merely here to provide the knowledge of a Fueraco Master.”

“You're a master?” asked Harry incredulously, “reality check; you are supposed to be dead! Otherwise you could be nearing 2000 years old or something!”

“Pretty close Harry, actually I would say that I am hitting 1500 pretty soon,” smiled Salazar, his midnight eyes watching Harry with an air of both respect and admiration, “however, Harry; I have, as I have said, been waiting for you; the next of the noble generations of Vileous and Drékul's bloodline who are blessed with the blood of the Draconis Nocturnia. Only he who bears that DNA could enter this chamber and reach my Inner Sanctum and now that you have, I can tell you that everything in this room and my vaults at Gringotts are yours to use as you see fit.”



//Not another inheritance,// thought Harry as he conjured his own chair and seated himself opposite Salazar, his ice blue eyes watching the founder of his rival house for any sign of deception.

“Harry,” sighed Salazar, as if he had seen this emotion in the Tri-Lord's eyes, “do you really distrust me that much? I am merely here to offer my knowledge and to train you as well as answer any questions you have about the Draconis Nocturnia, and I know that you do have questions, so please, speak your mind.”

Looking to the founder, Harry asked the first question his mind came up with, “how are you still alive?”

“In truth,” remarked Salazar, “I wish I weren't. I have lived so long Harry that all I want to do is escape this eternal limbo of life. But, to answer your question; you can thank the apparent longevity of the Draconis Nocturnia combined with the fact I bound my spirit to this very chamber; the Chamber of Secrets, I believe you call it?”

Harry nodded in reply as he continued, “so are you telling me that I will live as long as you do?”

“If nothing goes awry,” sighed Salazar, “those born with the blood of the Draconis Nocturnia, the Lord of Reptiles and Shadows, can usually outlive ordinary humans by around 200 years, but, as I said, when I bound my spirit to this chamber, I found out that I was destined to live so much longer than that. You could say it was my own ego that ruined my life...and death,” he paused as he looked to Harry, his dark eyes almost inspecting the Tri-Lord.

Harry didn't find that hard to believe; his mind playing back Professor Binns' explanation of how Salazar Slytherin had crafted the Chamber of Secrets and how he had designed it to watch over the muggleborn/pure-blood wizard hierarchy within the school.

As Harry looked to Salazar, he spoke the next question that burned in his mind, “what did you mean when you said you were going to train me?”

"Your inner magic is strong Lord Evans," replied Salazar, "but it needs to be tamed and controlled otherwise it could destroy you; I can sense the air of darkness within you and, being the founder of the darkest house in Hogwarts, I don't want to force you to vanquish that evil. If you want to use it, feel free."

The truth behind the statement surprised Harry; after all, he would have believed any ancestor would have wanted to save him from the chaotic influences of the Draconis Nocturnia, but not Slytherin; no, he wanted to train Harry to become the self-appointed Master of Darkness. With a deep breath, Harry asked, "with all due respect Salazar, you do realise that your descendant is a Gryffindor?"

"A Gryffindor with the heart and spirit of a Slytherin; or did you honestly think all those emotions of darkness were coincidence?" asked Salazar as Harry sat there, his mouth agape. "I know of the Sorting Hat's desire to put you into Slytherin and, in that short moment that I read your mind, I knew about the dark emotions you felt towards Sirius Black and the hunger for the one named Wormtail's blood. Admit it Harry, you have a demonic urge for death and destruction; accept the fact that, if you had the choice, you would go back and change it so you were Slytherin; so that you followed in my footsteps in more ways than just your inherited transformation."

"You're right," nodded Harry, "I would change it; but I can't. I accept who I am and no longer feel those dark emotions towards Sirius; he is my family and I will always respect him. As for Wormtail, you're right again Salazar, I do want to exact my revenge; in fact," he looked at his hands and unsheathed his claws, "when I catch up with that traitorous bastard, and I will, I will take great pleasure in ripping his head from his shoulders and feeding it to..."

"Varek?" asked Slytherin, his mouth curling into a smile, "I know about him too, for you see Harry; the Basilisk that you killed was his offspring, but Varek has been there since I became the Draconis Nocturnia; he is sworn to protect the next Lord of Dragons and Shadows. But I digress, you must have more questions, so why don't we continue this in more familiar surroundings? Like my hallowed Chamber of Secrets? And don't worry, your friends: Dante Ursus, Hermione Granger and the Scorpent Sethrym will not be harmed."

"But Hermione's Muggle-born," Harry pointed out, "why don't you have anything against her?"

"Because she is more than she seems," remarked Salazar, "there is a darkness in her that I have not seen in a very long time; help her discover it Harry, for that girl has untapped potential."

"What do you mean? What do you know about her?" asked Harry, but Salazar just smiled and lead the way back to the Chamber of Secrets.

G.S.R.H

Needless to say, Hermione and Dante were surprised when Harry introduced the founder to them, and even more so when he turned and transfigured the dreary macabre Chamber of Secrets into a resemblance of the Inner Sanctum: there was a large roaring fireplace and a triad of leather sofas along with a cooler filled with food and drink and even ornaments depicting serpents and dragons. Harry went to look at the statue, but was surprised when he found it no more and instead, there was the ornate fireplace; all the treasures of the Inner Sanctum now moved by some very powerful magic.

"So," Hermione spoke up, "this is Salazar Slytherin? And what's more; he is your predecessor Harry?"

"Yes," replied Harry, taking a drink of cold lemonade, "and what's more is that he has told me that I will be learning more about my powers from him."

"Well," laughed Dante, "it's a good thing that you don't actually have to be here Harry," he then turned to Salazar and bowed, "and, may I say, it is a great honour to meet you in person Lord Slytherin."

"Oh, I'm no lord," laughed Slytherin, "that title belongs to Harry; the Tri-Lord becomes the Four times Lord."

"No I don't," replied Harry firmly, "after all; the inheritance from you Slytherin is merely given by my Drékul/Vileous bloodline, so I am still

a Tri-Lord and that's all I am going to stay. On the other hand, I have to ask; being your descendant, does that make me your heir as well?"

"Yes," nodded Salazar, "unlike Lord Voldemort; you are my true heir, as far as power and bloodline goes; he is merely my heir by title, so everything that was in my name now belongs to you Harry; including this very Chamber and the high-ranking control of my house."

"You mean I am in charge of Slytherin House?" asked Harry, "I don't think that's possible; I mean, what will the old man say?"

Salazar didn't answer immediately; instead he looked to Harry's side where Salazar the wolf was lying by his master, before Slytherin spoke again, "I see your familiar Harry; a fine name, and I'm not just saying that because you named him after me, and a fine specimen of mystical creature. The energy in him fuels your own power..." he trailed off when he saw Harry's dumbstruck expression, "you didn't know that?"

"No, sir," replied Harry, "what do you mean Salazar fuels my power?"

"Well," Slytherin seemed taken aback as he explained, "maybe saying he fuels your power is putting it wrongly; let's just say that Salazar is the catalyst for your power, and that is all thanks to your mental link with him. The stronger he is, the stronger you are and the more powerful your spells will be. Also, after you use your inner power or wandless magic, you may feel tired, but Salazar will be there and he will restore your energy by giving up some of his own. I have to say Harry, you made a fine choice; a Shadow-evolved Grey Wolf for a Lord of Dragons and Shadows; there could be better, but there could be worse, well done."

"Thank you sir," replied Harry.

"Just call me Slytherin," remarked Salazar with a smile, "or, if you prefer, you can call me by my real name: Salazar Slytherin was a name I gave myself, just like Tom Riddle became Lord Voldemort: my true name is Alexander Drake Vileous."

//Vileous?// thought Harry, trying to keep his mind closed, //he truly is my ancestor.//

G.S.R.H

The following morning, before Harry was scheduled to go to breakfast, he made his way to Dumbledore's office, the Marauder's Map tucked into his robes. Stopping before the gargoyle, Harry spoke, "Sherbet Fountain," and watched as the gargoyle sprang aside, allowing him access to Dumbledore's office.

Knocking on the door, Harry waited a few seconds before he was admitted by the old man. Then, for the first time, Harry seated himself opposite Dumbledore, his cold icy eyes watching the old man with as much emotion as he had watched Salazar – or Alexander as he will be now known.

(A/N: This is to avoid confusion)

"Harry," smiled Dumbledore, "I was wondering when you'd be coming to see me. First of all, I would like to..."

"Save the pleasantries Dumbledore," Harry exclaimed coldly, "I'm not here to rekindle our trust relationship; all I want to know is; with my apparent adulthood being grafted, what do you want me to do with regards to my lessons?"

"I was actually going to bring that up," Dumbledore explained calmly and Harry, as he was wondering how the headmaster had known, felt something like a finger trailing from his mind.

His eyes remained calm, but his heart skipped a beat in horror, //that bastard! He's a Legillimens! He read my mind!//

Keeping his voice calm, Harry asked, "what do you suggest Professor?"

"I suggest letting you choose which lessons you attend Harry," Dumbledore told him, a smile on his face, "any you don't I will simply count as free periods and, as a show of good faith, I will allow you to

choose one in particular for Miss Granger and Mister Ursus. Any one you wish Harry."

"Well, with that in mind," said Harry, "I'm not going to Potions any more; nor am I attending Divination or History of Magic: I will, however, swallow my pride and attend Defence Against the Dark Arts with Mad-Eye Moody as well as Transfiguration and Charms. I am also dropping Herbology, but keeping Astronomy and Care of Magical Creatures. And, as for Spiricancy, I would be glad to attend."

"Hagrid will be pleased to hear that," laughed Dumbledore, "so let's see; we'll replace your Herbology with your Spiricancy and that will leave you..." he trailed off as he began counting up the time, "about 13 hours of free time. Is that satisfactory?"

"You made a miscalculation Dumbledore," growled Harry, his voice becoming threatening, "I happen to know for a fact that I have Double Potions and Double Divination twice a week, which adds up to nearly 20 hours, more than half my time, won't you agree professor? As for Dante and Hermione; I would like it if both of them joined me in my Spiricancy lessons; I know for a fact Hermione left Divination, but she doesn't really need Herbology and as for Dante, you can take him out of Potions and Herbology as well. They will join me in Spiricancy and I will have a quiet word with Professor Kathrakh about their admittance."

The Tri-Lord folded his arms smugly before he locked eyes with Dumbledore, //your move old man,// he thought coldly.

"Very well Harry," sighed Dumbledore, knowing he had been defeated, "I will inform Professor McGonagall of your changes: you may go."

As Harry left, he couldn't help but share one last curt comment with Dumbledore, "and don't think for one second of trying to flunk me in my OWL's. Even though I'm not taking the lessons, I can guarantee either Exceeds Expectations or Outstanding in each of my OWL subjects, and that includes Potions. See you soon Dumbledore."

“Harry,” Dumbledore's voice was thick with emotion, “must these disputes between us last all year again? Can we at least be formal; now that you are an adult; I am your equal, so you can stop calling me Dumbledore and Professor, and start calling me Albus.”

“As you wish Albus,” replied Harry, “but just remember what I am the leader of: three families as well as ancient blood; so don't think for one second that we are equal Dumbledore!”

With that last remark, Harry left the office, his smile cold and victorious, //stupid fool,// he thought, //I am greater than he ever knew and more than he believes. Soon, I will be that which I am destined to be and for that, I have but one mentor...Alexander Vileous or...as he is known by many of the wizarding world...Salazar Slytherin.//

When Harry left Dumbledore's office, his mind seemed to calm after being blocked by the Tri-Lord; the knowledge that the old man could read minds gave Harry a deep shuddering feeling of dread and only seemed to feed his hatred towards Dumbledore and his secrets.

Meeting Dante and Hermione at the Gryffindor table, Harry explained about his deal with Dumbledore and how the three of them now had time off for Spiricancy as well as a free lesson for Divination. When Professor McGonagall brought round the timetables, Harry grinned; first they had Hagrid for Care of Magical Creatures, but after that was Herbology; their first lesson with Kathrakh. Even better, as far as the Tri-Lord was concerned, was the double free period in the afternoon; which normally would have been Divination.

//A perfect opportunity to speak with Alexander about my power and my training,// thought Harry as he tucked into a very meaty breakfast, Dante just sat there looking at his master with respect and kindness; as a Nightbearer, Dante didn't really need to eat food; just drink blood, so he didn't feel any jealousy or remorse as he watched most of the hall hungrily tuck into their breakfasts.

When Harry had eaten his fill, he rubbed his belly and looked at his friends; his mind revelling in the near predator-like instincts that he had felt when he had eaten. //Is this part of my DNA?// he thought as

he led Hermione and Dante out of the hall, his ears picking up a certain red-head's mumblings about lapdogs to a bone.

As Harry made his way down to Hagrid's hut, he felt something tickling his neck; a strong sensation of wonder and power and with it came an image in Harry's mind:

He saw a dark graveyard and a stone angel. There were a group of robed, hooded figures gathered around a fire and another dark figure rising seemingly from the smoke of the flames, his eyes watching the assembled figures as each bowed to him. Then the risen figure turned and whispered in a tongue that made Harry's blood run cold.

"Harry!" the Tri-Lord snapped out of his trance with Hermione's voice.

Turning to her, he looked with a weak smile and asked, "what's wrong Hermione? I'm fine,"

"You looked like you were going to faint Harry," explained Dante, "what's more; your hands...well...take a look," Harry looked at his scaled hands and saw that his fingers were splayed, his draconic claws protruding from the flesh of his fingertips.

Looking round, Harry saw that there were a few Gryffindors and Slytherins watching with shock; with a dark sigh, Harry turned to each of them and asked, "what are you all looking at? Take a picture; it'll last longer."

As they continued down to Hagrid's hut, Harry spoke to Hermione and Dante, his voice low and foreboding, "I think that I just had a vision; a vision about Voldemort."

"How do you know it was him?" asked Dante, his eyes narrowed in suspicion; he wasn't one to doubt Harry, but even the Nightbearer knew that he was occasionally mistaken.

"The last words from the vision," Harry explained, his folded wings shuddering with the memory, "they were spoken in Parseltongue; Voldemort's the only other wizard who can speak that language."



“What did he say?” asked Hermione, her eyes full of worry as she looked to her boyfriend's near dark eyes.

Smiling, Harry spoke in Parseltongue, I am coming for you.

Hermione and Dante just looked at Harry as they continued down to Hagrid's hut.

G.S.R.H

When Harry, Hermione and Dante made for Kathrakh's first Spiricancy lesson, they were surprised to find that they were the only ones there. The lesson was held in a large, abandoned classroom on the third floor, and when Harry turned up, he was shocked to find that the room they were using just happened to be the same room that the Philosopher's Stone had been kept in.

“Professor Kathrakh?” called Harry, his voice echoing off the walls as he waited with the other two.

An amused laugh suddenly came from the shadows as a voice replied, “there's no need to be so formal my lord, you and the other two are the only students that signed up.”

Turning, the young Tri-Lord saw Kathrakh leaning against a door frame, his eyes looking to the trio with slight disappointment and, as soon as the guardian locked eyes with Harry, a phenomenal sense of respect.

As Kathrakh passed them, Harry decided to speak his mind, “what is Spiricancy Kathrakh?”

“Just,” Kathrakh seemed to prepare for a lesson before he laughed and explained, “something I made up! I needed an excuse for you to get away within the first week my lord.”

“But what about from now on?” asked Hermione, “what do we do with these now fake Spiricancy lessons?”

“Use Dracul Manor; Grimmauld Place, visit Diagon Alley; maybe even prepare for the Triwizard Tournament.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked Dante, his dark vampiric eyes adjusting to the darkened hallway.

“Well Dante,” Kathrakh explained, “you are 17 in human and magical years; as a Nightbearer, you would be immune and exempt from the under-17 rule. With help from Lord Evans and Miss Granger, I wouldn't be surprised if you won the bloody thing.”

Harry shared a stunned look with Dante before the Tri-Lord asked, “Kathrakh? Why did you need an excuse to get me away from class this week? I could have just not turned up at all. I do have that privilege; remember?”

“I do remember my lord,” nodded Kathrakh, “but I had a feeling that you would be escorted by Dante and Miss Granger no matter what you did or where you went. So, with these Spiricancy lessons, you have an alibi should anyone doubt your current location. Besides,” he pulled out a letter and held it out to the Tri-Lord, “I wanted to show you this my lord; it's from Riklaus.”

Hearing the name of his loyal follower, Harry took the letter and saw that it was written in the language of the Fueraco. Pulling out his wand, Harry tapped the parchment and whispered, “Linguos Revelo,” before the language on the letter came into full display.

To Lord Harry Drékul Vileous Slytherin James Evans

With one year passed since your noble heritage and transformation were gifted to you; I find it necessary that we should meet with regards to finalising your inheritance and your assets. As the lord of the Vileous line, the Drékul line as well as the Potter/Evans family, you still have a great many assets unclaimed due to the one year restrictions placed by your predecessors.

In addition to your new-found material wealth and physical inheritance and changes, there are magical inheritances that you are

yet to claim; spells and rites that can only be performed by those mentioned in your predecessor's instructions.

In this case, your predecessors – your great-grandfather Darius Evans, as well as Bartemius Drékul – the previous owner of the Dracul Manor – and Alexander Vileous a.k.a Salazar Slytherin, have named me as the Archive Master for your mystical inheritances and placed your now available assets under my supervision.

Let me take this opportunity to formally apologise for not informing you of this fact when we last spoke. I hope that you can forgive me my lord and understand the situation I have been pulled into.

If you are available any time in the months following 31st July – your 14th birthday – I would greatly appreciate a visit so we can finalise these deeds and treasuries.

Please either contact me via Floo or respond with an owl.

Hope to continue serving you

Riklaus Ormingat

Gringotts Manager

Looking to Kathrakh, Hermione and Dante, Harry sighed as he asked, “what does he mean mystical inheritance?”

“Namely,” explained Kathrakh, “hidden mystic treasures as well as magical abilities grafted onto a Fueraco Lord. Also, I know for a fact that the three families – or four, depending on how you look at it – all held unique magical properties that couldn't be given to the next of kin until their teenage years. As for the one year restriction; I suggested that to the one you know as Count Dracula after his son perished from an overbuilt surge of power as well as driving himself insane when he began transforming into his Fueraco body.”

With a nod, Harry looked to Kathrakh and asked, “what kinds of magic exactly?”

"That," said the guardian, his eyes squinted as he tried to hide his feelings, "I don't know; you see, unlike your physical inheritance; your mystical inheritance changes with each generation. Sometimes it can be the same as the predecessors, sometimes it can be different; all I can say is expect some inter-species magic: it always happens and it's always hard to command and control at first. But, don't worry my lord, I will be here to help you every step of the way."

"Thanks Kathrakh," smiled the Tri-Lord; looking to Dante and Hermione, he asked, "you two want to come?"

"Actually Harry," Hermione explained, "I'd like to return to Dracul Manor and read up some more about the Triwizard Tournament; find out what exactly we may have to deal with."

"I understand," Harry nodded, "what about you Dante?"

"It would be my pleasure, my lord." Dante replied, his head bowed to Harry.

With a smile, Harry pulled out his wand and pointed to a stone fireplace, "Florusta!" he commanded before he added, "Riklaus, are you there?"

The head of the goblin manager appeared in the flames, his eyes low in a supposed bow to the Tri-Lord, "yes Lord Evans, how can I help you?"

"First off," Harry said, his ice-blue eyes focused on the green flames, "I forgive you for not telling me about the second half of my inheritance; secondly, I will see you this afternoon if it is all right."

"Of course Lord Evans," explained Riklaus, "I will await your arrival; what time will you be arriving?"

"Around 2-o'clock," replied the Tri-Lord, "and I'm bringing Dante Ursus, son of Vampire Master Ryuzaki Ursus with me."

"I look forward to our meeting, my lord," bowed Riklaus, before his head returned to the flames. Pointing his wand, Harry commanded,

“Florusta Nox,” and watched as the green flames returned to normal, before the fireplace died down and emptied of the warm light.

Turning to Kathrakh, Harry spoke up, “take Hermione to Dracul Manor and see that she finds what she needs. If need be, go to Grimmauld Place and ask Sirius and Remus for help. After that, use the Floo Network and meet me in the Chamber of Secrets.”

Bowing his head, Kathrakh spoke in an obedient tone, “as you command Lord Evans.”

Closing notes: I know, a slight change to what was written, but inspiration struck and I decided to aid Harry further; find out how he takes his more powerful inheritance in the next chapter. Also, a big thank you to everyone who has voted for my poll so far; I will leave it open for one more week then it will close.

If there is anyone who hates the fact that Ron and Harry are enemies; vote for that to change.

Following Chapter: Harry's power-driven inheritance and his assets: also, Dante is bound in fealty. Also The Unforgivables: Durmstrang; Beauxbatons; and the Tri-Lord is given an “interesting” pep talk by Mad-Eye Moody.

Chapter 20: Harry is chosen as the fourth champion; The school turns against him after he is chosen as champion; his darkness is fed and Harry discovers the First Task; Lessons with Slytherin

COMING SOON IN THIS FANFIC:

The First Task

Aftermath of the First Task

Harry continues to descend into evil

Lessons with Slytherin on Elemental Mastership

Harry, Dante and Hermione figure out the second task.

## The Yule Ball

Harry takes a holiday with Sirius and Remus

Another visit to Varnya Alley and another Voldemort nightmare.

Harry gets another “interesting” talk from Moody and gets help on the second task.

## The Second Task

Harry has suspicions

Ron approaches Harry and begs for forgiveness: will he give it?

Harry receives news about Moody

Makes a plan to cement his darkness and hears about the third task

Harry receives a visit from an unexpected character.

The Third Task – preparation, the task and the aftermath

The graveyard scene

An unexpected twist to Voldemort's return

Harry makes his choice regarding Ron.

Also, I have decided to merely describe SOME of the trio's lessons as this is about Harry and his path to power: heritage – darkness – alliances – decisions – destiny.

A/N

## OC SPELLS

For Florusta and Linguos Revelo see previous Spell Guides at the end of previous chapters.

Florusta Nox: Removes a Floo Portal from a fireplace.

Also, anyone who has enjoyed my fanfic; please Read and Review my latest Dark Harry fanfic: Drake Riddle and The Mark of the Demasque.

Also, TO HALT ANY FURTHER ENQUIRIES: HARRY POTTER AND THE SPIRITUS NECROMIA 2: REVENGE OF SHADOWHEART WILL BE APPEARING VERY...VERY SOON! YOU HAVE MY WORD ON MY MAGIC (Sorry, couldn't help putting that in LOL).

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

## Nocturisk

Harry emerged from the Floo Portal at quarter to two; he had planned it all out; whatever Riklaus had to grant him, he had decided to request some of his inheritance split between the five most loyal to the Tri-Lord: Sirius Black; Remus Lupin; Hermione Granger; Dante Ursus and Sebastian Kathrakh. As Dante emerged from behind him, Harry smiled as he examined his dusty robes; pulling out his wand, the Tri-Lord tapped his robes once and watched as the dust and grime from the Floo Portal vanished with a non-verbal spell.

//They really do work,// thought Harry, remembering how he had learned the basic techniques to using spells by intoning them in his mind. Repeating the process on Dante, Harry's attitude suddenly changed as he ordered, "you're not to speak unless I address you and, no matter what is discussed in this meeting, no matter your opinion; you will accept and respect my wishes, understand?"

"As you command Lord Evans," nodded Dante, his body seemingly rigid at the sudden change in Harry's tone. Obviously, now that he was away from Hogwarts and away from Dumbledore, Harry could act like the Lord of Dragons and Shadows that he was.

Approaching the front desk, Harry cleared his throat and inquired, "Could you inform Riklaus that Lord Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans is here to see him?"

The goblin behind the desk looked up and, seeing Harry's draconic appearance, nodded in reply, "of course Lord Evans, Manager Riklaus is expecting you."

"Thank you," replied Harry, "where does he wish to meet me?"

As the goblin went to answer, Harry noticed a sudden movement behind the desk and smiled as he saw Riklaus motioning from the Drékul vault for Harry's attention.

Turning back to, who Harry guessed, was the assistant manager, the Tri-Lord smiled as he nodded and explained, "I think I know where to



go. Thank you for your assistance; I hope that your day is profitable and that your gold shall flow always.”

The assistant glared at Harry in shock; he'd never have expected a human – or a Young Lord – to address him with such formality.

Harry passed the desk and stood in the entrance of his vault; the hissing and slow, threatening growl of Varek echoing from within. Turning to Riklaus, Harry asked, “why don't you enter? You already have my permission.”

“That is for your complex, Lord Evans,” explained Riklaus, “I'm afraid it doesn't cover this vault. Only Varek will listen to you with regards to whom you admit to these hallowed halls.”

“I understand,” Harry nodded before he turned and, stepping over the threshold of his inherited vault, spoke in Parseltongue. Varek, I have returned.

Master; I am honoured to see you again, replied the voice of the Basilisk, and I can sense that you have grown since our last meeting.

I have, replied Harry before he stepped up to the snake's body and, stroking the scales of his vault's bodyguard; he addressed the matter at hand. You see faces in my memories, don't you?

Yes Master, but I don't understand your query.

I mean, if I were to name someone as a friend, you would know them from my memories wouldn't you?

That I would Master, but let it be known that I will only allow those you name to enter these halls. Once they are named and spoken in our tongue then they are bound by trust. So make sure that you are certain of your decision Master.

In that case, Harry took a deep breath before he decreed, I, Lord Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans, Tri-Lord of the Fueraco, vessel and Heir of the Draconis Nocturnia, wielder of the Darkness Core Powers, do hereby allow the following witches and wizards

access to my hallowed halls of the Drékul Family Vault: Hermione Granger; Dante Ursus; Riklaus Ormingat; Sebastian Kathrakh; Remus Lupin; Sirius Black; Molly, Arthur, Fred, George, Bill, Charlie and Ginny Weasley; Nightbearer Master Ryuzaki Ursus; Nightbearer Master Rayne Magnus as well as myself. Let these words reach their ears and know that they are trusted; let those whose names I have not spoken suffer an eternity of pain should they try to breach these walls.

Varek seemed to hiss with contentment before he pointed out, I have taken the images of the relevant people from your mind Master; and, as Vault Guardian and Protector of the Treasury of Drékul; I, Varek Stoneglare; Basilisk Lord, do hereby acknowledge and accept these named trustees to enter your hallowed halls. On my life I swear it.

And on my magic; I speak for their trust. Finished Harry as he turned and called, "It's all right; you can come in now!"

Dante and Riklaus entered as Harry heard Varek hiss slowly, before the Basilisk coiled his scales and allowed his master and his guests to pass unchallenged. As Harry was about to follow Riklaus and Dante, he turned again and waved his wand before Varek, a mutilated, bloody corpse of a sheep appearing before the Basilisk.

For your loyalty, Harry hissed as he watched Varek disembowel the corpse.

After only three bites, the Basilisk seemed to grin as he replied, thank you, my master.

G.S.R.H

Harry met Riklaus and Dante in the Floo chamber of the vault; the vampire heir looking around with awe and honour as he seated himself next to his master. Waving his wand, Harry conjured a table and three goblets of pumpkin juice before he looked to Riklaus and asked, "so, what's this all about Riklaus? I thought I cleared up the last of my inheritance last autumn when I gained access to my Complex as well as my mother's family vault?"

“I’m afraid not my lord,” replied Riklaus, “as I informed you in the letter I sent; you are only halfway through your inheritance; there are other assets and fortunes as well as treasures that are now available to you. Also, you have been transformed for one year and, per the instructions of your ancestor Count Dracula, I have summoned you my lord...I mean requested your presence, with regards to your magical inheritance.”

Riklaus pulled out three folded parchments and handed the first to Harry; the Tri-Lord noticing a familiar seal on the parchment: a triple sliver serpent encircling a silver letter S. //S for Slytherin,// thought Harry, his eyes looking over the parchment as he unfurled it.

The parchment was old and worn, yet the text and contents were as fresh as if they’d just been written; Harry suspected the founder had placed some sort of charm on the text so that it lasted through the ages. As he read the first line, the Tri-Lord’s eyes widened as he read his own name: Harry Potter. Had Salazar Slytherin known that Harry would become a Draconis Nocturnia? Remembering the air of respect that the founder had given him, Harry nodded as he read the letter.

To my Heir of Blood and Magic, Harry Potter,

First off I wish to correct myself and say to Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Evans; yes, I know who you are. As you read this letter I wish to first of all tell you that, against what you may have heard about me, I am truly sorry for the curse that is now a part of you. I, Salazar Slytherin, offer you everything I have as part of your inheritance as well as the title Lord Slytherin.

I wish for it to be known that you, Lord Harry Vileous Drékul James Slytherin Evans, are now my true heir of Slytherin and, as such, I leave everything that is in my name to you.

To describe every little detail would take too long so I will split it into two categories: Material Inheritance and Magical Inheritance.

Your Material Inheritance includes:

Slytherin Manor, located on the outskirts of the Black Forest, Germany.

All the gold and money from my twin vaults: Vault 1313 and Vault 1314.

My hallowed Chamber of Secrets; to do with as you wish.

My Inner Sanctum, opened only by Nocturisk, and all the treasures within.

Open control of Slytherin House at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

And finally, my loyal Basilisk servant, Varek Stoneglare, whom you may have already met.

Harry looked up as he read the inheritance that he was now keeper of: how could someone who was still alive merely wash these things aside like they were yesterday's trash. //Unless,// thought the Tri-Lord, //he's more than alive: I wonder...//

He looked back to the parchment and read on:

Now, on to your Magical Inheritance, this includes:

Knowledge and Understanding of Parsel-Magic.

An in-depth knowledge of the Dark Arts and all spells and potions associated with it.

Master-ship of the magic of snakes and Parseltongue

And finally, animagus abilities, to become whatever you desire.

Now that you are of age apparent to bear these gifts from me; I can only ask that you use them as you wish and allow no-one to control you; specifically anyone who keeps secrets. As the founder of Slytherin, I encourage you to not let your darkness and your anger go untouched; nor to let anyone who stands in your way go un-punished.

Use all your powers and become the true Lord of Dragons and Shadows; become, Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans, the true master of all your strength. Leave no-one who will oppose you standing.

Other than that, I can sorely hope that you were not sorted into Gryffindor: but if you were; I am sorry for that too. Do not let heroism become your downfall; do not fear these powers as I did; instead, become them.

Take care, my dark heir

Yours sincerely

Salazar Slytherin.

Harry looked up again from the letter, his mind buzzing with the information he had just been given by his late ancestor: he truly was Slytherin's heir; he could now become any animagus form he wanted and, on top of that, he was now, as soon as whatever rite Riklaus had to perform was completed, fully mastered in the arts of Parsel-magic – speaking spells in Parseltongue – and even held knowledge of the Dark Arts.

With a deep, almost nerved sigh, Harry looked to Riklaus and asked, “what about the other two parchments?”

Handing Harry the second parchment, the Tri-Lord saw a symbol he didn't recognise and, underneath it, was an inscription: *Igneus per phasmatis of Concilium*. Looking to the inscription, something seemed to awaken within Harry's mind as he translated, “Burning with the spirit of the Council; is this from the Fueraco?”

“Not exactly young Lord,” replied Riklaus, opening the parchment, “this was written by your great-grandfather Darius Evans, and I was instructed to give this to his next of kin exactly one year after the transformation: as before, it contains both material and magical inheritance and, as soon as you have finished reading the letter, I will invoke the Rite of Inheritance Charm that will legally grant you everything mentioned plus what you already own.”

Opening the second parchment, Harry read the letter and decree, his eyes filled with emotion as he realised he was reading something from a family he knew next to nothing about.

To my beloved heir of Drékul's bloodline,

You would not, or maybe would, know me; I am Darius Drékul Osiris Evans, Lord of the Fueraco and I write this letter to inform you of your rightful heritage. As I write these words, I look upon my family and hope that, against my beliefs, no more males are born into our family. Then again, the reason that you are reading these words is because of that reason.

I ask that you do not fear the power within but learn to control it and accept it; I sincerely hope you don't follow the mind-numbing path of a saviour and instead learn to embrace the chaotic powers that will come from within; no matter what form you have taken, I guarantee that it will happen.

I know that, in the past, some have believed my family to be of light; but they are sadly mistaken. Thanks to our family curse, we have become dark and more powerful than you...or maybe anyone else...can possibly imagine.

Now I pass this power, and a lot more, unto you my darkling.

Here is a list of everything I leave to the new Dark Lord:

Material Inheritance:

Evans Manor, located in the deep woods of Lake Windermere, England.

The Evans Family Vault and my own personal Complex: Vault 712 and Complex Vault 101.

The Evans Chamber of Chaos, which is located within Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. (After this is read, consult a map; only YOU will be able to see it).

A seat on the Wizengamot – but you can't claim that until you turn 16.

The alliance of the warriors known as the Nightbearers.

The Amulet of Valekia, to be given to you upon completion of the Rite of Inheritance.

Mystical Inheritance:

Master-ship of Blood Magic and Necromancy.

The ability to shape-shift into Shadow Creatures.

The Inheritance Powers of the Fueraco Lord.

The powers of Chaomancy.

I know that you will make me proud my dark one; don't let your family be your ruling and, no matter what happens, DO NOT allow anyone who sees themselves as some sort of saviour become your mentor, particularly anyone bearing the name "Dumbledore".

Other than that, make me proud to call you my family, which, by accepting this destiny, you already have.

Take care Lord Evans

Lord Darius Drékul Osiris Evans

Harry looked from the letter to Riklaus and then to Dante; his eyes filled with a strange feeling of emotion. He had expected his family, even his ancestors, to encourage him to bear the ways of light, but no, Harry had been informed by his great-grandfather as well as Salazar Slytherin, to become the darkest, most chaotic wizard ever. On top of that, they had both asked of him not to trust Dumbledore or to allow anyone to become his better.

//And I won't let them down,// he thought as he rolled up the second parchment and looked to the third, which bore no seal of recognition,

so Harry looked to Riklaus and asked, “what is the third parchment about?”

“This parchment Lord Evans,” explained Riklaus, “is designed to reveal the inner magical essence of any witch or wizard who comes into an inheritance. As Lord of the families of Drékul, Vileous, Evans, Potter and Slytherin, as well as the last member of the Fueraco bloodline, I can only say that you are in for a surprisingly hard time in mastering these new skills.”

Holding the parchment before Harry, Riklaus continued, “all I ask of you my lord is that you allow one drop of your blood to stain the parchment for each family. After that, speak these words, “I, Lord Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans do hereby acknowledge that one year has passed and ask that the restrictions over my inner powers be lifted.”

//That easy?// thought Harry dryly as he flicked his wand and summoned a dagger to his hand; cutting his index finger, Harry allowed five drops of blood to stain the blank parchment, adding a sixth as Riklaus explained that they needed one for the Fueraco bloodline, and, taking a deep breath, declared, “I, Lord Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans, Tri-Lord of the Fueraco, Wielder of the Darkness Core Power, Heir and vessel of the Draconis Nocturnia do hereby acknowledge that one year has passed and ask that the restrictions over my inner powers be lifted.”

As Harry watched, he saw the parchment almost shiver before words appeared in his own blood.

Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans

Trinity Lord of the Fueraco

Wielder of Darkness

Bonded One of the Draconis Nocturnia

Blood Magic Inheritance From the Noble House of Drékul:



Draconian Magic

Fire Magic

Ice Magic

Thunder Magic

Animagi

From the Noble House of Vileous:

Shadow Magic

Shadow Animagi

Dark Arts Command

Shadow-Travel

From the Noble House of Slytherin:

Parseltongue

Serpentine Magic

Dark Arts Mastery

Legilimency Mastery

Potions Mastery

Animagi Abilities/Hybrid Creation

Wand-less Magic Mastery

From the Noble House of Evans:

Blood Magic Mastery

Shadow Creature Creation and Mastery

The Fueraco Heart

Chaomancy

Charms Mastery

Occlumency Mastery

From the Inheritance Bloodline of the Draconis Nocturnia:

Shadow Mastery

Elemental Mastery

Draconian Authority

Knowledge of the Elfin and Goblin Language

Duelling Mastery

Knowledge of Vampiric, Lycanthrope and Demonic Magic

Knowledge of Nocturisk

Blood Lineage to the Dragons

These powers are to be grafted upon Lord Drékul-Vileous-Slytherin-Potter-Evans upon the completion of the Inheritance Rites. Following these rites, Lord Evans will then have open access to his assets and treasures. No-one but those appointed by Lord Evans can enter the Complexes or Vaults of the Noble and Most Ancient House of the Fueraco.

THIS LEGALITY IS IRREVERSIBLE; BREACH OF THESE TERMS CAN RESULT IN DEATH OR RE-INSTATEMENT OF LORD DRÉKUL-VILEOUS-SLYTHERIN-POTTER-EVANS BARRIERS.

As Harry finished reading his mystic inheritance, he looked up to Dante as he allowed the information to run through his mind;

With this inheritance, that made him:

A Dark Arts Master

A Shadow Arts Master

An Elemental Master

A Master of Draconian Magic - //whatever that is,// he added in thought

An Expert Animagus and Shadow Animagus

A Master Charm-Caster.

He also understood the Elfin and Goblin Language

Inside him was the potential to learn Magic darker than Dark; the magic of Vampires, Werewolves and Demons.

Occlumency Mastery,

Legilimency Mastery

Chaomancy Mastery

Potions Mastery

With all this knowledge running through his mind, Harry made himself wonder why he even bothered to attend Hogwarts. //Oh yes,// he thought with a dark smile, //to keep the old fool guessing and to ensure that the traitorous bastard Ronald Weasley pays for his treachery...for now.//

Turning to Riklaus, Harry took a calm breath before he addressed the goblin manager, "I wish to ask a request of your lineage, Riklaus Ormingat."

Realising that the Tri-Lord had addressed with goblin formality, Riklaus bowed and asked, "what may I do for the Noble House of the Fueraco?"

Harry looked to Dante before he decreed, "by the blood of the gods, I wish it to be known that I am Lord Evans only by name; in any formal meeting or gathering; then, and only then, may anyone address me by my true calling, do I have this request of the Ormingat Goblin Clan?"

"As you command Lord Evans," replied Riklaus, his head bowed to the Tri-Lord.

Leaning back in his seat, Harry couldn't help but feel several cold waves rush through him as he smiled, all warmth gone from the expression. Looking back to the Goblin Manager, Harry asked, "is it possible to ensure that my inner powers mature themselves whilst I sleep? Or shall I have to embrace the pain in my waking hours?"

"That is your decision Tri-Lord," replied Riklaus, "but I would advise you to be awake for the maturation of your powers as most of your Shadow and Elemental Powers will emerge without warning. I would be greatly offended if the newest Lord of the Five Houses perished because of his gifts."

Harry grinned slyly as he nodded in agreement, "then I will try my hardest to stay awake, and, if I feel the need to sleep, then I will come here to my Fueraco Complex. Which reminds me," he added, "can it be sorted so that all the treasures from my vaults and complexes are stored in one large vault?"

"It can be arranged Lord Evans," replied Riklaus, "we can use Vault 1666 as the key vault as well as your family Complex Vault 101, which lies in the deeper regions of Gringotts. Only those who own the vaults can enter the lower regions."

"In that case," Harry added, "I would like a second Allowance Decree set up for Complex 101; please inform me when this decree is ready to be filled."

"As you command Lord Evans," bowed Riklaus, before he spoke in Goblin and placed his hands on either side of his head. To Dante, the words coming from Riklaus mouth may as well have been gibberish, but to Harry, the goblin's words were clear as crystal. As Harry listened, he memorised the words himself, "Let the Ancient Ones recognise the Heir of the Noble and Ancient House of the Fueraco and its subsidiary Noble Families of Drékul, Vileous, Slytherin, Potter and Evans as Lord Harry Drékul-Vileous-Slytherin-James Evans; may his power and authority never be challenged and may success always be his guiding light."

A sudden warmth flowed through Harry as Riklaus withdrew his hands and bowed in homage, "I apologise for my unannounced action my lord, but now you are truly recognised as the Heir of the Noble and Most Ancient House of the Fueraco Lords. Your inheritance shall come into full power within the next month; if you have any further enquiries, I am at your disposal," he bowed one final time to Harry.

The Tri-Lord shivered as the warmth left his body; he was determined to uphold his ancestor's wishes and become as dark as he could, //I have been betrayed and kept in the dark for too long,// he thought as he stood, //it's time the world saw a different Harry Evans; not Harry Potter The-Boy-Who-Lived, but Harry Evans Fueraco Lord of Dragons, Reptiles and Shadows. My first target is Albus Dumbledore, but how do I defeat someone who knows me as well as I know myself?//

As Harry walked with Riklaus out to the entrance of Gringotts, a dark thought plagued his mind; a thought of his nightmares and the messages they were sending; a message that was giving his dilemma an answer.

//No,// a distant voice whispered in his mind, //Harry, you can't do that; you can't even consider that.//

Shut up, hissed Harry in Parseltongue, I can do what I wish; if that is the answer then I will see to it that this be the course of action that I take; any who stand against me shall perish.

As they said their goodbyes, Harry added one final request, "by the way Riklaus, I would also like an owl sent to Number 12 Grimmauld Place at Christmas; make sure that it holds the final total of all my assets and treasures; tell me how much I have to work with."

"As you wish Lord Evans," bowed the goblin.

With a sneaky smile, Harry spoke his final sentence, "may your day be profitable and your gold never run dry."

"And to you, Harry Ice-Scales," replied Riklaus, speaking in the Goblin tongue.

With a raised eyebrow, Harry thought about his new-found name; Harry Ice-Scales; or at least that was what he was to the goblins, //and it suits me perfectly,// he thought, //and soon, I shall have the Icy Heart to match my Icy Scales. The true path to my dark destiny begins now; Albus Dumbledore, you're at the top of my list, and so are you, Ronald Weasley. Prepare to walk through Hell.//

With that thought buzzing around inside his head, Harry took the Floo Portal back to the Chamber of Secrets, a cold, malicious smile on his face as he thought about how his power had evolved and, thanks to his inheritance, how not even the so-called Great Albus Dumbledore could touch him now.

//I was right,// he thought, //this is going to be an interesting year...//

Closing notes: I know, once again, a slight change to what was written, but inspiration struck and I decided to make this chapter solely about Harry realising that he was liking who he was and that he was now free of Light and Dumbledore; find out how Hogwarts adapts to the NEW Harry soon. Also, for those who believe they know what Harry's mind was begging him not to consider; you're right; but I won't say more because of...well...spoilers.

Also, I won't be writing any more Next Chapter segments because I keep getting this inspirational urge inside me; The story will pan out as I write it; almost like I'm making it up as I go, but, I'm not. The

Following Chapter description below is the last one I will write, after that, you'll just have to read and find out.

Also, a big thank you to everyone who has voted for my poll so far; I will leave it open for one more week then it will close.

If there is anyone who hates the fact that Ron and Harry are enemies; vote for that to change.

Following Chapter: Dante is bound in fealty. Also The Unforgivables: Durmstrang; Beauxbatons; and the Tri-Lord is given an "interesting" pep talk by Mad-Eye Moody.

Chapter 20: Harry is chosen as the fourth champion; The school turns against him after he is chosen as champion;

COMING SOON IN THIS FANFIC:

The First Task

Harry continues to descend into evil

Lessons with Slytherin on Elemental Mastership

The Yule Ball – YES, with Hermione

Harry takes a holiday with Sirius and Remus

The Second Task

Ron approaches Harry and begs for forgiveness: will he give it?

Makes a plan to cement his darkness

Harry receives a visit from an unexpected character. CLUE: A FORMER ENEMY

The Third Task

The graveyard scene

Voldemort's return

A/N

Ignis per phasmatum Concilium is Latin

No New Spells

Also, anyone who has enjoyed my fanfic; please Read and Review my latest Dark Harry fanfic: Drake Riddle and The Mark of the Demasque.

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR HELPING ME REACH MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review



## Chapter 20: Mad Eye Moody

Disclaimer: AS BEFORE

All credit for inspiration behind this fanfic goes to Evandar as the idea is based on her fanfics: Serpens Armarem and Serpens Arcanem.

“Normal speech”

//thought// - or Harry and Valekia speaking

Parseltongue

Nocturisk

When Harry awoke one week after his meeting with Riklaus, he was surprised to find that he was more comfortable than he'd ever been; his head was slumped against something soft and warm and his body was being covered by something equally soft. Opening his eyes, Harry found himself face to face with the Valhalian Chaos Dragon that guarded the Fueraco Complex, each of its five heads laid down, smoke trailing from its nostrils.

As Harry looked to the dragon, a wave of memory washed over him as he recalled the week and all that had happened:

(One Week before...)

Harry entered the Chamber of Secrets and found himself making his way towards Alexander/Salazar, his eyes narrowed in suspicion; with The Trace removed from his wand, Harry hoped that what he was about to try would work.

The founder was sleeping in a chair as the Tri-Lord approached, but, as Harry pulled out his wand, he took into account that, with Dumbledore's strange essence of Legilimency, he would easily see Harry doing what he was about to do. Making his choice, Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on the shadows around him, his lips moving as he spoke in Nocturisk, “Shadows of darkness surround me; become my shield against all opponents.”

As the Tri-Lord stood there in the chamber, he felt a sudden cold envelop his body like a second skin; opening his eyes, Harry found his vision slightly darkened, as if he was looking through sunglasses, before he raised his wand and, pointing it at Salazar Slytherin, whispered, "Avada Kedavra."

The jet of green light flew from Harry's wand and, as he'd expected, passed straight through the body of the dark founder, the elder wizard merely continuing to sleep.

"You're a spirit of Slytherin," Harry nodded, banishing the shadow from his body, "the real Salazar Slytherin died many years ago, but, like Voldemort, he left you as a fraction of his power, ready to train his heir; me."

Turning to the stone fireplace, Harry spoke again in Nocturisk, "Open in the name of Lord Slytherin, heir of Salazar Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts Four."

As Harry stepped through the entrance to his Inner Sanctum, he reached under his black robes and withdrew a small golden amulet from around his neck. The amulet was shaped like a phoenix's head with ruby-encrusted flames streamed around it; Harry had learned that this was the Amulet of Valekia and, with the free time on his hands, Harry decided to investigate just what was so special about this particular inheritance that his great-grandfather had left him.

Reaching the Inner Sanctum, Harry smiled to himself as he saw that Kira, who he had instructed to see to the Chamber's cleanliness, had done well. All of Slytherin's tomes were organised in a single shelving unit that ran all around the wall; all the treasures that he had noticed were now packed into three large treasure chests, the interior volume of each chest increased by Harry's magic. Finally, Harry noticed something that made his jaw drop; it was a weapon he hadn't noticed before; it was a double edged sword with the Crest of Salazar Slytherin inscribed into the golden hilt. Turning the sword in his hands, Harry also noticed the symbol of the Fueraco; the draconic symbol from the first amulet; the golden serpent with the obsidian wings and ruby claws, as well as the emerald orb in the centre of the design.

Replacing the sword, Harry took a seat in a large leather-backed chair and clicked his fingers; as if on cue, the torches that lined the wall of the Inner Sanctum all ignited into balls of emerald light, the eerie glow providing Harry with a sense of comfort; for some reason, he just hated the sense of warmth and comfort provided by his scarlet and gold-decorated dormitory in Gryffindor Tower.

//Hm,// he thought, his eyes low and full of thought, //I wonder if it's possible for me to be re-sorted? Maybe to be placed in Slytherin, where I belong; not even Snape would refuse; after all, I now bear the aura and mystic presence of Salazar Slytherin himself; maybe I should swallow my pride and speak to the old man.//

Looking from the marble floor of the Sanctum to the Amulet of Valekia, Harry allowed his thoughts to brood on the new mystery, //Lord Darius Evans left this to me, why? Is there some kind of hidden magic that I have to unlock; or is it merely just some trinket of jewellery?// turning the amulet over, Harry's eyes widened in surprise as he found a small script on the back of the amulet; a script that was written in Parseltongue. Allowing his true self to rear his head, Harry spoke the script, As Lord of the Fueraco and vessel of the Great Spirits; I command the power within this amulet to become unleashed!

Harry gasped as the amulet began to tremble in his hands and watched as a plume of crimson smoke began to rise from the amulet, the phoenix head now heating up in Harry's hands as he watched with a silent expression on his face.

The smoke continued to rise until it seemed to hover before Harry, the scarlet wisps of magic almost considering Harry, as if it was trying to read his mind. Then, a voice so deep that it sounded like the rumble of a deep pit, spoke to the Tri-Lord, "I AM VALEKIA: DEMON HEART AND MASTER OF DARKNESS; SPEAK YOUR TRUE NAME AND RECIEVE MY JUDGMENT!"

Harry almost yelled with anger as this worthless creature dared to address him like this, but, nevertheless, he calmed his emotion and spoke to the smoke, "I am Fueraco Trinity Lord Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans, Lord and Bonded One of the Draconis

Nocturnia, Wielder of the Core of Darkness and the true master of darkness.”

The smoke, or the creature within the smoke, seemed to pale with fright as it gasped, “MY...L...LORD, I BEG FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS; I DID NOT KNOW! I AM...” the creature within seemed to cough as it amended itself, “I mean...I am your true inheritance; I am the Demon Heart Valekia; the Last Demon and your newest servant; now, my lord, where should we bond?”

“Bond?” asked Harry, surprised at the change in the creature; in truth, the creature’s voice was now more like a whining dog, seated at its master’s feet and waiting to be punished for its actions, “What do you mean bond?”

“As a Demon Heart, I must become an extension of my master’s power; to do that, my power must fuse to a specific part of my master’s body. The usual place is either the left or right arm, though most of the previous Demon Masters have bonded to places such as their eyes or their voice; one Demon Heart even fused his power to his master’s own heart, but sadly, they died at the hands of a sword.”

“Very well,” nodded Harry, “but what is your power Valekia? What will your...Demon Heart bondage do for me?”

“For one master,” replied Valekia, “it will increase the effectiveness of your Dark Elemental Magic and your Trinity Inheritance Powers over Fire, Ice, Lightning and Shadow. Not only that, but with my assistance, you will be able to command the very core of chaos and darkness and summon spirits to do your bidding.”

“Do my bidding?” asked Harry, his eyes lighting up at the sound of such dark power; it was like Necromancy, but he would almost control anything not only physical but spectral. “Very well Valekia, bind your power to my left arm and hand; with my right arm able to wield my wand, I will become one of the most powerful Demon Masters ever. Do as I command and you will reap the rewards; fail or disobey and you will suffer greatly, understand?”

“I understand master,” replied Valekia before the scarlet mist began to hover closer to Harry’s left arm, his skin tingling as the trails of smoke ran over his cobalt scales. As the Tri-Lord watched, the scarlet mist lowered itself and slowly began to shroud his left arm in a sling of powerful dark energy, Harry’s blood boiling as he felt the power meld with his spirit.

The effect only lasted a few seconds before Harry examined his new appendage: it looked almost violet in colour, but, as the Tri-Lord watched, the colour faded until it matched his cobalt scales; Harry also noticed that, in place of his draconic claws, there were now five fierce, serrated demonic talons, the flesh of his arm almost vibrating as he watched the power flow through his veins. Turning the arm over, Harry noticed his veins and arteries were glowing with red and black light, the occasional spark travelling to and from his fingertips.

“Valekia, what have you done to me?” he asked, his hand clenching and flaring as he tried to adjust to the new limb.

//I have managed to awaken the demon in you master,// replied Valekia’s voice, the voice of the Demon Heart speaking inside Harry’s mind, //with this inside you and your draconic spirit accepting the power, you are now one step closer to your true strength. I wish for you to know that I will not harm you and, whenever you wield your power, it shall be yours and yours alone. I will not intervene, you have my word on my magic.//

“I will take your word Valekia,” Harry spoke, his voice low and threatening, “but betray me and I will make you suffer; even if I must harm my own form to do so.”

//Yes master,// Valekia replied.

G.S.R.H

The week went by fairly quickly for Harry as he adjusted to his new powers; with Dante, Hermione and Kathrakh helping, Harry found that mastering his powers was easier than he’d first thought. When Thursday came, Harry’s day was made better when he discovered

that he would be having Defence Against Dark Arts with Mad-Eye Moody.

Before the lesson began, however, Harry spoke to Dante and Hermione during breakfast, "Dante, I would like you to do something for me."

"Sure Harry," replied the young vampire, his eyes showing he was ready to obey, "what is it?"

Harry looked round, seeing most of the Gryffindors watching him with feared and yet sceptical looks; one particular red-head sending Harry a look that could have sent dragons running. Turning back to Dante, Harry reached into the shadows under the table and pulled out a note with his instructions written on it. He had discovered that he could almost withdraw anything from the shadow by merely concentrating and allowing his draconian blood to do the rest.

Looking at the note, Dante nodded obediently and asked, "Shall we discuss this during Spiricancy?"

Harry closed his eyes, his timetable flashing before his eyes, a smile on his face when he noticed that he had his "Spiricancy" lesson after lunch, which also meant he could talk about the DADA lesson as well. With a nod, the Tri-Lord then turned to Hermione and added, "Hermione, I have something I want you to decide for me, is that all right?"

With a nod and a smile, Hermione asked, "you should know by now Harry that I will do anything to help you; what is it, by the way?"

"Not here," replied Harry, "those unworthy are listening," he nodded to Ron and then up to the High Table where Dumbledore was watching with interest. Remembering the old man, Harry then added, in an even more hushed whisper, "by the way; I've spoken with Professor Kathrakh and he has agreed to teach...us...Occlumency; apparently, the stronger our Occlumency, the more powerful our Spiricancy."

"Awesome," remarked Dante before Harry nodded and stood, his plate empty and his bag slung over his shoulder.

“See you two in lesson,” he smiled, trying to be as formal as possible.

As Harry passed where Ron was seated, he leaned in and whispered, “If you want to earn that forgiveness Ronald, I suggest you ease up on the icy stares; before I rip it from your face. Remember,” he gave a cold grin as he explained, “I’m the only one who knows of the cure to your nightmares; so start smiling, or start screaming.”

With that last remark, Harry shrugged his bag onto his shoulder and checked an imaginary watch on his arm, purposely exposing the demonic arm, causing most of the Gryffindor Table to hiss with fear and shock. Looking back to Ron, Harry’s final words were colder than cold;

“I see that you understand me; see you in class.”

G.S.R.H

The DADA lesson was with the Slytherins and, as Harry watched Draco, followed by Crabbe and Goyle, enter the class, he had to fight a sudden urge to start his path to vengeance; ever since he’d come into his true powers, and indeed before then – at the Quidditch World Cup – Harry had known and felt that it was time for Draco Malfoy to start paying the piper with regards to the three eyars of hatred and the near-dead reception Harry had received from his father.

//Not yet,// he thought, //revenge can wait, but, until then...// subtly raising his hand, Harry summoned a small ball of fire from his demonic hand and launched it at Malfoy’s chair, before the Tri-Lord turned and took his seat between Hermione and Dante. His efforts were rewarded seconds later when there was a loud yell and Malfoy leapt from his seat, the rear of his robes scorched and a wisp of smoke trailing from his seat. With a snarl, the young Malfoy rounded on Harry and, seeing the calm look in the Tri-Lord’s eyes, challenged him outright.

“I see that you think you’re some kind of big shot Potter; well, anything you can do, I can do better,” he pointed his own wand at

Hermione and asked, “which do you think is better Potter: Fried Mudblood or Well Done?”

Harry felt anger burn inside him, before he took a deep breath and asked, “Do you think for one second that you can hurt her Malfoy? With my power, I can not only match your childish theatrics, but beat them by at least a thousand times the effort.”

There was a collective groan of amusement from the class as Draco held his wand to Hermione, but Harry, who smiled with a cold eye at Draco’s lack for ignoring the bait, whipped his own wand out and cried, “Temperio.”

A large bolt of lightning flew from Harry’s wand and took the form of a giant spider which leapt onto Draco’s robes, sending a shock of electrocution through the Slytherin’s body, causing the rest of the class to begin laughing with clear delight at the sight of Draco Malfoy finally getting what he deserved.

With another wave of his wand, Harry changed the spider into a snake and hissed, Keep an eye on this little bastard; bite him only if I command it.

Yes Fire-God, the snake replied, a smile tugging at Harry’s face; ever since coming into his full powers – when his wings sprouted – he had been addressed by any and all serpentine creatures as “Fire-God” and Harry had always known that, as the Lord of Reptiles and Shadows, he was meant to be looked up to like this.

Taking his seat, Harry then heard slow clapping and, turning to look behind, everyone saw Professor Moody approaching, his mystic eye swivelling in all directions. Stopping beside Harry, Moody’s eye looked to the petrified Malfoy and he grumbled, “ten points from Slytherin for insulting a fellow student; twenty points to Gryffindor for defending house honour and keeping calm. Well done Mr Potter, can you see me after class?”

“Yes professor,” replied Harry.



Moody grunted in response before he turned to the class and, clearing his throat, explained, "Alastor Moody; ex-Auror; Ministry malcontent and your new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher; I am here because Dumbledore asked me to be, thank you, end of story, good day; any questions?" as he finished, Harry hid a smile at most of the students' awed expressions before Moody continued, "when it comes to the Dark Arts; I prefer a practical approach, but first: can anyone tell me how many Unforgivable Curses there are?"

At the mention of the Unforgivables, something dark and foreboding seemed to awaken within the Tri-Lord as he heard Hermione answer, "three sir."

"And they are so named?" asked Moody, writing down the word Unforgivable on the blackboard.

Hermione looked to Harry, who nodded with a smile, before she explained, "because they are Unforgivable; the use of any one of them would..."

"...earn you a one-way ticket to Azkaban, correct!" Moody added, the chalk screeching he underlined the word Unforgivable.

Turning back to the class, Moody continued in a serious tone, "now, the Ministry says that you're too young to know what these curses do; well I say different! You need to know what they are; you need to know what you're up against; you need to find some place to stick your chewing gum besides the underside of your desk Mr Finnegan."

Seamus gasped at the mention of his name, "no way; the old codger can see out the back of his head?"

Moody rounded on them and hurled the chalk, "and hear across classrooms!" he yelled, before he added, "I warn you all now; despite the stories that you have heard about me, I AM your teacher and I will take no idiocy from anyone; be they Slytherin or Gryffindor! I expect respect for me as I have for you: I expect you to learn; I expect **CONSTANT VIGILANCE!**" The class flinched as he raised his voice, the sound of the commands echoing through the room.

“So,” continued Moody, “who’s going to be the first to give us a curse?” he approached where Harry, Hermione and Dante were sat before he turned and barked “Weasley! Stand!”

Ron stood tall, Harry hiding a smirk at the sight of Ron’s apparent feared respect and humiliation, before Moody asked, “Can you name one of the curses?”

“My dad told me of one,” explained Ron, “the Imperious Curse?”

Moody nodded in agreement, “Aye, your father would know about that: gave the Ministry a bit of trouble a few years ago; perhaps this will show you why!” Moody left Ron and made his way back to the front, where he opened a jar and pulled out a rather fierce looking spider; pointing his wand at it, Moody whispered, “Engorgio, Imperio!”

Most of the class began to gasp with fright at the sight of the spider flying across the room, Moody laughing as he explained that, if she bit them, she was lethal. When he placed the spider over Ron’s head, the arachnid’s legs tickling his head, Harry laughed loudest and nodded with a cold gleam in his eyes.

“Ha Ha! What are you laughing at?” barked Moody, before he tossed the spider over to Malfoy, the fangs of the creature inches from the Slytherin’s face.

Harry was in seventh heaven as Moody called the spider back to his hand and turned to the crowd of students, “scores of witches and wizards claim that they only did You-Know-Who’s bidding...under the influence of the Imperious Curse, but here’s the real puzzle: how do we sort put the liars?”

//Veritaserum would help,// thought Harry as he saw Moody shrink the spider before the professor looked to the class.

“Another? Anyone?”

Harry saw Neville raise his hand, but the Tri-Lord also noticed a twitch of fear in his friend’s eyes as he gasped, “the...the Cruciatus Curse!”

“Correct!” nodded Moody, before he once again re-grew the spider and commanded, “Crucio!”

The spider began to cry out in pain, but Harry noticed Neville’s face pale and his eyes close, dread and fear on his face; it was obvious to him that Neville had experienced this curse personally, the question was...where?

“Stop it!” yelled Harry, “can’t you see his face Moody? Stop this pain now!”

Neville looked to the Tri-Lord in thanks as Moody cleared his throat and brought the now still spider to Harry, his eyes locked onto the young Lord as he asked, “perhaps Mr Potter; you can tell us the third Unforgivable? After all, you’re the only one to survive!”

Harry gave a sigh of annoyance as he pointed his wand and asked, “You mean this one?”

Everyone was silent as Harry pointed at the spider and commanded:

“Avada Kedavra!”

A flash of green light erupted from the end of Harry’s wand as he looked around and, in a clear voice, explained, “Voldemort’s – he ignored the flinches – signature calling card; the Killing Curse! There is no escape from death; well, unless you just happen to be called Harry Potter. If anyone tells you that most curses are worse than Avada Kedavra; tell them to jump in front of the Hogwarts Express, because they have no idea the pain you feel after seeing those you love taken by that darkness.”

Harry seemed to be on an emotional outburst as he nodded in feigned understanding, “Oh sure, you can have someone commit suicide with the Imprius Curse, or basically continue to scream until their heart stops or they bleed to death courtesy of the Cruciatus Curse, but, by far, the worst of the spells is the Killing Curse; and anyone who thinks they know something worse; just look at me: Harry James Potter, and see the effects of out-living such a curse:

Death Eaters, Dementors, Basilisks and a psychopathic teacher – sorry make that two psychopathic teachers!”

Harry looked to Moody before he noticed the class had gone silent, obviously still in shock that he had performed the most Unforgivable of the three curses and acted like it was nothing. Turning to the class, Harry indicated his draconic body and gave a feigned tone of exasperation, “there are worse things out there than death,” he hissed, “and I’m one of them.”

No-one dared argue with him.

G.S.R.H

After the lesson, Harry, Hermione and Dante all gathered to meet Moody; Harry’s eyes shining with power as he remembered the rush he’d been given by casting the curse. Approaching Moody, Harry asked, “You wanted to see me professor?”

“Yes Mr Potter,” replied Moody, “but what I have to tell you is for your ears only.”

Harry nodded but, as he explained that he would see them in Spiricancy, he added, “I’ll tell you everything,” before he watched Hermione and Dante leave the room.

Professor Moody stood and looked to Harry, almost twitching as he stared at the Boy-Who-Lived, before Moody explained, “I know what you’re feeling Harry; and I understand that seeing those curses again may have brought back some bad memories, but I’m not here to apologise; instead I want you to do something for me.”

“What is it professor?” asked Harry.

“This anger that you feel; I want you to use it; there are those who may tell you to ignore it, but don’t listen to them. I want to tell you a secret Harry; a secret that the Ministry and Dumbledore wouldn’t want me to tell you; do you know how the Dark Lord became so powerful?”

Harry shook his head as he asked, "Was it because of his ambition and his thirst for power?"

"No Potter, it was something more: the Dark Lord always poured his power into his emotion; that was what made him so powerful. Up until his fall at your hands, he was nigh immortal in power and it was all because of the hatred and anger he had felt as a teenager; he was raised in an orphanage and he hated it as much as you hate your relatives, so when the time came for Tom Riddle to become Lord Voldemort, he moulded his power to his anger and became the darkest wizard of his generation!"

"What are you trying to tell me professor?" asked Harry, playing the innocent student act; he knew where Moody was going.

"I'm trying to say Potter that you should follow suit; Dumbledore has told all the staff of your lordship and I personally know of your destiny as a Draconis Nocturnia: what, did you think you were the first I have seen? No Potter, I know of the darkness; I am telling you that you should allow all the feelings of hate, anger, betrayal and rage fester and boil inside you until the time is right. Then, with power as your ally, unleash this rage on the world and watch the fireworks fly. With hatred and darkness as your ally, you will do anything you wish and you will always know power; remember that Harry!"

"I will!" Harry whispered, "thank you professor."

"Harry!" called Moody, "if you ever need training on these Dark Arts; you know where to find me!"

Harry nodded as he left the room, his mind muddled at what Professor Moody had just offered him.

(Present Day...)

//And that's what he did,// thought Harry as he sat beside the dragon, //he gave me sanctuary and a powerful member of the staff as an ally. Then the week continued and I knew my power; but how did I wake up here?//

//I brought us here,// a voice in his head spoke; Harry immediately recognised Valekia as the Demon Heart continued, //after you left the class, you went to find Hermione, Dante and Kathrakh and you told them what happened before you bound Dante to the Fidetrum Oathik Spell and carried on with the week. You also told Hermione the truth about your own darkness and she accepted; then, last night, you were awoken by a searing pain in your scar and you Shadowed yourself here to your Complex where your power was emanated in great waves before the Valhalian came to you and shielded you with its wings. Now, you awaken, stronger than ever and ready to face the challenges of the Triwizard Tournament.//

//Yes,// agreed Harry, //and that's the other thing I remember; Durmstrang and Beauxbatons arriving. Dumbledore introduced them and we all saw the kind of magic they wielded,// he rubbed his temples as he recalled the Durmstrang students, //there's something about that man Karkaroff and those students; I've never seen anyone else wield such power; imagine what an ally they would make.//

//That's your choice master,// Valekia reminded him.

Standing tall, Harry stroked the Valhalian and looked to his Complex, noticing three familiar figures still asleep near him: Kathrakh was leaned against one of the walls, Dante was hanging upside-down like a bat and Hermione was sleeping in between two of the giant dragon's claws, obviously keeping an eye on her boyfriend.

Stretching tall, Harry smiled as he explained, "Halloween will be here soon and I will be ready; no new nightmares lately, but I don't think Voldemort will give up; however...that's exactly how I want it!"

Closing notes: A very interesting pep talk from Moody and an interesting twist on the maturity of Harry's powers; but, with Durmstrang and Beauxbatons now at Hogwarts, will Harry make allies or more enemies; and just what is his plan concerning the Dark Lord? Find out soon.

Also, a big thank you to everyone who has voted for my poll so far; 3  
DAYS UNTIL CLOSED

If there is anyone who hates the fact that Ron and Harry are enemies; vote for that to change.

Chapter 21: Harry is chosen as the fourth champion; The school turns against him after he is chosen as champion; More strange magic from Harry's arm. Malfoy's inner rodent is revealed; Harry receives confirmation of his vaults and a letter from Sirius and Remus.

COMING SOON IN THIS FANFIC:

The First Task

Harry continues to descend into evil

Lessons with Slytherin on Elemental Mastership

The Yule Ball – YES, with Hermione

Harry takes a holiday with Sirius and Remus

The Second Task

Ron approaches Harry and begs for forgiveness: will he give it?

Makes a plan to cement his darkness

Harry receives a visit from an unexpected character. CLUE: A FORMER ENEMY

The Third Task

The graveyard scene

Voldemort's return

A/N

Temperio: Summons a Lightning Apparition to do as you will it: Thunder Magic/Fueraco Magic

Also, anyone who has enjoyed my fanfic; please Read and Review my latest Dark Harry fanfic: Drake Riddle and The Mark of the Demasque.

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR HELPING ME REACH MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review



## Chapter 21: The Dragon Champion

Disclaimer: AS BEFORE

All credit for inspiration behind this fanfic goes to Evandar as the idea is based on her fanfics: Serpens Armarem and Serpens Arcanem.

“Normal speech”

//thought// - or Harry and Valekia speaking

Parseltongue

Nocturisk

As the weeks approaching Halloween approached, Harry found himself preferring the company of his friends – in particular Hermione – and his loyal familiar in place of the students. When Beauxbatons and Durmstrang had arrived, Harry had shared the school's disbelief when Quidditch star Viktor Krum had walked into the Great Hall, but that was before Harry also found out about the Goblet of Fire.

It was introduced a fortnight before Halloween and Dumbledore had enforced the Goblet's Age Restriction Law with the help of an Age Line; unfortunately that didn't stop Krum, as well as a few other Durmstrang students; nor did it stop the Hufflepuff's Seeker Cedric Diggory or other Hogwarts students. As of late, no-one had heard about Beauxbatons, but Harry had a sneaking suspicion that the Headmistress Madame Maxime had already had most of her female students put their names in; despite their beautiful way of walking – a fact that Harry overheard Ron boasting about – they were over 17 years old.

Three days before Halloween, Harry and Hermione were enjoying some alone time in the Chamber of Secrets – which the Tri-Lord had renamed the Chamber of Champions – when there was a swooping sound and Dante appeared, his usually pale face beaming proudly. Looking over the back of the chair, Harry folded his wings and asked, “What’s the matter with you?”

"I took Kathrakh's advice," Dante explained, "I put my name in the Goblet of Fire; I was recognised, unlike Fred and George."

"Why?" asked Hermione, slowly massaging her boyfriend's scaled shoulders, "what did they do?"

"Tried to use an Ageing Potion," Harry remarked; he had seen it inside Dante's mind: despite all their Occlumency training, the two other wizards couldn't block themselves from Harry's Legilimency.

Kissing Hermione softly, Harry leapt into the air and soared through the chamber, his body strained and his wing muscles almost radiating warmth as he flew again. Because of Dumbledore and their guests, Harry hadn't been able to fly inside school grounds and he'd had to send a doppelganger to lessons; apparently the old fool believed that Harry should still appear as a normal student.

//Interfering bastard,// he thought, //I can't wait for the day when I can rip him apart.//

//Allow me to help you master,// Valekia put in, //I hunger for the blood of a victim.//

//Guess I now know how Dante feels,// Harry responded, which got a slight laugh out of Valekia.

Swooping down himself, Harry folded his wings and looked to Dante, his eyes almost reflecting pride, "you see," he said with a smile, "I told you; if you act like a normal kid, you'll be just fine. Not once around our student body have you addressed my as lord; nor have you bowed to me, however," he looked closer to Dante and asked, "Have you been feeding?"

Dante looked at his feet sheepishly as he explained, "With the old man keeping a close eye on us, I haven't fed since September 11th. I'm feeling hungry my lord; I'm afraid what will happen if I lose it."

Looking to Hermione, Harry sent her a mental image and got a nod in response; looking to his Nightbearer ally, Harry asked, "Well, why don't you drink my blood?"

Dante looked to the Tri-Lord in horror, before the young vampire bowed to Harry, desperation in his voice, "my lord, I couldn't feed on you. The power in your blood would drive me to kill you or even turn you; it's bad enough that you are a Draconis Nocturnia, but to become a Vampiric Draconis Nocturnia is like signing your own death warrant! Please my lord, do not force me to feed on you, I beg you!"

Harry knelt by Dante and, taking his young vampire warrior by the chin, Harry looked with kindness and authority as he commanded, "Dante Ursus, as Lord of the Nightbearers, I command you to drink my blood and sate your thirst. Do not worry about me for if you recall, my power is near immortal and that makes me immortal; now, do as I command and feast on my blood."

Dante looked to the Tri-Lord in defeat, before he asked, "What will you do if you are turned my lord?"

"I will regenerate the wound," explained Harry, "and my Darkness Core will take care of the vampiric curse, now feed Dante; do as I command you to do."

Harry tilted his head to the side, exposing his cobalt lined neck, before he gave Dante a confirming nod and watched as his vampiric friend slowly began to loom over the Tri-Lord, his eyes crimson and his fangs sliding out of their sheaths. As he was about to drink, Dante looked to Harry and, pulling away, shook his head, recoiling from what he was about to do.

"I can't," he gasped, "you are my lord, but I can't drink your blood! Even if it means I must die for my treachery, I will accept; but I will never drink the blood of my lord."

He looked up as Harry began clapping and then Dante looked to the ornate fireplace where another familiar figure was watching; it was Master Ursus and he looked with pride at his son. Looking back to the

Tri-Lord, Dante seemed confused, "I...don't understand," he mumbled, standing before the Tri-Lord.

"It's simple Dante," replied the Tri-Lord, "with Halloween approaching, you were to feel great pain and hunger; this was a test organised for every 2nd generation Nightbearer to see if they can control their dark instincts. As your lord and master, I am very proud to say you passed."

"And as your father," added Master Ursus, "I am equally as proud as the Tri-Lord, and offer you a portal back to Varnya Alley where an entire lake of blood awaits your dark hunger; you may join us my lord, we would welcome you Lord Evans, and I believe you have yet to see all of Varnya Alley."

Harry was about to answer when he saw a familiar white owl watching from the fireplace; turning back to Master Ursus, Harry shrugged and explained, "I'll have to take a rain check on that, it looks like Sirius and Remus wish to speak with me."

Master Ursus bowed before Dante turned and, bowing to Harry, explained, "I won't be long my lord; I will return soon."

"Take your time Dante, I'll be fine," Harry insisted as he and Hermione locked eyes. When Dante and Master Ursus left the chamber, Harry approached Falcos and, removing the letter, noticed Sirius' handwriting;

Harry,

I need to speak with you, it's important: Floo both you and Hermione to Grimmauld Place immediately! Something's happened that isn't good news; please, hurry.

Sirius

Taking Hermione's hand, Harry didn't Floo to Grimmauld Place; instead, he held his girlfriend close and, closing his eyes, concentrated on the darkness of Grimmauld Place's hallways. When

Harry opened his eyes, both he and Hermione were stood in the hallway, the figures of Sirius and Remus clearly visible in the kitchen.

Entering, Harry broke the ice, "what is it Sirius? What's happened?"

"It's Wormtail," explained Lupin, "or at least, our duplicate Wormtail. He's been released from Azkaban and we have a sneaking suspicion that it was helped to passage by someone close to Voldemort. If the duplicate reaches the Dark Lord, then you are in trouble Harry. How are you coming with your powers?"

"I'm learning as fast as I can," explained Harry, "with the limited time the old man gives me, as well as my Draconis lessons with Salazar Slytherin, I haven't much time to work on my Inner Power. It's been nearly 18 months since I transformed, why won't my chaos powers help me? Why won't they take root like I was told they were?"

"I don't know Harry," replied Remus, "I've exhausted every possible option, but nothing's coming to light," he paused before adding, "if I may have a request Harry?"

"Of course Moony, what is it?" asked the Tri-Lord, his eyes watching his guardians as they looked back at him.

"I was wondering if I may visit Dracul Manor; with the vast Dark Arts Encyclopaedias and tomes within the walls, maybe there's a clue there."

Looking to the giant clock that hung in the lounge, Harry gave a sigh and turned to Hermione, his eyes low, but full of hope, "shall we go?"

"Yes Harry," replied Hermione, "besides; it's not like the old man will miss us."

"No," agreed the young lord, "nor that we will miss him. The way he keeps giving me dirty looks, I swear that I will soon allow Dagmar to crash through Hogwarts?"

"Dagmar?" asked Hermione.

"The Valhalian," explained Harry, "I named him that because I looked it up and found it mean protector, which he is. Anyway, time's wasting and I'm also feeling a bit hungry, so, we'll go to Dracul Manor, grab a bite to eat, do some research and be back at Hogwarts by nightfall."

"Do we have to be back?" asked Hermione, "I thought this was our time; can't we stay...for the night?"

Harry gave a laugh and even Sirius had to grin as the Tri-Lord explained, "Hermione; I know you've missed sharing beds with me, but if you're thinking along those lines; you can wait! I'm 14 for Merlin's sake; we're...a bit too young," he seemed to blurt out the last statement, before he added, "besides, I was about to say; we'll be back for nightfall if I want to come back; if I don't, then we stay the night. As long as we're in time for the ceremony on Halloween, it doesn't matter what we do."

"He's right," Sirius explained, still trying his hardest not to laugh at his godson's apparent embarrassment by Hermione's seductive statement; shaking his head, the Marauder then added, "Harry, you two go on ahead; Remus and I will see you in about an hour, okay?"

With a nod, Harry turned again and held onto Hermione, "close your eyes," he whispered, before they stepped into the darkness of Grimmauld Place and emerged in a darkly lit lounge decorated in navy with the chandelier almost sparkling above them. Looking to Hermione, Harry leaned in and kissed her, his lips meeting hers before she opened her mouth and allowed him to run his tongue over the inside of her mouth. Harry heard Hermione sigh with contentment and he couldn't blame her; because of Dumbledore's interferences as well as the visitors, Harry and Hermione could only truly enjoy each other's company in secret or during their "Spiricancy" lessons.

"I'm sorry," whispered Harry as Hermione wrapped her arms around him, drawing him close to her.

"What for?" asked Hermione.

"For neglecting you," explained the Tri-Lord, "you are one of a few friends who have still stood by me and now you're by my side as the

one that I love and I've almost locked you out of my heart and my sight."

"No Harry," explained Hermione, "It's that worthless shit-head Dumbledore who's to blame; if that bastard didn't try to interfere in your life then we'd be happy, we'd be together."

With a laugh, Harry held Hermione as close as possible, "why do you think I'm still thinking of leaving after next year?"

"Would you leave me?" asked Hermione, her hands rubbing Harry's scales and wings, slowly making their way downwards.

"Never," said Harry, then gave an embarrassed cough as he added, "and like I said; we can wait for that."

"Yes we can," Hermione giggled, rubbing her hand over Harry's waist, "but it doesn't feel like you can."

Turning away, Harry cleared his throat before he cried, "Kira!"

There was a crack and the enhanced house-elf appeared with a bow, "Lord Evans, Lady Granger, welcome home; how can Kira serve you?"

"We need some food," explained Harry, "we'll be in the library; just leave it there and don't disturb us, understand?"

"Yes Lord Evans," Kira replied, before he vanished with another bow and another crack.

Looking to Hermione, who was now looking calmer now that she had allowed Harry a taste of their future, the Tri-Lord nodded to the door and laughed, "come on Hermione; we'll continue our...talk in the library."

G.S.R.H

Harry scanned several tomes, Hermione helping and Kira appearing on call, bringing plates of sandwiches and goblets of drinks; after they

had officially finished their “conversation” Harry had explained about how the library was split into sections: the more legal and official Ministry things were easier to reach, but the more Dark-sided and Ministry-hated books were kept on the upper level of the library.

Looking over the rail that split the two levels, Harry called down, “anything yet?”

“Nothing Harry,” explained Hermione, “mainly about shadows and darkness, but nothing on chaos.”

Heaving a sigh, Harry’s supernatural hearing then picked up the sounds of a Floo gate; raising his voice, Harry called, “Kira!”

The house-elf appeared and bowed to the Tri-Lord, before Harry explained, “can you show our guests to the library and ask Remus to check on Salazar: he’s out on the veranda.”

“Of course Lord Evans,” replied Kira before the elf vanished with a crack.

Looking to the higher shelves, Harry fanned his wings and leapt into the air, an updraft blowing through the window to the library as he hovered, looking for the right book. Pulling out a blue covered tome, Harry opened it and gasped, “I think I found something!” he called. Leaping over the rail, Harry placed the book on the table that was located in the centre of the study; Harry looked up and smiled at Sirius and Remus, Salazar at Remus’ heels.

“I think I found something,” he repeated, showing them the book he’d brought down, “This is a tome about Ancient Dark Magic; and, according to the description, it speaks about chaos energy.” Flicking through the book, Harry stopped on a page that held an amulet similar to Valekia; looking at the opposite page, the Tri-Lord grinned, flashing his fangs, as he nodded, “yes, here’s something; oh...something good!” he added with an even bigger smile, listen to this:

Even though magical sources claim that the powers of magic comes from a wand core or from the caster; there are some elements of



magic that are considered dangerous and are therefore sealed within amulets like then one opposite. This kind of magic usually emanates from the realms of darkness and chaos and is usually tied to demons or Necrobloods; creatures that thrive in shadows.

A key element of this kind of magic is known as Chaomancy; the art of controlling chaotic elements; normally the elements of chaos involve: Darkness, Death and Demons, but also are known to be an advanced branch of shadow magic. Usually, a demon can wield this power, but so can a wizard, if he has the right frame of mind and the true emotion needed to wield such power.

Sad to say that such power can only be harnessed through the darkest of emotions: rage, betrayal, hatred, anger, sadness, doubt and of course the heart's emotion of manipulation.

If the emotions are individually focused, what is known as a "Level 1" Chaos spell can be cast; however, the range of levels can be from one emotion – resulting in "Level 1" magic – or from all 7 emotions that can result in "Level 10" Chaomancy.

The arts of Chaomancy are long forgotten, but some claim that the last wizard to wield them was Salazar Slytherin; some rumours also claim he kept a journal, hoping for the day when the next Demon Heart Wielder would come forward and master the dark powers involved in Chaomancy."

Harry looked at his own Valekia Amulet and thought about what he'd just read: Salazar Slytherin had been the last Chaomancy Master; only one bound to a Demon Heart could truly wield such power and, in order to do so, the caster had to feel some of the darkest emotions known to mankind.

Turning the page, Harry found a list of conversion details for the levels of Chaos Magic:

Little or no Emotion – Level 1

One emotion – weakened – Level 1

One Emotion – Strong – Level 2

Two Emotions – Level 2

Three Emotions: One Weak, Two Strong – Level 3

Three Emotions: Two Weak, One Strong – Level 3

Three Emotions: Fully channelled – Level 4

Four Emotions: Two Weak, Two Strong – Level 5

Four Emotions: Fully Channelled – Level 6

Five Emotions – Level 7

Six Emotions: Three Weak, Three Strong – Level 8

Six Emotions: Fully Channelled – Level 9

Full Dark Emotion (7) – Level 10

//Well,// thought Harry, looking to the chart, //I've been betrayed, angered, hated, manipulated, slightly saddened, had the occasional doubt and been enraged for a short period, so that puts my power at Level 8; wouldn't you say Valekia?//

//Yes master,// replied the Demon Heart, //that is exactly where I would say your Chaos Levels have reached, but, before you attempt any magic of this kind; I suggest you allow your draconic and darker essences of magic to become matured, otherwise, you could be killed.//

//I understand; thank you Valekia,// replied Harry.

//However master,// added the Demon Heart, //with my power fused to you; Levels 1 through 4 should be simple, and dark, enough for you to master. I can teach you these ways, if you wish.//

//I'd like that,// nodded Harry, //and I'll ask Slytherin and Kathrakh to help out as well. For now, let's see about doing something about my inner truth.//

//What do you mean master?// asked Valekia.

//I mean,// replied the Tri-Lord, //if I am going to learn the ways of darkness then I should use darkness; I should allow the entire world to see me as I am; just like I planned to. It's time for me to stop hiding; it's time for me to embrace my destiny; it's time for me to become that which I am destined to be: Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans, Dark Lord of the Dragons and Shadows, Heir of Salazar Slytherin, descendant of Count Vileous and the Dark Lord Drékul, bearer of Darkness and Master of Chaos; I will become that and I will do it with those who obey me; all who don't should prepare for a journey on the highway to hell!//

Explaining to Sirius, Remus and Hermione, Harry found that the former Marauders were with him and that Hermione, as he already knew, would do anything for him and that included joining him on the path to darkness.

"Perfect," grinned Harry, "now; Hermione and I shall return to Hogwarts; keep the old bastard happy; afterwards, I will contact you with regards to the future; oh and Remus," he added, "you and Sirius are on the Allowance List for this building; feel free to use it as you see fit."

"As you wish Lord Evans," grinned Remus.

"Hey," laughed Harry, "to family and friends; I'm still Harry."

G.S.R.H

Halloween finally came and Harry found himself gathered with the other students, his body leaned against a wall, Hermione with an arm around his and her head resting on his chest.

Silence suddenly fell as Dumbledore stepped up, “now,” he declared, his voice ringing through the hall, “the moment we’ve all been waiting for; the champions choosing.”

As the old man extinguished the flames around the hall, Harry leaned in towards Dante and whispered, “good luck.”

“Thank you Lord Evans,” Dante replied before there was a whoosh and a large stone goblet, the Goblet of Fire, flared into life, blue flames licking the top of the hallway.

After a short while, the blue flames turned red and a scrap of paper flew from the fire; catching it with one hand, Dumbledore announced, “The champion for Durmstrang is Viktor Krum!”

There was a collective cheer as the Quidditch star made his way to a separate room; everyone else returning their attention to the goblet.

When a second name emerged, Dumbledore continued, “The champion for Beauxbatons is Miss Fleur Delacour,” as Fleur, a very attractive young woman, was led off to the separate room, the Goblet flared again and Dumbledore announced, “the champion for Hogwarts...”

Harry noticed some crossing their fingers as Dumbledore held a pause for emphasis, //get on with it old man,// he thought grimly..

“The Hogwarts Champion,” explained Dumbledore, “is Dante Ursus!”

A cheer began to rise until Dante stood and shook Dumbledore’s hand, most of the students giving Dante, and Harry, a wary look before Dumbledore cried out, “excellent! We now have our three champions, but come tournament’s end; only one will triumph; only one will raise this chalice of champions, this vessel of victory; the Triwizard Cup!”

Everyone watched as a silver trophy was revealed, the light from the Goblet of Fire shining against it; but then, everyone gasped when the goblet turned red again and a final parchment was threw from the flames.

Catching it, Dumbledore read the name:

“Harry Potter!”

Harry was as stunned as the rest of the school, but he still stood and approached Dumbledore, catching sight of Ron eyeing him venomously, //keep looking Weasley,// he thought coldly, //because I have had it with you; I have decided...you suffer!//

Standing before Dumbledore, Harry gave a nerved smile, but his eyes were filled with a cold gleam, a gleam that Dumbledore noticed as the two locked eyes for a final second before Harry followed the others to the separate room.

//Whoever did this,// he thought, //certainly didn't know what they were doing: my name's not Harry Potter anymore.//

As he passed the staff, Harry caught sight of Moody watching him; there was something about those eyes that made Harry suspicious; something he didn't like.

G.S.R.H

Harry waited with the others, but it wasn't long before the door to the room, the trophy room, was flung open and Dumbledore entered, followed by Crouch, Madame Maxime, Karakroff and Moody.

“Harry!” Dumbledore roared as the Tri-Lord stood his ground, “Harry, did you put your name into the Goblet of Fire?”

//Are you thick?// thought Harry, //but if you want to play these games...//

He looked into Dumbledore's eyes, fanned his wings and smiled a cold smile as his crimson eyes locked with Dumbledore's pale blue; his next words sent shivers down Dumbledore's spine.

“Yes Headmaster; I, Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James EVANS, or Potter, did put my name into the Goblet Of Fire!”

Closing notes: I know what you're thinking: WHAT THE HELL IS HE ON ABOUT? We know he's lying, but Dumbledore doesn't. and yes, I decided to put Dante as the Hogwarts Champion; but it's all part of the story; find out why soon.

Also, a big thank you to everyone who has voted for my poll:

The winner is...RON SHOULD SUFFER! And believe me: he will!

Chapter 21: The school turns against him after he is chosen as champion; More strange magic from Harry's arm. Malfoy's inner rodent is revealed; Harry receives confirmation of his vaults.

A/N

Temperio: Summons a Lightning Apparition to do as you will it: Thunder Magic/Fueraco Magic

Also, anyone who has enjoyed my fanfic; please Read and Review my latest Dark Harry fanfic: Drake Riddle and The Mark of the Demasque.

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## Chapter 22: The Four Champions

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“Normal speech”

//thought// - or Harry and Valekia speaking

Parseltongue

Nocturisk

A/N: I do not own the chapter title either; I am aware that it is the name of a chapter from Goblet of Fire

Dumbledore stared in shock at Harry's revelation before he asked, "Harry, did you really put your name into the Goblet of Fire?"

"Yes Headmaster," replied Harry, adding a mocking tone as if he were talking to a child, "I, Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans-Potter put my name into the Goblet of Fire. I am surprised though, I could swear on Merlin himself that I put it in under Hogwarts."

"Albus," exclaimed Karkaroff, his eyes on Harry, "the boy couldn't put his name into the Goblet; he is underage."

"Not quite Headmaster Karkaroff," explained Harry, "according to Ministry law, I am an adult; my wand has even been stripped of the Trace."

"But why?" asked Madame Maxime, "surely zis boy cannot enter ze tournament; 'e is too young! Even if 'e is old by ze Ministry law."

Turning to Crouch, Dumbledore gave a sigh before he explained, "Barty; we leave it to you; does Harry enter or not?"

Looking to Harry, Crouch cleared his throat and asked, "Mr Potter, as an adult, a fact that Minister Fudge has pointed to me, I have to ask this of you; do you want to confirm your entry or do you wish to drop out."

"Wait a minute," snarled Krum, speaking with as a heavy Eastern tone as Master Ursus, "even if Mister Potter is telling the truth; why should he be given a way out?"

"Because he is an adult," explained Crouch, "you, Mr Krum, despite your Quidditch status, are still a student; technically, Harry doesn't even have to be here."

"Zat's understandable," nodded Fleur, her French voice sounding like birdsong in Harry's ears, before the Tri-Lord reminded himself of his one and only and looked to each of the champions, his eyes quickly overlooking Dante as he looked from his ally to Krum, then to Fleur and finally back to the two Headmasters, Headmistress and Barty Crouch.

Looking to his own body, Harry gave a sigh before he asked, "do you think me afraid Mr Crouch? Because if that's the reason you'll think me to say no, then I suggest you get your head checked. Yes," he added confidently, "I am going to participate as the Fourth Champion in this year's Triwizard Tournament; if anyone asks; tell them that the Council of the Fueraco are my magical lineage and no more shall be said."

Crouch nodded before he explained, "then, would all four champions please be at the Defence against the Dark Arts classroom on 5th November for the Weighing of the Wands? I'm afraid also; I must warn you of one Rita Skeeter who shall be reporting, so expect pictures and interviews with regards to the tournament."

//Rita Skeeter?// thought Harry, //I've heard of her; apparently she twists your words to make her sound good; well, if she twists my words, I'll twist her neck and then burn her eyes out!//

As Harry left the trophy room, he turned and addressed Krum, "I know you find it unfair that our two different lives have different rules,



but, if you wish to prove me wrong; the way is simple; win the tournament. Otherwise, get your overpopulated ego back to school and never question me again!"

Despite his tough schooling, Krum seemed to pale as he passed Harry, the Tri-Lord waiting for Dante before he gave a calm breath and focused on his inner power, knowing that his anger and rage needed to be fed in order for his soon-to-be mastered Chaomancy to be at full strength.

When Dante emerged, Harry walked by his ally and asked, "so, we're both champions and we're friends; which is more important to you Dante?"

"I am also your servant Lord Evans," explained Dante, "but, as your friend, I must warn you; get in my way during the tournament and I will defeat you."

Harry gave a laugh as he asked, "Where are you next?"

"Charms with Flitwick," explained Dante, who Harry had seen possess a great sense of memory, "why do you ask mate?"

"I'm bunking off," explained Harry simply, "I promised Kathrakh that I'd meet him at Dracul Manor to discuss these new powers of mine; he's also apparently found something in my other home, Evans Manor, about each level of Chaomancy. I'm taking Salazar and Hermione with me, so if Flitwick asks, tell him to Floo me a message and I will speak with him."

"Sure thing," replied Dante, before he raised an eyebrow and asked, "Why don't you just send a doppelganger in your place? With your power, such magic is easy."

"That's even better," nodded Harry before he stopped before a reflective portrait and, pointing his wand, commanded, "Falector Animatus!"

G.S.R.H

Kathrakh met Harry and Hermione in the entrance hall to Dracul Manor, the Tri-Lord looking slightly fatigued from his casting and his shading to Dracul Manor.

A/N: Shading – Shadow Travelling, one of Harry's Magical Inheritances. (Gained from Vileous Family)

Looking to Kathrakh, Harry gave a weak smile and asked, "so, what did you find?"

"A great number my young lord," replied Kathrakh, before he lead Harry to the grand library where Kira was just disappearing, leaving behind several goblets of drink and plates of sandwiches. As if the elf had sensed Salazar, he reappeared seconds later with a bowl of doggy treats and a raw, bloody piece of meat.

As Harry sat down, he noticed all of a sudden that his power had changed and, with it, his body was growing; he could tell this from the fact that, as soon as Kira had left the meat, a strange carnivorous instinct within him had awoken and Harry, using all forms of resistance, had managed to ignore his more predator-like side. Looking to the table where they were sat, he thought to himself, //I'll have to learn about becoming an Animagus soon; I may need the instincts of my inner animal to sate my draconic carnivorous hunger.//

Eyeing the table, Harry saw a large red-leather bound book open to a page entitled Chaomancy Powers Level 1 and 2, the illustrations looking pretty grim and foreboding as the Tri-Lord stared at images of mutilation and disembowelment and one pretty gruesome image of a man's heart exploding from within his chest, the carcass covered in red, still bloody muscle.

//So that's Chaomancy,// he thought with amazement, //in other words; Chaomancy is wand-less murder and torture; the higher the level, the more darkness fed into the torture; is that right Valekia?//

//Yes master,// replied the Demon Heart, //however Chaomancy can also be used to summon darkness and even mesmerise opponents; the more gruesome side of it is the reason such practices were banned by the Ministry; I now see how Kathrakh found one within

Evans Manor; after all, my master, you're ancestors were darker than dark.//

//Yes,// replied Harry mentally, //a trait that I will bring back to life.// he smiled coldly before he looked to Kathrakh and asked, "What are you going to teach me?"

"I can't teach you young lord," replied the guardian, "this is the text; you are the trainer; it is you who must learn Chaomancy and I think it best you start here," he turned the pages back a few before Harry looked and saw another title that read: Chaomancy; Summoning and Casting The Darkness.

With a nod, Harry moved one of his hands, sending the table sliding about six feet from his chair, and, as he stood and fanned his wings, he felt a great sense of relief wash over him; it was like he had been waiting to use this darkness for so long and now, with his power here, waiting within the pages of a book, that power was finally his to command.

Focusing on the book, Harry made it hover with a wand-less charm before he looked to the first hints and clapped his hands together, like a weight-lifter about to tackle something greater than he could manage; Harry only hope the same wasn't true for him.

Holding out his left hand, Harry calmed his mind and commanded, //Valekia, come out, I need your power.//

//Yes master,// replied the Demon Heart before the Tri-Lord watched as the cobalt, near demonic flesh of his left arm seemed to quiver and darken. Harry gave a hiss as a strange burning seemed to rise up his arm and scald his shoulder muscles; even his wings felt hot, before the deep scarlet flesh of the Demon Heart revealed itself, the demonic talons extending from Harry draconic claws, a strong feeling of powerful and dark energy flowing through the Tri-Lord's blood.

As the burning ceased and the power seemed to calm, Harry took a deep breath and examined the book; apparently, as he had read in the textbook nearly a week before, the key to casting the power of

Chaomancy was emotion; the more emotions that Harry focused upon, the stronger his magic. On the other hand, to merely summon and cast the darkness, all Harry had to do was allow his demonic side to reach out and call to the spirit of the night to do his bidding.

Looking around the library, Harry saw a large section of darkness gathered in the corner, near the more darker books; closing his eyes, Harry reached into his power and spoke in Nocturisk, his words echoing all around the library like some cavernous tomb.

“Spirit of the Night; as Master of Darkness and Wielder of the Dark Core; I summon you from your nocturnal prison to do my bidding.”

As the Tri-Lord watched, he saw the darkness take shape and stand before him, a blackened shadow with no face or expression, merely a disembodied voice of the shadows.

//I did it?// thought Harry incredulously.

//Master, what is your wish?// asked a voice in his head; the voice was both cold and yet comfortable to the Tri-Lord; and it was asking him for orders.

Looking back to the book, Harry turned back and replied in Nocturisk, “I seek to learn the power of Chaomancy, but to do so, I must bind myself to the night spirits; I wish you to be my Night Spirit and feed me your darker souls to further my power.”

//As you wish master,// replied the Night Spirit, before, with a single, speed-filled movement, the shadow grabbed Harry’s arm and began to draw itself into the appendage, the Tri-Lord once again feeling the burning return to him and the power within him once again become excited. As the shadow was sucked up by the Demon Heart, Harry spoke to Valekia to try and distract the feeling of burning in his arm.

//Valekia, now that I have absorbed the darkness, how will I use the Chaomancy within me?//

//As it says Master,// replied the voice of the Demon Heart, //all you need to do is focus on a single emotion for low level power, but to truly know Chaomancy will take you until next year. Remember, your darker bindings will not be set in stone until your 15th or 16th birthday.//

//I understand Valekia,// replied Harry before he noticed the burning had stopped and the demon within him had been tamed by the feast of darkness. Deciding that there was no time like the present, Harry focused on the rage he had felt towards Krum's intrusion and was shocked as a stone dragon nearby suddenly turned to dust; looking to his arm, Harry saw his skin once again become cobalt and the demonic talons recede into his left hand, before they once again resembled his draconic claws and then his human fingers.

Deciding to try again, Harry extended his left arm and watched as his demonic side revealed itself again; looking around, Harry focused on the sight of a particularly large spider that had made its home in the rafters of the library. With cold, unforgiving rage, Harry pointed with one demonic talon and watched as his arm seemed to radiate dark energy, a black aura surrounding the skin. Looking to the spider, Harry heard a screech before he saw the nosy little arachnid plummet to the ground, its body not even twitching, and its life force seemingly snatched from its body. As Harry lowered his arm, the flesh becoming cobalt scales again, he heard a snap of jaws and looked to see Salazar tilt his head back, a small bulge disappear down his throat.

Harry put two and two together;

"Good boy Salazar," he smiled, stroking his familiar softly.

It was only when he returned to Hogwarts, deciding to sleep in his Chamber of Champions that Harry allowed the true thought to run through his mind.

//I used magic and I killed something,// he thought, a cold, almost demonic smile crossing his face, //I wonder what else I can kill!//

G.S.R.H

Three days after the Champions' Selection, Harry was casually strolling around the grounds of Hogwarts, his wings fanned and his body warm, before he looked up and seemed to notice something, like a sign from the heavens; it was the sign of a storm and the smell of victory; ever since the selection, the majority of students at Hogwarts had created badges that switched between Dante and Harry; the banners they read however, were different.

When anyone saw Dante's picture, they saw the slogan, "Dante Rules," but when the image changed to Harry, it read either, "Potter Stinks," or "Freak and Fraud."

Needless to say, Harry had put a stop to it by evening meal; he had learned from one student's ill-guarded mind that the originator of these designs was one Ronald Weasley.

A/N: Not really a surprise, but I did say he would suffer.

Harry had flew up to the Gryffindor Common Room and demanded that Ron recall every badge he'd sold, but from the look on the younger Weasley's face, it didn't look like he would listen.

With a sigh of feigned pity, Harry had asked, "do you think me a liar Ron? I did say that you would suffer and suffer you shall," he'd then pointed his wand and, in a cold, merciless voice, commanded, "Feriso Magnoria!"

Ron had then screamed when he'd apparently seen a giant, venomous spider appear out of thin air and clamp its jaws around his head; he had even bled from catching himself and, by the time Harry had called off the curse, Ron had sent word to every student demanding the badges back, claiming that he was conning them. When Harry had left the boy's dormitory, he had turned one last time and whispered in a menacing tone, "Pleasant Dreams."

Making his way to the courtyard, Harry found a couple of students whispering rumours that he had cheated and asked someone else, but, as Harry neared, his rage was transformed into pure-bred hatred when he heard a voice ask, "why so glum Potter? My father and I have a bet on you, you know?"

Harry looked up and saw Malfoy seated in the curve of a branch, his drawling voice matched by the near-smug expression in his eyes; hopping down, Malfoy continued his banter, "I told him you wouldn't last five minutes in this tournament," he casually approached Harry as he scoffed and added, "he said I was wrong and he bet you wouldn't last two minutes."

Harry snapped, "I don't care about your father Malfoy! He's a venomous toad who deserves nothing more than a one way trip to Azkaban; and you should follow him, you pathetic piece of shit!"

Malfoy blanched at the words before he asked, "Pathetic? I'll show you..." he went to reach for his wand, but Harry got there first.

Looking at his arm, Harry summoned some Level 2 Chaomancy and mixed it with wandless Transfiguration; seconds later, there was a scream as a white ferret began to flail about, its body crawling with fleas and lice. Harry grinned with an evil eye as he pointed his demonic arm at the ferret and summoned what looked to those around like a serious epileptic fit. The rodent began to writhe and flail, screams and squeals filling the courtyard as there was a call that broke Harry's happiness, "Mr Potter! What is going on?"

Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape appeared, both of them looking to Harry and the writhing rodent; looking to one of her own students, McGonagall noticed the arm and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Teaching," replied Harry and it was true: he was teaching Malfoy the cost of messing with his power.

Looking to the writhing ferret, McGonagall asked, "Is...is that...is that a student?"

"Technically it's a ferret," replied Harry smugly, his arm lowering, the cobalt scales covering the demonic appendage. Waving his arm, Harry transfigured Malfoy back to human, the young weasel looking with fear at Harry.

“My father will hear of this!” he snarled.

Harry once again hit the roof, “that a threat? Tell you what Draco Malfoy, get him here; we have unfinished business, but now for you,” he raised his wand and commanded, “Tempulso!” a bolt of lightning flew from his wand and struck Malfoy, sending him flying back, his spine colliding with the wall, a resounding crunch and cracking echoing through the courtyard, a scream of pure pain coming from the fourth year Slytherin.

As McGonagall called for a stretcher and for Malfoy to be taken to the Hospital Wing, she rounded on Harry, “you never attack another student Mr Potter! Never, in the history of our inter-house rivalry has anything gone this far! I have no choice Potter; you are hereby suspended from Hogwarts for the remainder of the term and, in addition, you will receive an official Ministry warning about curse usage at school! Also, 100 points from Gryffindor and a month’s detention upon return.”

Harry gave a sneer that made even Snape back away, “do you think your rules can compete to my power Minerva? I don’t know if you heard but I am not one of your little easy-to-manipulate Gryffindors anymore. I am the Lord of Slytherin and Master of Darkness; I am not even an official Hogwarts student; so, if I were you, I’d take that suspension back, especially since I am one of the four Champions, or you can face the Wizengamot and the Minister, and maybe, for good measure, we’ll bring the senile old bastard with us as well.”

Professor McGonagall paled with horror; she’d never had a student speak to her like that, not since...him; she gave a shudder as she stood firm, her eyes locked onto Harry, “you will leave these grounds by midnight Mr Potter,” she told him, “or I will summon the Ministry!”

Harry gave a laugh as he asked, “the Ministry? Is that the best you can do? Merlin’s sake Minerva, give me a challenge: say that you’ll summon Dementors or even Voldemort himself, but the Ministry? I can take the entire Wizengamot with one hand tied behind my back. So, I’ll ask again: your career or your sanity...your choice!”



And with that, Harry left the courtyard, passing a very frightened Snape on the way as the Potions Master allowed what he'd just heard to run through his mind.

//Harry Potter, Lord of Slytherin?// he thought with fear, //Can it be true?//

G.S.R.H

When Harry returned to Dracul Manor, he retreated to his training room and, with a tremendous, earth-shattering roar, let waves of dark destruction fly from his demonic spirit, Chaomancy, Shadow and Fueraco Magic flying off the walls of the room; he was amazed that he had kept his cool, he was surprised that, had one more word been said by old Cat-Face, he would have snapped and done to her what he'd done to the spider.

After he was calm, which took nearly 25 minutes, Harry made for one of the large en-suite bathrooms and ran himself a long, deep, relaxing bath, his spiked hair falling around his body as he soaked his tired, magically drained muscles in the warm soothing water. Closing his eyes, Harry allowed himself to brood about the upcoming First Task; his mind reeling at the many possibilities. He knew it would be tough and it would be challenging, but he wasn't the Fueraco Lord as well as the Trinity Lord for nothing. If it came to it, he could test his Level 2 Execution Power and try to slay whatever lay in his way.

Opening his eyes, Harry turned over so that his stomach was resting against the side of the large bath, his arms folded before him as he leaned on the edge of the bath, his mind now allowing the darkness he had used to mentally and spiritually contact its master. As he mentally ran through the magic that he had used, Harry found one emotion he hadn't expected to find swimming in his labyrinthine world of chaos; he found a strong sense of satisfaction; whatever had officially caused his darkness, he, Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans-Potter loved it! And, even more astounding was how much he craved another event; he hungered for knowledge of his darkness and knew, within the recesses of his nightmares, lay the one figure of power that could help him become this darkness.

//If only I could figure out what he's up to,// thought Harry as he lay his head in his hands, a long, deep sigh escaping him.

His attention was brought back when he heard the door to his bathroom open and someone step in; whoever it was then proceeded to climb into the water and gently massage Harry's shoulders, running their fingers along his wings membranes and round to the front of his chest. With the steam in the room, Harry couldn't see with normal vision, so, switching to Darkvision, he turned his head gently and smiled at the sight of Hermione, full frontal and smiling back at him as she eased the tension in his body.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, "not that I'm complaining; I could use the...company."

"Kathrakh sent me," explained Hermione, "he heard about what happened from McGonagall and sent me to see if you needed some personal time with friends. Dante's in the lounge downstairs and Sirius and Remus are waiting outside; but I wanted to come in and do this; I love you Harry, but, in all my time, I've never seen you...naked."

Harry gave a laugh as he turned to her and pulled her close to his scaled chest, the beat of his heart soothing her as she ran her hands under the water; this time, the Tri-Lord didn't stop her.

Looking to her boyfriend, Hermione gave a smile as she spoke in her passionate voice, "I know we're 14 and too young to go that far, but can't we still play around?"

Harry gave a loving smile, revealing the human behind the dragon, as he answered, "Kiss me and I'll tell you."

G.S.R.H

Sirius and Remus gave Harry a sly, crafty look as they saw both he and Hermione emerge from the bathroom, both dressed and both in the other's arms, Hermione resting her head on Harry's chest as she helped her boyfriend slowly make his way downstairs.

Once downstairs, Harry was surprised to find Kathrakh standing there, his smile showing good news, but the nerved look in his eyes showing worry and a slight hint of fear; noticing this, Harry asked, "What is it? What's happened?"

"The Minister came to the school," explained Kathrakh, "apparently, your attack was provoked, and I vouched for that, so there were no grounds for suspension, but Lucius Malfoy appeared and...well...he's saying the usual: that you're a monster and no son of his should suffer like that. He said that Draco was a kind heart with not a bad bone in his body, which we all knew was a load of bullshit, so he suggested a compromise; seeing as how you are the Fourth Champion, but not an official Hogwarts student, you aren't to go to lessons for the remainder of the term, which I told him was fine; especially when Sirius and Remus turned up and said that they'd teach you. Dumbledore accepted that and said that 100 points were to be taken from both Slytherin and Gryffindor and that you weren't to return to school until tomorrow night, when you're scheduled to be there for the Weighing of the Wands. If I may say, my lord, I am proud of you; the Draconis Nocturnia, as we know, is a great source of darkness and you commanded it well."

Harry grinned at the praise before he noticed a letter on the table that bore the Gringotts seal; taking the letter, Harry opened it and read what he recognised as Riklaus' handwriting;

Dear Lord Evans,

I am writing to first congratulate you on qualifying for the Triwizard Tournament; its trials and challenges shall serve your destined powers well as well as your inherited magic.

Speaking of Inheritance, below is a list of the complete Family Heritages received as per your transformations and families:

Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans

Housing Heritage:

Evans Manor – Lake Windermere England

Drékul Family Manor – Carpathian Mountains Romania

Slytherin Manor – Black Forest Germany

Castle Dracula – Nr Bistritz Romania

50% Ownership of Number 12 Grimmauld Place London

1/3 Ownership of The Marauder's Estate – Niagara Falls Canada

Magical Heritage:

Human Arts: Dark Arts; Animagus; Shadow Animagus; Legilimency; Occlumency;

Dark Lord Arts: Darkness Core; Necromancy; Shading; Shadow Animagus; Parseltongue; Dark Mastery; Blood Magic;

Draconis Nocturnia Dragon Lineage; Duelling; Nocturisk; Demon Heart; Chaomancy; Elemental Magic; Core Magic; Draconian Magic;

Financial Heritage:

Vault 687: Potter Family Vault – FAMILY HEIR

Complex Vault 666: Marauder's Complex – FAMILY HEIR

Vault 712: Evans Family Vault – TRUE HEIR

Vault 1313/Vault 1314: Slytherin Vaults – TRUE HEIR

Complex Vault 1: Drékul Blood Vault – TRUE HEIR

Complex Vault 1666: Fueraco Complex – TRUE HEIR

Complex Vault: 101: Evans Family Complex – TRUE HEIR

These Heritages are yours to do with as you wish; and, as requested, all your finances will be put into the following vaults for the following families:

Complex Vault 1666: Drékul, Vileous, Slytherin and Fueraco.

Complex Vault 101: Evans, Potter and Marauder.

Let it also be known that Vault 687 shall always reset to your father's request of 25 million Galleons:

Final total of Galleon count of above vaults and complexes:]

96,619,412000 Galleons all bestowed upon one Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans-Potter.

Should anything on this finalised statement not be understood, I would consider it an honour to receive your audience at any time you desire.

Thank you for all your formality;

May your day be profitable and may your gold flow always;

Riklaus Ormingat

Gringotts Manager.

G.S.R.H

Harry stared at the statement in shock, before he looked to the others and, in a very comedic manner, asked, "HOW MUCH?"

Hermione looked over his shoulder and translated, "96 billion, 619 million, 412 thousand Galleons; that makes you one of the richest 14 year olds in the world; I doubt even Ferret features has this much saved from Daddy dearest."

Harry grinned in agreement, before the full force of his fortunes hit him and he fell back in a faint, his vision blacking out.

Closing notes: Harry has gone dark, and he LOVES it; more to the point, it looks like his relationship with Hermione is finally getting somewhere; but I'm NOT putting any lemons in, merely foreplay and loving kisses will be all that gets described; it's Rated T for a reason.

Also, Harry is about to undergo the First Task and WE know what that is: Dragons! Hm, the Lord of Dragons and Shadows against a Dragon? Should be interesting; find out in the next chapter.

ALSO, PLEASE CHECK OUT THE POLL IN MY PROFILE AS IT WILL HAVE A BIG IMPACT ON THE FIRST STORY I POST IN 2010; OPEN UNTIL DECEMBER 24TH.

AND, TO ENSURE ALL DH FANS; I SWEAR THAT ON DECEMBER 7TH 2009; HARRY POTTER AND THE SPIRITUS NECROMIA 2: REVENGE OF SHADOWHEART WILL MAKE ITS OFFICIAL FANIFCTION DEBUT SO WATCH THIS SPACE.

A/N

Feriso Magnoria – Dark Arts spell that forces the victim to see their worse fear magnified 100 fold.

Tempulso – Fires a bolt of lightning from the wand that holds the force of a Depulso charm or an Impedimenta Hex.

Also, anyone who has enjoyed my fanfic; please Read and Review my latest Dark Harry fanfic: Drake Riddle and The Mark of the Demasque.

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR HELPING ME REACH MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

## Chapter 23: Varnya Alley

Disclaimer: AS BEFORE

All credit for inspiration behind this fanfic goes to Evandar as the idea is based on her fanfics: Serpens Armarem and Serpens Arcanem.

“Normal speech”

//thought// - or Harry and Valekia speaking

Parseltongue

Nocturisk

When Harry awoke from his unconscious stupor, he found that he was back in his overnight room in the Drékul Vault, or at least that's what it looked like. Rubbing the back of his head, Harry looked around and saw that he was in a chamber, but it was in fact the bedchambers of Complex Vault 1666; the Fueraco Complex. Stepping out of bed, Harry summoned a set of light, but comfortable crimson robes to conceal his body, his cobalt scales seemingly taking on the appearance of water as Harry looked at his robes; approaching the entrance to the chamber, Harry found himself face to face with Salazar, the Grey Wolf fast asleep in front of the chamber's entrance, light snores and growls of peace and contentment coming from Harry's loyal familiar. With a smile, Harry turned as his ears suddenly picked up a second heartbeat; whirling round, Harry pulled out his wand and pointed into the illuminated darkness of the chamber, but his heart slowed when he saw that it was only Sirius, his godfather slumped over one of the leather chairs, a familiar brunette asleep next to him, her eyes showing signs that she had been crying.

//How long was I out?// asked Harry, once again rubbing his head and then massaging his stomach as a low rumble sounded from within. Snapping his fingers, Harry summoned light to the chamber and, approaching Hermione, bent low and kissed her cheek, “hey beautiful, rise and shine.”

Minutes later, Harry was wishing he hadn't done that as Hermione dived onto him, her arms wrapped around his shoulders, her tears flowing onto his cobalt chest, "Oh Harry, we were so worried about you," she sobbed, "you were out for the rest of the day and most of this morning; I was scared that you wouldn't wake up."

Silencing her with a kiss, Harry leaned in to her ear and whispered, "I will always come back to you, Hermione; without you, my life is worthless; by the way, what time is it?"

"11:30," explained a tired voice and, looking up, Harry found himself face to face with Sirius, "it's close to lunch if you want to return to the Manor; I received an owl from Dumbledore and Crouch saying that the Weighing of the Wands takes place at 7pm tonight. Damn that fucking bastard," he snarled, "he knew that you'd fainted; his letter asked if you were all right? Obviously he's still trying to regain your trust, but we know you won't, right Harry?"

"Right Sirius," replied Harry, clutching his stomach again as the revelation about the near 2 days without food hit him hard; no wonder he was hungry.

A/N: Harry was in Dracul Manor on 3rd November...

Wrapping Hermione with his wings, Harry looked to Sirius and asked, "could you...give us a couple of minutes alone Padfoot?"

Sirius nodded with a laugh as he left the chamber, Harry's ears picking up a snort of amusement as his godfather left both he and Hermione alone. When Sirius had left them, Harry looked down and allowed their lips to meet; sliding his tongue over her lips, Harry asked for her entry and Hermione obliged by opening her mouth and allowing Harry to truly kiss her; as if he'd been the one to fear that he'd never see her again. When they parted, Harry looked to his girlfriend and asked, "Am I forgiven?"

Hermione gave a smile as she replied, "ask me again in a few minutes," then she kissed his lips again, allowing her tears and his guilt to unite in that single moment of lion passion.



G.S.R.H

Sirius emerged from the chamber and found Kathrakh and Remus seated in the grand study, both of them discussing something in hushed whispers; when they looked up and saw Sirius laughing to himself, Kathrakh asked, “are they...?”

“They’re fine,” explained Sirius, before he noticed who was missing and asked, “Where’s Dante? It’s not like him to miss out on checking on Harry, unless...” he eyed the space between them and found a parchment bearing the Ministry of Magic symbol, “The First Task?” he asked.

“Yes,” explained Kathrakh, “as a professor of the host school, I was told that I was meant to see the parchment; it should be easy for him Sirius, take a look.”

Sirius eyed the parchment and, after a few minutes, gasped in shocked amusement, “are you serious? Pitting Harry Evans, Lord of Draconis Nocturnia, against...them?”

“That’s what we were just discussing,” explained Remus, “Fudge knows about Harry, but he knows that Harry’s not...ahem...meant to see the three tasks; as the Tri-Lord however, he has that right; we can’t treat him like a kid anymore Sirius; besides, you’re right Padfoot; this will be an easy one for him.”

“Yes it will,” added a voice and Sirius and everyone else turned to see Harry stood there with Hermione wrapped around one of his arms, her head on his shoulder, “it will be easy...and fun too: I mean, the Lord of Reptiles and Shadows – who I am – will be going up against a sky-riding, jaw-snapping, scale-shining, fire-breathing dragon! This is going to be fun!”

Approaching the table, Harry spoke to the trio, “I’m sorry if I had you worried; especially you Kathrakh; I don’t know why I was out for nearly 2 ½ days, but I wanted to know if...”

“I do know my lord,” replied Kathrakh, “your Chaos powers drained your energy; that’s why we tell you not to try anything big until you

turn 15 at the earliest. Chaomancy is dangerous Lord Evans, but I am proud of how easily you handled it; thankfully you didn't drain your Chaos reserves..."

"My what?" asked Harry, taking a seat at the head of the table.

"Chaos Reserves," explained Kathrakh, "they are like energy catalysts that exist within you; namely within Valekia or inside your heart; it was Valekia's power that saved you Harry; but I am scared that the next time..."

"Quiet!" snarled Harry, "The next time I will be ready; it was anger and rage that made me weaker, but now I feel stronger; almost as if..." and that was when he tasted it; a strong, tangy sensation was on his lips; a weird taste of something warm and liquidated upon his serpentine tongue.

Looking to the group, and tasting a scent of guilt and secrecy in the air, Harry's voice became low and full of authority as he growled, "Where is Dante?"

"Back in Varnya Alley," explained Remus, his eyes not meeting the Tri-Lord as Harry seemed to emit a strong pulse of rage and betrayal; looking to his young Marauder, Moony continued, "Harry; he begs with you not to be angry at him, he felt, as did the Nightbearer Council, that this was the only way your darker consequence, the fact that you will be drained by using Chaomancy, could be tamed."

"Have I taken blood?" asked Harry, his icy blue eyes almost glowing with rage, the torches of enchanted light dimming and lighting again as Harry's emotions fuelled his power, "Did my loyal follower and friend Dante feed me his vampiric blood; yes or no?"

"Yes," replied a thick voice: looking behind him, Harry found himself staring at Ryuzaki Ursus, the Vampire Master kneeling to the Tri-Lord in submission as he continued, "do not worry my lord; he did not take your blood, so you will not turn; all the Council did was mix his regal blood with that of Master Magnus as well as myself and Remus before taking a small sample of your blood and mixing them together.

Following that, we fed it to you and watched as you...as you changed.”

“Changed?” asked Harry, his anger calm again as he listened to Master Ursus’ words, “how have I changed?”

“Your blood has matured,” explained Kathrakh, “and your magical core has been evolved by the mix of dragon and Nightbearer blood. Unfortunately, you will have to learn to channel these new powers, which means...” he shrugged and looked to Master Ursus.

The vampire lord nodded before he looked to Harry and asked, “My Lord Evans, would you like to come and see Varnya Alley; you will need a far more powerful wand to channel your new powers, so one made by Nightbearer science will be best for you.”

With a cold stare, Harry looked to the table again and he saw it; there, lying in the centre of the table, its blood ruby core dripping like blood, were the remains of his original wand, “what happened to my wand?” he asked.

“That’s why you’ve been out,” explained Kathrakh, “with the three-way species transfusion, your magical essence tried to bond with the Fueraco magic in your wand and failed; I’m afraid it is not repairable my lord; you need a new wand.”

Harry gave a sigh before he turned to Master Ursus and nodded slowly, “all right; I’ll come with you Ursus, but I want it to be known that I will combine my new wand with obsidian and Fueraco Magic as well as Nightbearer magic, is that clear?”

Ursus bowed, “as you command Lord Evans,” he replied before he snapped his fingers. As the Tri-Lord watched, he saw a portal of purple flames rise from the ground and build up until it was full size; approaching the portal, Harry looked to Ursus, who nodded and explained, “after you, my lord,” before Harry stepped through, Salazar and Hermione following him as he took his first real journey into Varnya Alley.

G.S.R.H

When Harry emerged from the portal, he came face to face with Dante, the young vampire heir looking to his lord with feared eyes; realising what it was that his young friend feared, Harry smiled and explained, "Don't worry Dante, I forgive you; but, please, I beg you, don't do that again. The last thing that I want to do is become a vampire," he gave a hollow laugh as Dante smiled and took his place at Harry's right-hand side.

Looking to Master Ursus, Harry asked, "So, where do we go to have my new wand made?"

"Only one place young lord," explained Master Ursus, "we will journey to the most powerful wand maker on this side of the realm: he is called Gryphon and he is the best you could ask for."

Harry allowed Master Ursus to lead him down the streets of Varnya Alley, bulbs of enchanted light shining along the streets like lamp-posts allowing the Tri-Lord to look upon Varnya Alley.

The first thing he noticed was a large black building almost shadowed, but not invisible to Harry's Darkvision; it overlooked all of Varnya Alley and, for a short second, Harry was reminded of Gringotts, before he turned to Master Ursus and asked, "is that what I think it is?"

Following the young lord's eyes, Ursus nodded before he explained, "within those halls my lord lie the Treasuries of the Nightbearers as well as the Nightbearer Council Chambers; the building is known as Maison du Nuit; the Night-House."

Looking down from the towering Night-House, Harry then noticed that they'd stopped before a grandly-designed building; scarlet and violet banners hung in the walls and, for a short second, Harry thought he was looking at an apothecary as there were eyes and wings and other pieces of beastly anatomy in the windows. Looking to the sign, Harry read; Gryphon's Wand makers; find your inner core and bind it to the best.

//Boasting much?// thought Harry as he was lead into the shop, a strong smell of hemlock and honey filling the Tri-Lord's nose; as well as a strange taste on the air; a taste of ancient power and unknown truths.

"Hello," called Ursus, "Gryphon, are you in?"

"I'm here," replied a thick voice and a man dressed in a long, flowing blood-red robe emerged from the back, his hair shoulder-length and black, his eyes dark, but shining like emeralds and at his side, a wand that looked like it was fashioned from steel, its magical core sending shockwaves of excitement through the Tri-Lord's body.

There was something familiar about the man, but Harry couldn't place it; it was like they'd met before, or he had seen the man before in a portrait; it was as he looked back to the man's shoulder-length hair and remembered the thick voice, filled with the West Country that Harry's eyes widened.

Holding out his arm, Harry concentrated on his power and summoned Dante's wand to his hand; pointing it to the man, Harry whispered in a deep, almost guttural growl, "I know who you are; Gryphon? How original, but how about we drop the act."

"Harry," whispered Hermione, "I don't think you should..." but she was silenced when the man held up a hand and smiled, his head nodding as he spoke to the Tri-Lord, his voice calm despite the wand at his throat.

"I had to see if it was true," he explained, "and now that I know that it is; I can safely do this," he pulled out his own wand and, pointing at his own temple, the man spoke, "Idreos Revealo."

As Harry and the assembly watched, the man's hair went from black to almost a golden shade of blonde and his emerald eyes seemed to brighten before his body seemed to build muscle and height, the ancient power within now enveloping Harry's senses; there was no mistaking it. Finally the man threw off his blood-red robe to reveal a set of scarlet and gold robes with a long sword over the back and, looking to Harry, the man, Gryphon, spoke to the Tri-Lord, "My Lord

Harry Vileous Drékul Slytherin James Evans, I am honoured to meet you.”

Holding out his hand, Harry gave a smile before he tossed Dante’s wand back to its owner and replied, “The honour is mine...Godric Gryffindor!”

G.S.R.H

Harry looked to Gryffindor with a sense of pride as he turned to a stunned Hermione and, with a laugh, told her, “breathe Hermione; don’t worry, this isn’t a dream: this man, Gryphon, really is Godric Gryffindor; founder of Hogwarts and descendant of all Gryffindor students; academically speaking that is.”

Hermione gave a gasp of shock as she asked, “Gryffindor...is it really...him?”

“Yes Miss Granger,” replied Godric, “I am real; I am here and I am really who I am; and may I say that Harry made a wise choice in a lovely young woman like yourself?”

Hermione blushed before she asked, “So that makes two of the four; what about Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw?”

“They died,” explained Godric, “but I was saved by Salazar; ironic really; I was brought to the Nightbearers, who were merely a small village of Necrobloods back then, and infused with their immortality. In return, I offered my skills and made wands for their future generations; as well as training each new Vampire and Lycanthrope Master in his duties; specifically to the Lord of Dragons and Shadows – the Draconis Nocturnia.”

“Me,” nodded Harry, before he explained, “well don’t worry Gryffindor, I will keep your secret as well; but in return, I need a new wand.”

“As you wish Lord Evans,” replied Godric, before he turned and, picking up a piece of parchment, looked over his shoulder and commented, “you look like Lily and James; more James, but with...”

“Mum’s eyes,” nodded Harry, “or at least, I did have her eyes until my change; now I support a very intense pair of icy blue eyes as well as true power.”

Turning to Harry, Godric asked, “now Harry; what elements would you like your new wand to wield?” he indicated the shop as he explained, “simply close your eyes and summon a small trace of your magical core; the necessary ingredients will be brought to me; after that, it will take only 10 minutes before your new wand is complete.”

With another nod, Harry closed his eyes and allowed his magical essence to touch each of the mystic properties in the room; with a deep breath, the Tri-Lord thought, //I need a wand with power that is easy to handle and amplifies my power; it also has to be easy to bind to my magical essence and core.//

Opening his eyes, Harry found Gryffindor – or Gryphon – with his back turned and his hands glowing with white energy; turning back to the Tri-Lord, Gryphon explained, “I will need four core materials for your wand to stabilise.”

With a smile, Harry suggested, “help me slice off one of my Draconis Nocturnia scales; as well as vampire blood – if you don’t mind Master Ursus?” he asked, and smiled when the Vampire Master shook his head before he continued, “then, I’ll use Fueraco Magic and bind a crystal as well...” he looked around and finally decided; opening his jaws, Harry reached in and wrenched one of his draconic fangs from his jaws; handing it to Gryphon, Harry suggested, “and this.”

Gryphon held the fang aloft before he nodded and explained, “I have crystals my young lord; are there any you wish?”

“No,” replied Harry, before he stepped into the shadows of the shop and returned seconds later with a glowing black obsidian crystal; handing it to Gryphon, Harry explained, “this crystal is infused with Fueraco magic; it’s filled with my essence and,” he reached up and sliced his palm, black blood drizzling over the stone as he explained, “my own blood; will it suffice?”

“Yes Harry,” explained Gryphon, “if you have any other business in Varnya Alley, I will hold onto the result until you return; for now, I will need to be left alone as my skills are top secret.”

“I understand Gryphon,” replied Harry before he turned and spoke to Dante, “I need a quiet word with you anyway.”

Once outside, Harry broke the ice, “dragons: that’s the First Task.”

“What?” gasped Dante, “Are you sure my lord?”

“Positive,” replied Harry, “Fleur and Krum; it’s likely they know as well; now, I don’t know what kind of dragon, but, if you speak to Kathrakh, he may have some form of spell you can use against it.”

Dante looked around before he bowed to Harry and replied, “I will help you back for this,” he looked again and laughed, “The Dragon Lord against a Dragon; that will be interesting.”

With a chuckle, Harry replied, “yes it will; that, I won’t deny.”

Closing notes: A New wand and the First Task revealed; but will it be as easy as Harry suspects or will the Tournament provide a few surprises? Find out soon: Hm, the Lord of Dragons and Shadows against a Dragon? Should be interesting; find out in the next chapter.

Also, despite his brief appearance, Godric Gryffindor will not play a part in the ultimate destiny of the Draconis Nocturnia; he will, however, continue to appear as a guide for Harry – like another Kathrakh.

ALSO, PLEASE CHECK OUT THE POLL IN MY PROFILE AS IT WILL HAVE A BIG IMPACT ON THE FIRST STORY I POST IN 2010; OPEN UNTIL DECEMBER 24TH.

AND, TO ENSURE ALL DH FANS; I SWEAR THAT ON DECEMBER 7TH 2009; HARRY POTTER AND THE SPIRITUS NECROMIA 2: REVENGE OF SHADOWHEART WILL MAKE ITS OFFICIAL FANIFCTION DEBUT SO WATCH THIS SPACE.



A/N

Idreos Revelo: Negates any illusion features performed on a being; e.g. Polyjuice Potion/Disillusionment etc.

Also, anyone who has enjoyed my fanfic; please Read and Review my latest Dark Harry fanfic: Drake Riddle and The Mark of the Demasque.

THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR HELPING ME REACH MY 100 REVIEWS TARGET; LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE 200.

Please Read and Review

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